SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXX SEPTEMBER, 1921 NO. 3

WEST OF SUEZ

By Amelia Josephine Burr

How pale and slow the dark comes on to-night!
An hour ago the sun set, and the light
Still clings to the horizon—I forget;
More than the sun has set.
This is the twilight. I am going home.
Beyond that narrow channel in the sand
These very waters, grown a stronger blue,
In long white thunders comb
Upon the palm-fringed beaches of a land
Where as the day and night meet face to face
Dusk is their swift embrace.
I am going westward, to the world I knew
When India was the dream a child's heart shook
From the rich pages of a fairy-book.
Here in the twilight now, again it seems
A dream with other dreams.
Yet something whispers in my spirit, *Go—*
I know. I know
You will come back, come back. Although your feet
Still walk unfaltering the familiar street,
Though your hand slack not in the accustomed task,
Your world will suddenly become the mask,
And I—a dream, you say?—the face it hides.
Man comes and goes. The secret East abides,
And none who dares to take
My cup of dreams can ever quite awake.
Never the eyes that I have taught to see
Shall know a vision wholly clear of me.

I do not know as yet
If this transmuting touch means gain or loss.
I only know, as once there came to me
Across the Java Sea
The scent of pine-woods half the world away,
Now, even so, as our deliberate skies
Unfold their nightly glory, ray by ray,
Of dear familiar stars, I find my eyes
Blurred with a sudden moisture of regret.
I miss the Southern Cross,

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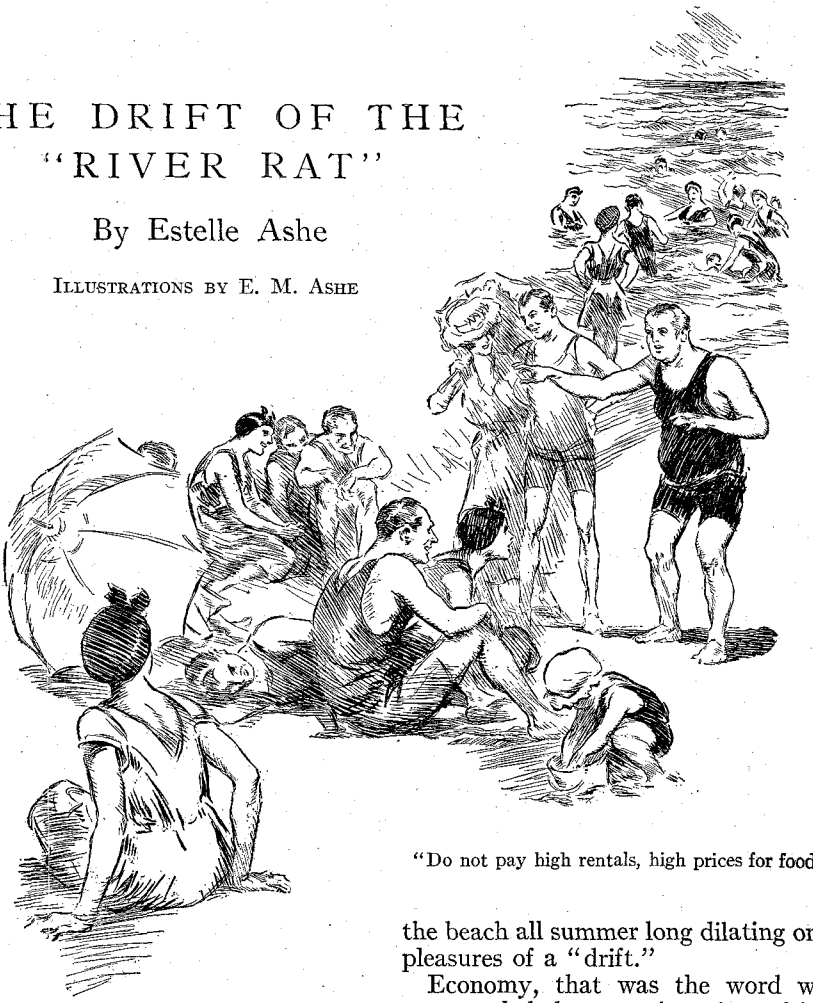
THE DRIFT OF THE "RIVER RAT"

By Estelle Ashe

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe



"Do not pay high rentals, high prices for food."

WHEN we were told that a trip down the Ohio was possible, just drifting from day to day, the artist decided *that* was the trip to take, and as a Crew was necessary, small son was to go as such and I as Cook on this contemplated expedition. The artist needed to freshen his vision; he had grown stale amid his familiar surroundings, and a trip like this appealed to him, as it would give him so much leisure to paint. The Crew's health was not of the best, and as an outdoor life had been prescribed for him, what better change than lying on his back in the sun on the porch of a shanty-boat, "drifting."

The artist held an envious audience on the beach all summer long dilating on the pleasures of a "drift."

Economy, that was the word which commanded the attention of our friends, as they gathered around to learn his method of applying it. "Do not stay North in the winter. Do not pay high rentals, high prices for food. Cut it down, economize, and have your mind free to paint." "But how?" queried his artist friends. "Buy a house-boat, stock her with provisions; cut her loose and drift—drift lazily all day long, tie up at the banks at night for a comfortable sleep." He spoke of the hunting and fishing. How one could attach a line to a bottle, throw it overboard, let it float, occasionally pulling it in; presto! a catfish two feet long at the end, while he in the meantime would be painting.

We packed our winter clothes away, for were we not to be in the balmy Southlands when the winter winds blew? One

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Started on the big adventure.

day in late September we drove around the colony and bade our friends "good-by." Then, closing up our comfortable home, started on the big adventure.

We arrived in Pittsburgh and found it was not so easy to "pick up" a house-boat. The profiteering landlords had forced many people to purchase house-boats and use them as houses. After a week of fruitless effort in Pittsburgh we took the train and later a packet to a town below Wheeling, where we heard a house-boat was for sale.

We left the packet at Parkersburg, W. Va., and it was there at the wharf the Crew and I had our first view of the *River Rat*. It was just a scow, thirty feet long by ten feet wide; a cabin twenty feet by ten built in the centre; the remaining five feet on either end was covered over to make porches.

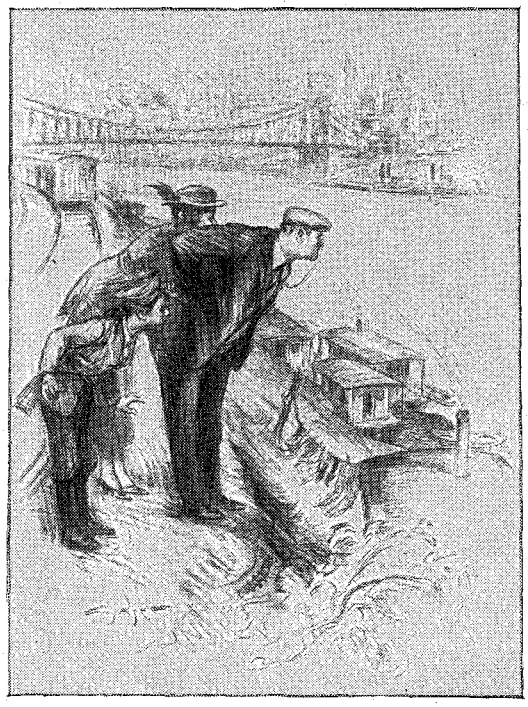
"So this is where we are to spend the winter, and you have always thought a city apartment too cramped."

"Yes," the Captain replied, "but we shall only sleep in these rooms, woman. All day long we will be outside basking in the sun."

We bought furniture, hung pictures, built shelves for the books, and soon our little boat became a very comfortable home. We had been told that as we were without motor power we would have to be towed through the locks whose wickets were up, as the swirl of the waters after the gates were closed would draw us back upon the masonry and wreck us. So the Captain arranged with a tow to take us through the locks near Parkersburg.

The Captain had sweeps made of heavy oak timbers, for he felt his boat incomplete without them. They were heavy and ungainly, but extremely useful in pulling against the strong current.

We hadn't been on the house-boat more than an hour when we saw coming from every direction men rowing



It was not so easy to "pick up" a house-boat.

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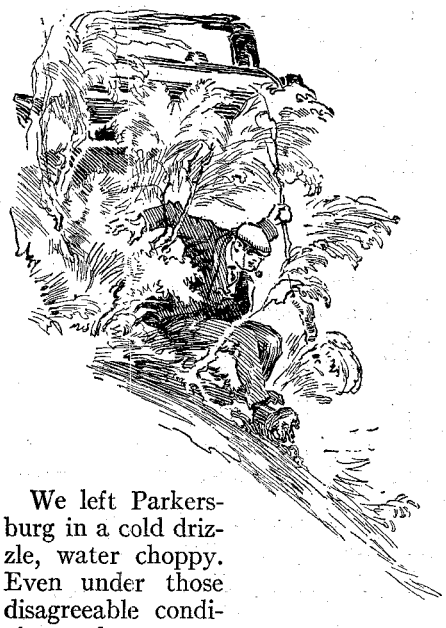
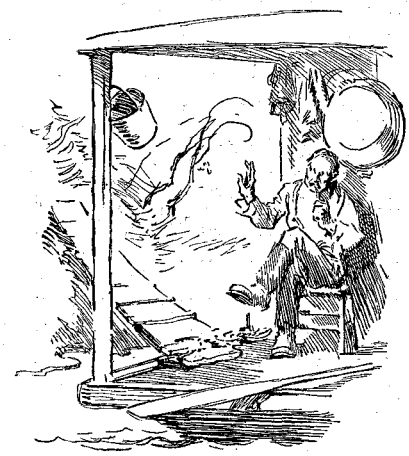
skiffs. The river-men decided we needed one. We finally purchased a good-looking one, fastened it to the side of the *River Rat*, and were ready to start through the locks.



We left Parkersburg in a cold drizzle, water choppy. Even under those disagreeable conditions the scenery was very beautiful. Our tow boatman was a trader, and on the way stopped at an embankment, where he purchased a mare. The bank was very steep and muddy, and the mare became stubborn and refused to go down and step aboard the scow as a perfect lady should. The men tugged and pulled, and an old man standing near prodded her (not too gently) in the side with his umbrella. While the boys were resting, the mare lifted her feet from the mud and stepped aboard, without any fuss, as if that was what she would have done at first if she had had *her* way.

They built a stall outside of our windows, placed the mare there, and beside it built a smaller one, which later on was filled with a sow and five squealing pigs. As we pushed away from the bank the tug was hailed by a man in a shanty-boat, who asked for a tow through the locks. He was drawn alongside, and we steamed down the river a miscellaneous tow.

On through the locks, then adrift on the river, just we three in a house-boat! One day, the Captain noticed some wind-clouds forming, and called for us to help man the sweeps. Our progress was slow, but we finally pulled out of the wind into quieter waters, where we pulled quietly along until we reached a beautiful little river (the little Scioto). We again all three manned the sweeps (we were always manning the sweeps), and pulled the *River Rat* close to the banks, and tied to the roots of a birch-tree. That night the skies grew heavy, and the next day the rain was falling in torrents. The river began to rise and was carrying large fields of drift down the current; as night again closed in a heavy wind sprung up, which added to our uneasiness. As the river rose higher and higher, we were forced every so often to tie higher. By the end of the third day the river had climbed up the bank forty-eight feet and we had stayed up nights to climb with it, for we knew if we were once caught with a rope too short we would be drawn



A week of fruitless effort in Pittsburgh.
—Page 261.

down into the strong current, and end the economy trip before we had fairly started it.

On awakening one morning we found the river receding. We hurriedly got the *River Rat* in order for drifting, and we were again on our way. The bane of our waking and sleeping moments also were the river-packets. In passing, the waves from their stern wheels would pitch and

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toss us about like an empty egg-shell. The Captain repeatedly assured the Crew and me that we were safe.

Our greatest pest was the *Chris Greene*, whose captain, we felt sure, was doing his utmost to swamp us. We cursed the

The mare became stubborn and refused to . . . step aboard the scow as a perfect lady should.—Page 262.

pilot twice in every twenty-four hours; that boat's schedule became an obsession with us. We rarely slept soundly at night, for one or the other was listening for the "panting" of the *Chris* as she steamed on her way. The books would fly from the shelves, the Captain would grab the lamp which was flying into space; then we would wait for the rocking to subside before we could replace either books, pictures, or lamp.

That easy provisioning from farms along the river! Whenever we saw a likely farm and made up our minds to stop there for fresh eggs and butter, we would again "man the sweeps," but the strong current would carry us along a mile or so below, usually in a very isolated spot, so we gave up the idea of ever procuring anything fresh, except the air, which was everywhere damp and disagreeable.

We climbed a very steep bank one morning when we were moored a mile away from town, and walked on to shop. As the provisions were low, we stocked up well, then started on our way back. We had almost reached the boat when a bag of potatoes burst and spilled all over the road. After we had put all we could

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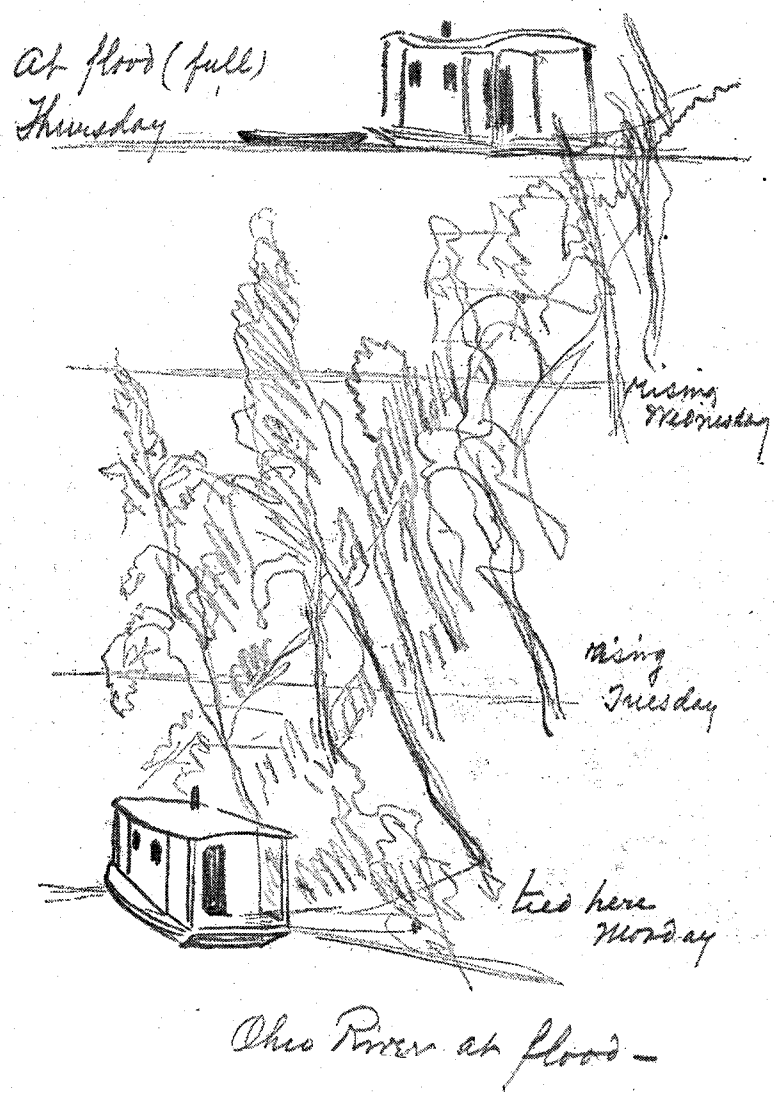

As the river rose higher and higher, we were forced every so often to tie higher.—Page 262.

in the torn bag, and the Captain had filled his pockets to the bursting point, my bag of groceries burst, and cans of corn, milk, etc., flew in every direction. By this time we were surrounded by small boys whose enjoyment was very keen as they watched us scramble for the spilled goods.

The Captain's mood was not of the best as we slowly wended our way to the *River Rat*. When we reached the high bank and I saw what a very perilous descent it was, I balked. I refused to go down. At last the Captain told me to stop acting like a fool and go down backward. I wept; and acting as disagreeably as I could, I proceeded to do as he suggested, and with his aid I managed to reach the boat.

The catching of drift was not as easy to do as the Captain had promised. We would row miles up the river and bring the skiff back filled with drift. They would cut it, and I would pounce upon it and put it in the oven to dry, then, piff! and it would burn up quickly and

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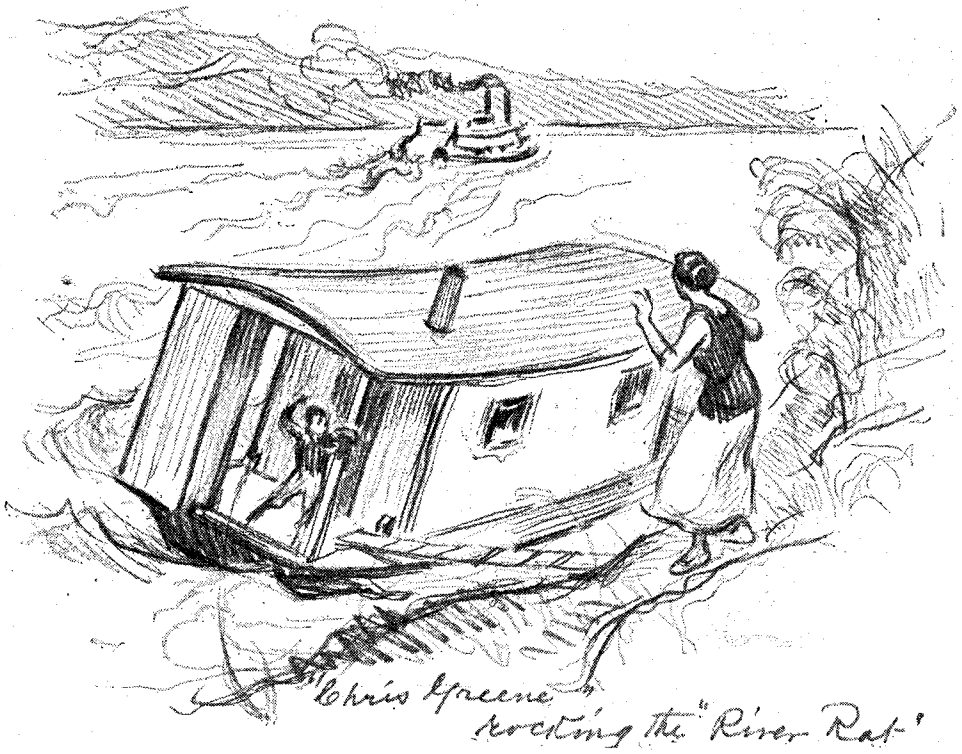
be gone in no time, and if there was any left we would have to throw it overboard when we started to drift, as it was in the way of the sweeps.

One morning when we were moored near a shanty-boat village, the Captain, finding our wood too wet to burn, called to some of the shanty-boat boys and asked them where he could get coal. Two of the boys offered to row him across the river, where they knew of a place. The Captain got his gunny-sack, and the boys rowed over.

When they reached the other side the boys told the Captain to sit in the boat so as to be ready to make a "quick get-away." He did not quite understand these admonitions. In a minute he knew. A freight came slowly along. The boys hopped it and threw off heavy lumps of coal. Then after gathering as much as they could, they hurried it to the waiting accomplice, who was covered with an icy perspiration as he realized the enormity of the crime he had been drawn into. We got our coal, but the self-respecting Captain had been transformed into a real river rat. One of the boys remarked as they pulled away: "Gee, if we'd been caught, we'd got a few years for this; they caught my pal last week." The Captain never accepted an offer of any kind after that, but always hunted up his coal from the coal merchants in the towns.



Our greatest pest was the *Chris Greene*, whose captain, we felt sure, was doing his utmost to swamp us.—Page 263.

We tied to a wharf-boat one day. I should say we securely tied, for we padlocked our skiff to the wharf and then to a stake on the levee; then went into town and roamed about for an hour or more. When we reached the levee on our return the man in charge of the wharf-boat said, "You have fastened your boat to my ferry-boat, and I have been held up an hour or so," and from the other side

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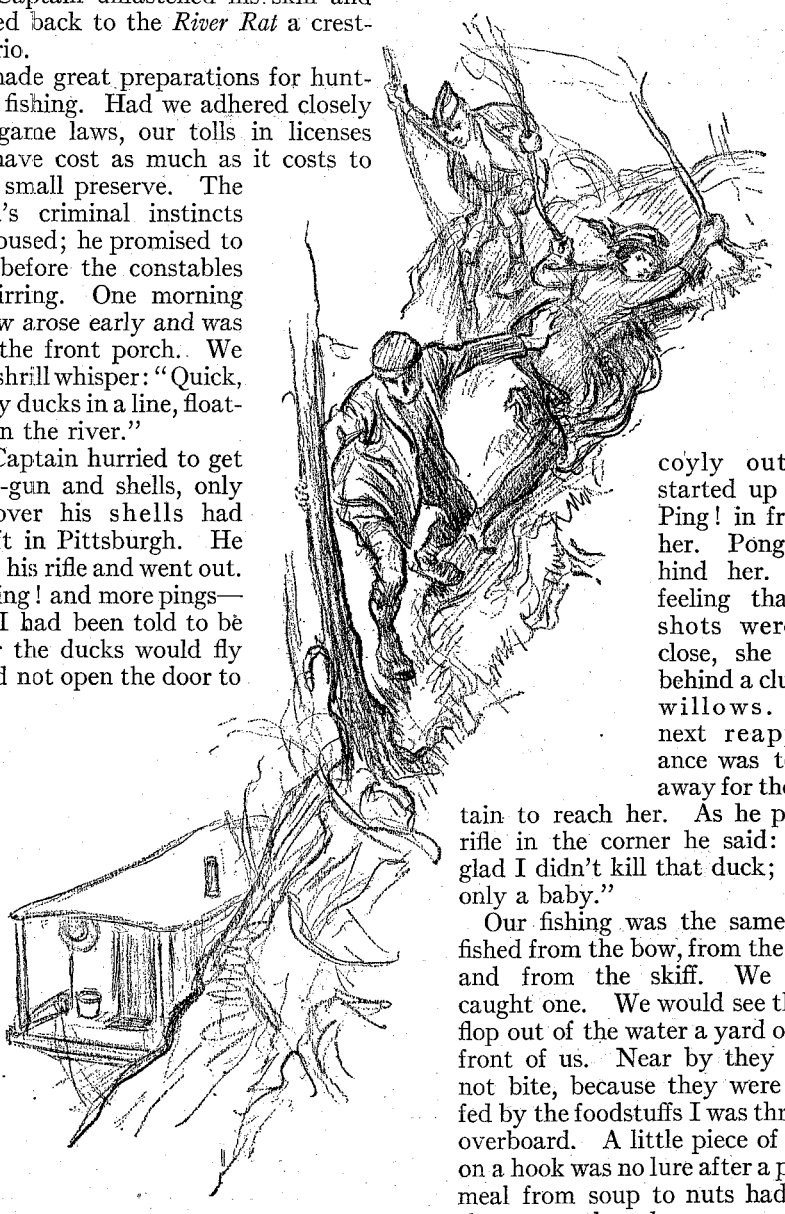
we could hear the clanging of the bell at the ferry, it being frantically rung by the waiting passengers, who could not understand the delay.

The Captain unfastened his skiff and we rowed back to the *River Rat* a crestfallen trio.

We made great preparations for hunting and fishing. Had we adhered closely to the game laws, our tolls in licenses would have cost as much as it costs to stock a small preserve. The Captain's criminal instincts were aroused; he promised to get up before the constables were stirring. One morning the Crew arose early and was out on the front porch. We heard a shrill whisper: "Quick, dad, fifty ducks in a line, floating down the river."

The Captain hurried to get his shot-gun and shells, only to discover his shells had been left in Pittsburgh. He grabbed his rifle and went out. Ping! ping! and more pings—and as I had been told to be quiet or the ducks would fly off, I did not open the door to ascertain the luck, but later the Crew announced they had all flown away.



At last the Captain told me to stop acting like a fool and go down backward.—Page 264.

Another day the Crew called a lone duck on front of the boat. It was a flirtatious little duck. "Ping!" She ducked behind a willow. Then peering coyly out, she started up again. Ping! in front of her. Pong! behind her. Then feeling that the shots were too close, she swam behind a clump of willows. Her next reappearance was too far away for the Captain to reach her. As he put his rifle in the corner he said: "I'm glad I didn't kill that duck; it was only a baby."

Our fishing was the same. We fished from the bow, from the stern, and from the skiff. We never caught one. We would see the fish flop out of the water a yard or so in front of us. Near by they would not bite, because they were being fed by the foodstuffs I was throwing overboard. A little piece of bacon on a hook was no lure after a perfect meal from soup to nuts had been thrown overboard.

"Here's a whopper of a fish," the Captain called as he pointed to a place about fifty yards in front of him, to a spot bubbling up and throwing large circles on the water. "It must be that five-foot catfish," the Crew replied,

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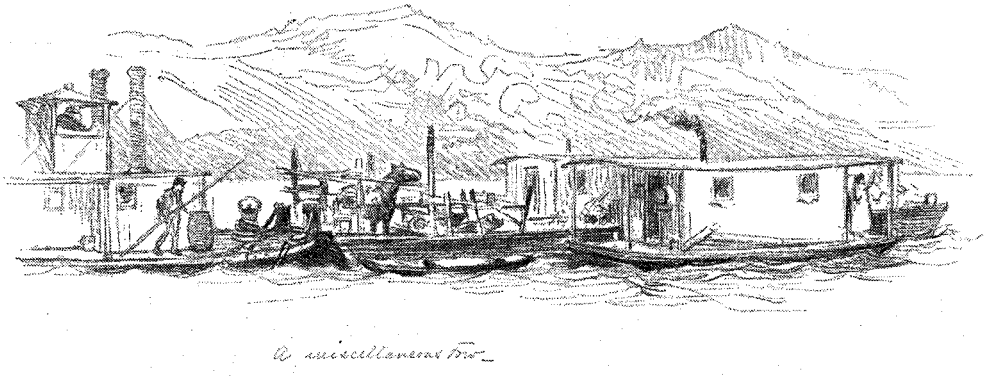

We steamed down the river, a miscellaneous tow.—Page 262.

and then threw his line far out, but, as usual, no results. After a time a man passing on the bank above called: "I wouldn't fish there, sonny, that's where the town sewer empties."

We were lazily drifting along one glorious afternoon when a hunter rowed over to our boat and drifted with us. Just before he left us he spoke of an eddy farther down, and told us to be sure and keep out of it. We thanked him, and waved good-by till he was out of sight.

The Crew, who was rowing in the skiff which was fastened to the front of our house-boat, suddenly called to the Captain: "This rowing is a cinch; I do not have to pull at all."

The Captain called: "Pull like the devil; we are in the eddy." As usual "we manned the sweeps." We went around and around in the swirl of the eddy, and I in a giddy moment remarked to the Captain: "Won't this be monotonous if we have to stay here for the winter,

One morning . . . we were moored near a shanty-boat village.—Page 265.

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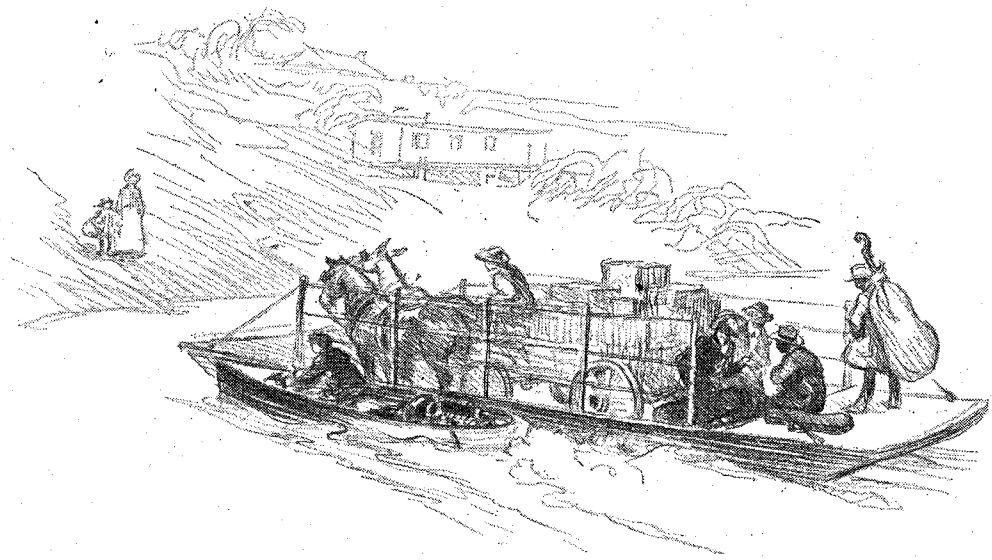

Music for the dance crossing the ferry.

just going around and around." The Captain was in no mood for facetious remarks, but told me to pull and pull hard. Just as we despaired of ever leaving the spot, we shot out into calm waters and, tired and cross, we pulled for the nearest bank. We were always tired and cross when we pulled for the nearest bank.

Here amid the busy scenes . . . we witnessed a negro baptism.—Page 270.

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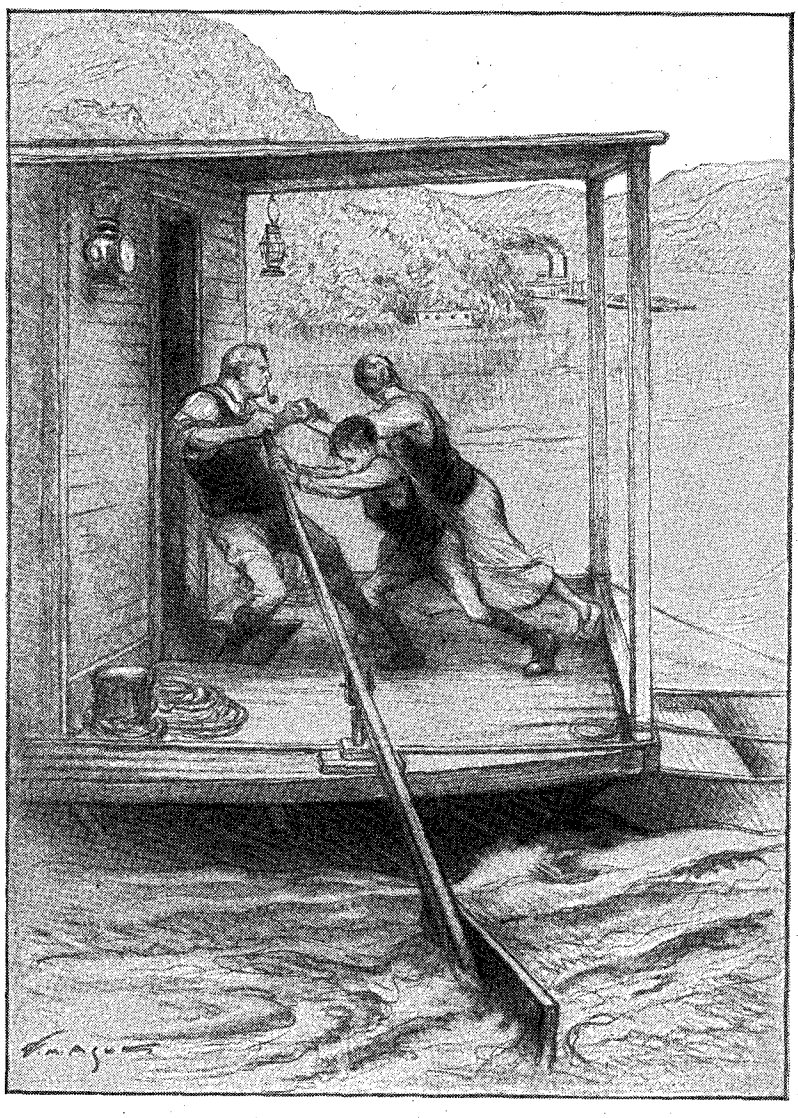

As usual, "we manned the sweeps."—Page 267.

The Captain, always too tired to paint, always promising that to-morrow he would paint, but either to-morrow it poured or else it was an ideal day for drifting; so painting or any talk of painting was taboo. The Crew and I learned never to see a sunset or a pretty bit of the river. It was like waving a bit of red rag.

As the weather was very unsettled and cold, we decided to get a tow to Cincinnati; so one morning hailed a tow, which loomed in sight, and, after manœuvring with the tug in midstream, we were finally lashed to her side and steamed down the river to Cincinnati.

We thoroughly enjoyed the tow. The character of the scenery had changed. We now saw something of the scenery we had expected all along the river. Trees of good size overhung the river-bank for considerable stretches, and the hamlets and towns were built closer to the banks. About noon the Captain called our attention to Cincinnati in the distance, built upon its many hills, with the business

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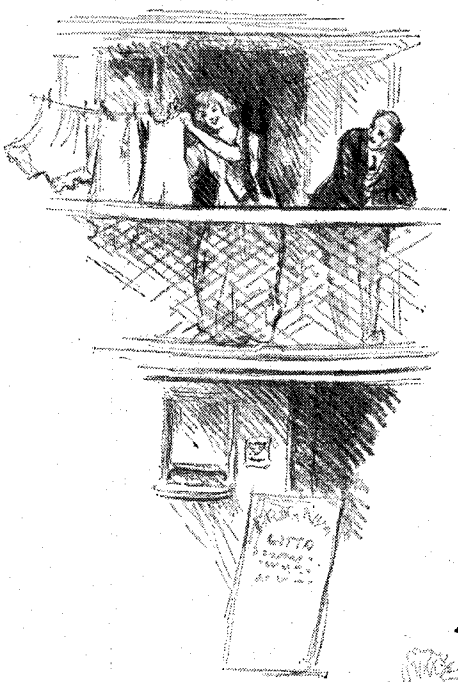

Star on River Show Boat cutting the high cost of laundry.

section of the city in a bowl surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Here a hill with beautiful homes upon it, there a hill with a monastery, with a long flight of steps leading up from the winding streets below. On the Kentucky side we passed Dayton, Bellevue, and Newport; and just as the whistles blew calling the toilers to their noonday meal, we manœuvred a landing at the wharf at Cincinnati.

Here amid the busy scenes on the busiest wharf we had seen on our trip, on that raw, cold day with a chilling drizzle of rain falling, we witnessed a negro baptism. Despite the elements, their religious fervor kept them at fever heat, and even after their sins had all been washed away, the converts and the "brethern" and "sisteren" who had gathered to welcome them into full fellowship lingered at the water's edge, apparently oblivious of the cold that was making us shiver.

And there, tied quietly to the wharf, looking as innocent as a babe in slumber, was our arch-enemy, the *Chris Greene*. On the wharf-boat the Captain encountered the very owner of that boat, but instead of the human monster he had imagined him to be, Captain Gordon Greene proved to be a most affable and courteous gentleman. Without hesitation he granted us the right to tie up to his wharf as long as we pleased, and asked if

A matinée for the folks along the river.

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in any other way he could be of service to us.

While we were moored at the wharf the packets left their loads of freight, and the live stock part of it was placed at the end of the wharf where we were moored, and the noise and bustle went on from early morning until early morning. Roosters

An incident of Shanty Boat life.

were crowing, cows and calves bellowing, pigs squealing, rain pouring in torrents, and the Ohio at flood.

It rained for almost a week while we were moored at Cincinnati. The Captain went ashore one afternoon, and when he returned told us he had made arrangements to have the boat towed to the Kentucky shore, where she was to be moored with other similar craft, at a landing presided over by a professional and capable harbor-man.

This man, however, could not command the elements. The rain continued and the wind came, and with it I became prostrated with the nearest approach I had ever had to seasickness. As neither the wind nor rain showed any indication of subsiding, it was determined to leave the boat. This was not so easy as it seemed. We could not row ashore in that rough water and with such a strong current to row against. Our only way was to crawl from the *River Rat* to a chain of small boats, which were lashed together, and in turn were fastened to a large double-decked house-boat. The pitching and tossing of the boats, their bumping together, made it unsafe to try and leave together. We decided *that* after the Captain had almost gone over-board. So it had to be every man for himself.

To add to our embarrassment the harbor people from the safe and cosey shel-

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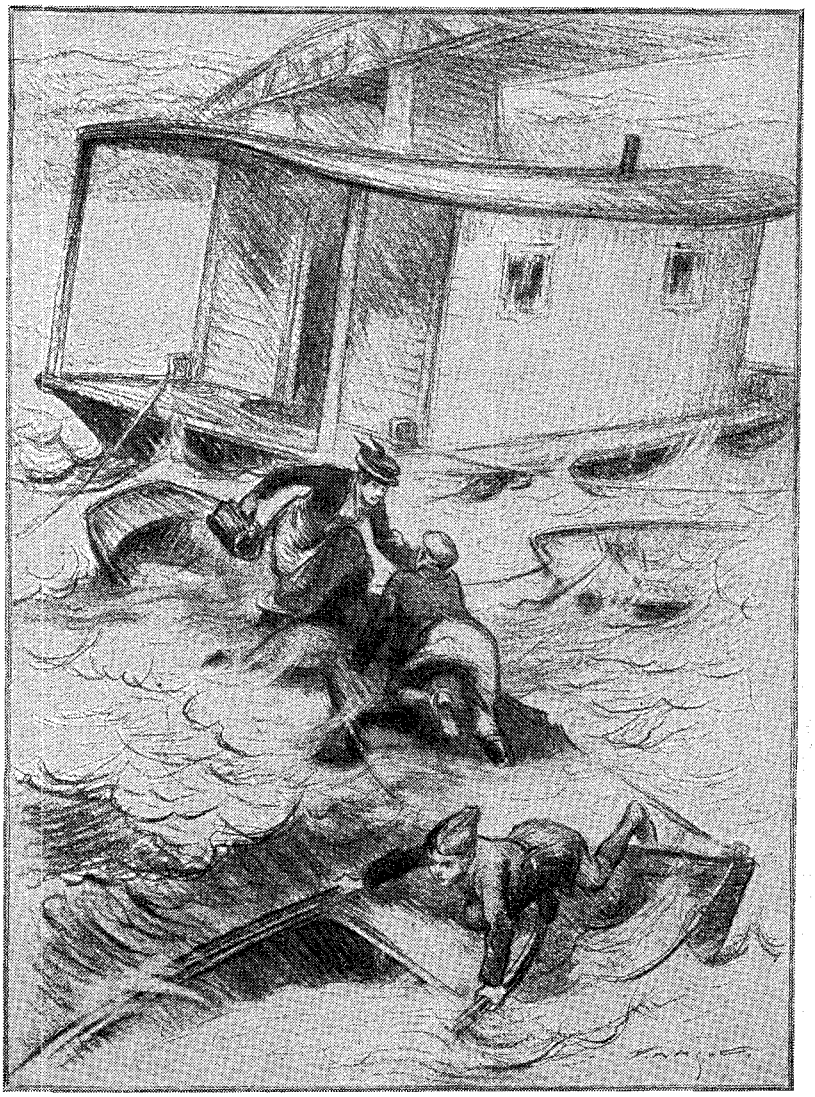

Our only way was to crawl from the *River Rat* to a chain of small boats.—Page 271.

ters were looking out at us. Filmed as a thriller it would have been a great hit, and here we were doing it for nothing. We finally reached shore a dripping trio, and made for the Cincinnati side. As we crossed the bridge we looked down at the *River Rat*, tossing about in the rough, choppy water, and voiced regret at having to leave her.

The Crew asked: "Where do we go from here, dad—home?" "No," the Captain replied, as a ruminative glint appeared in his eye and he thought of this economy trip and all he had promised from it; thought of the cold days to come and our heavy clothes at home, and the prices soaring higher. "No. Not till the keen edge of our shame is rounded off." We wended our dripping way to the nearest hotel. And in the words of the poet:

> "All night long the storm roared on,
> Next morning broke without a sun."

And we abandoned ship—the Captain, the Crew, and the Cook.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III—*Continued*

X

FLEUR'S WEDDING

THE October paragraphs describing the wedding of Fleur Forsyte to Michael Mont, hardly conveyed the symbolic significance of this event. In the union of the great-granddaughter of "Superior Dosset" with the heir of a ninth baronet was the outward and visible sign of that merger of class in class which buttresses the political stability of a realm. The time had come when the Forsytes might resign their natural resentment against a "flummery" not theirs by birth, and accept it as the still more natural due of their possessive instincts. Besides, they had to mount to make room for all those so much more newly rich. In that quiet but tasteful ceremony in Hanover Square, and afterward among the furniture in Green Street, it had been impossible for those not in the know to distinguish the Forsyte troop from the Mont contingent—so far away was "Superior Dosset" now. Was there, in the crease of his trousers, the expression of his moustache, his accent, or the shine on his top-hat, a pin to choose between Soames and the ninth baronet himself? Was not Fleur as self-possessed, quick, glancing, pretty, and hard as the likeliest Muskham, Mont, or Charwell filly present? If anything, the Forsytes had it in dress and looks and manners. They had become "upper class" and now their name would be formally recorded in the Stud Book, their money joined to land. Whether this was a little late in the day, and those rewards of the possessive instinct, lands and money destined for the melting-pot—was still a question so moot that it was not mooted. After all, Timothy had said Consols were goin' up. Timothy, the last, the missing link; Timothy *in extremis* on the Bayswater Road—so Francie had reported. It was whispered, too, that this young Mont was a sort of socialist—strangely wise of him, and in the nature of insurance, considering the days they lived in. There was no uneasiness on that score. The landed classes produced that sort of amiable foolishness at times, turned to safe uses and confined to theory. As George remarked to his sister Francie: "They'll soon be having puppies—that'll give him pause."

The church with white flowers and something blue in the middle of the East window, looked extremely chaste, as though endeavoring to counteract the somewhat lurid phraseology of a Service calculated to keep the thoughts of all on puppies. Forsytes, Haymans, Tweetymans, sat in the left aisle; Monts, Charwells, Muskhams in the right; while a sprinkling of Fleur's fellow-sufferers at school, and of Mont's fellow-sufferers in the war, gaped indiscriminately from either side, and three maiden ladies, who had dropped in on their way from Skyward's, brought up the rear, together with two Mont retainers and Fleur's old nurse. In the unsettled state of the country as full a house as could be expected.

Mrs. Val Dartie, who sat with her husband in the third row, squeezed his hand more than once during the performance. To her, who knew the plot of this tragicomedy, its most dramatic moment was well-nigh painful. 'I wonder if Jon knows by instinct,' she thought—Jon, out in British Columbia. She had received a letter from him only that morning which had made her smile and say:

"Jon's in British Columbia, Val, because he wants to be in California. He thinks it's too nice there."

"Oh!" said Val, "so he's beginning to see a joke again."

"He's bought some land and sent for his mother."

"What on earth will she do out there?"

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"All she cares about is Jon. Do you still think it a happy release?"

Val's shrewd eyes narrowed to grey pin-points between their dark lashes.

"Fleur wouldn't have suited him a bit. She's not bred right."

"Poor little Fleur!" sighed Holly. Ah! it was strange—this marriage! The young man, Mont, had caught her on the rebound, of course, in the reckless mood of one whose ship has just gone down. Such a plunge could not but be—as Val put it—an outside chance. There was little to be told from the back view of her young cousin's veil, and Holly's eyes reviewed the general aspect of this Christian wedding. She who had made a love-match which had been successful, had a horror of unhappy marriages. This might not be one in the end—but it was clearly a toss-up; and to consecrate a toss-up in this fashion with manufactured unction before a crowd of fashionable free-thinkers—for who thought otherwise than freely, or not at all, when they were 'dolled' up—seemed to her as near a sin as one could find in an age which had abolished them. Her eyes wandered from the prelate in his robes (a Charwell—the Forsytes had not as yet produced a prelate) to Val, beside her, thinking—she was certain—of the Mayfly filly at fifteen to one for the Cambridgeshire. They passed on and caught the profile of the ninth baronet, in counterfeitment of the kneeling process. She could just see the neat ruck above his knees where he had pulled his trousers up, and thought: 'Val's forgotten to pull up his!' Her eyes passed to the pew in front of her, where Winifred's substantial form was gowned with passion, and on again to Soames and Annette kneeling side by side. A little smile came on her lips—Prosper Profond, back from the South Seas of the Channel, would be kneeling too, about six rows behind. Yes! This was a funny "small" business, however it turned out; still it was in a proper church and would be in the proper papers to-morrow morning.

They had begun a hymn; she could hear the ninth baronet across the aisle, singing of the hosts of Midian. Her little finger touched Val's thumb—they were holding the same hymn-book—and a tiny thrill passed through her, preserved from twenty years ago. He stooped and whispered:

"I say, d'you remember the rat?" The rat at their wedding in Cape Colony, which had cleaned its whiskers behind the table at the Registrar's! And between her little and third finger she squeezed his thumb hard.

The hymn was over, the prelate had begun to deliver his discourse. He told them of the dangerous times they lived in, and the awful conduct of the House of Lords in connection with divorce. They were all soldiers—he said—in the trenches under the poisonous gas of the Prince of Darkness, and must be manful. The purpose of marriage was children, not mere sinful happiness.

An imp danced in Holly's eyes—Val's eyelashes were meeting. Whatever happened, he must *not* snore. Her finger and thumb closed on his thigh; he stirred uneasily.

The discourse was over, the danger past. They were signing in the vestry; and general relaxation had set in.

A voice behind her said:

"Will she stay the course?"

"Who's that?" she whispered.

"Old George Forsyte!"

Holly demurely scrutinized one of whom she had often heard. Fresh from South Africa, and ignorant of her kith and kin, she never saw one without an almost childish curiosity. He was very big, and very dapper; his eyes gave her a funny feeling of having no particular clothes.

"They're off!" she heard him say.

They came, stepping from the chancel. Holly looked first in young Mont's face. His lips and ears were twitching, his eyes, shifting from his feet to the hand within his arm, stared suddenly before them as if to face a firing party. He gave Holly the feeling that he was spiritually intoxicated. But Fleur! Ah! That was different. The girl was perfectly composed, prettier than ever, in her white robes and veil over her banged dark chestnut hair; her eyelids hovered demure over her dark hazel eyes. Outwardly, she seemed all there. But, inwardly, where was she? As those two passed, Fleur raised her eyelids—the restless glint of those clear whites remained on Holly's vision as might the flutter of a caged bird's wings.

In Green Street Winifred stood to re-

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Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"They're off!" she heard him say.—Page 274.

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ceive, just a little less composed than usual. Soames' request for the use of her house, had come on her at a deeply psychological moment. Under the influence of a remark of Prosper Profond, she had begun to exchange her Empire for Expressionistic furniture. There were the most amusing arrangements, with violet, green, and orange blobs and scriggles, to be had at Mealard's. Another month and the change would have been complete. Just now, the very "intriguing" recruits, enlisted, did not march too well with the old guard. It was as if her regiment were half in khaki, half in scarlet and bearskins. But her strong and comfortable character made the best of it in a drawing-room which typified, perhaps, more perfectly than she imagined, the semi-bolshevized imperialism of her country. After all, this was a day of merger, and you couldn't have too much of it! Her eyes travelled indulgently among her guests. Soames had gripped the back of a buhl chair; young Mont was behind that "awfully amusing" screen, which no one as yet had been able to explain to her. The ninth baronet had shied violently at a round scarlet table, inlaid under glass with blue Australian butterflies' wings, and was clinging to her Louis-Quinze cabinet; Francie Forsyte had seized the new mantel-board, finely carved with little purple grotesques on an ebony ground; George, over by the old spinet, was holding a little sky-blue book as if about to enter bets; Prosper Profond was twiddling the knob of the open door, black with peacock-blue panels; and Annette's hands, close by, were grasping her own waist; two Muskhams clung to the balcony among the plants, as if feeling ill; Lady Mont, thin and brave-looking, had taken up her long-handled glasses and was gazing at the central light shade, of ivory and orange dashed with deep magenta, as if the heavens had opened. Everybody, in fact, seemed holding on to something. Only Fleur, still in her bridal dress, was detached from all support, flinging her words and glances to left and right.

The room was full of the bubble and the squeak of conversation. Nobody could hear anything that anybody said; which seemed of little consequence, since no one waited for anything so slow as an answer. Modern conversation seemed to Winifred so different from the days of her prime, when a drawl was all the vogue. Still it was "amusing," which, of course, was all that mattered. Even the Forsytes were talking with extreme rapidity—Fleur and Christopher, and Imogen, and young Nicholas's youngest, Patrick. Soames, of course, was silent; but George, by the spinet, kept up a running commentary, and Francie, by her mantel-shelf. Winifred drew nearer to the ninth baronet. He seemed to promise a certain repose; his nose was fine and drooped a little, his grey moustaches too; and she said, drawling through her smile:

"It's rather nice, isn't it?"

His reply shot out of his smile like a snipped bread pellet:

"D'you remember, in Frazer, the tribe that buries the bride up to the waist?"

He spoke as fast as anybody! He had dark, lively little eyes, too, all crinkled round like a Catholic priest's. Winifred felt suddenly he might say things she would regret.

"They're always so amusing—weddings," she murmured, and moved on to Soames. He was curiously still, and Winifred saw at once what was dictating his immobility. To his right was George Forsyte, to his left Annette and Prosper Profond. He could not move without either seeing those two together, or the reflection of them in George Forsyte's japing eyes. He was quite right not to be taking notice.

"They say Timothy's sinking," he said glumly.

"Where will you put him, Soames?"

"Highgate." And counted on his fingers. "It'll make twelve of them there, including wives. How do you think Fleur looks?"

"Remarkably well."

Soames nodded. He had never seen her look prettier, yet he could not rid himself of the impression that this business was unnatural—remembering still that crushed figure burrowing into the corner of the sofa. From that night to this day he had received from her no confidences. He knew from his chauffeur that she had made one more attempt on Robin Hill and drawn blank—an empty house, no one at home. He knew that she had received a letter, but not what

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was in it, except that it had made her hide herself and cry. He had remarked that she looked at him sometimes when she thought he wasn't noticing, as if she were wondering still what he had done—forsooth—to make those people hate him so. Well, there it was! Annette had come back, and things had worn on through the summer—very miserable, till suddenly Fleur had said she was going to marry young Mont. She had shown him a little more affection when she told him that. And he had yielded—what was the good of opposing it? God knew that he had never wished to thwart her in anything! And the young man seemed quite delirious about her. No doubt she was in a reckless mood, and she was young, absurdly young. But if he opposed her, he didn't know what she would do; for all he could tell she might want to take up a profession, become a doctor or solicitor, some nonsense. She had no aptitude for painting, writing, music, in his view the legitimate occupations of unmarried women, if they must do something in these days. On the whole, she was safer married, for he could see too well how feverish and restless she was at home. Annette, too, had been in favor of it—Annette, from behind the veil of his refusal to know what she was about, if she was about anything. Annette had said: "Let her marry this young man. He is a nice boy—not so highty-flighty as he seems." Where she got her expressions, he didn't know—but her opinion soothed his doubts. His wife, whatever her conduct, had clear eyes and an almost depressing amount of common sense. He had settled fifty thousand on Fleur, taking care that there was no cross settlement in case it didn't turn out well. Could it turn out well? She had not got over that other boy—he knew. They were to go to Spain for the honeymoon. He would be even lonelier when she was gone. But later, perhaps, she would forget, and turn to him again!

Winifred's voice broke on his reverie.

"Why! Of all wonders—June!"

There, in a djibbah—what things she wore!—with her hair straying from under a fillet, Soames saw his cousin, and Fleur going forward to greet her. The two passed from their view out on to the stairway.

"Really," said Winifred, "she does the most impossible things! Fancy *her* coming!"

"What made you ask her?" muttered Soames.

"Because I thought she wouldn't accept, of course."

Winifred had forgotten that behind conduct lies the main trend of character; or, in other words, omitted to remember that Fleur was now a "lame duck."

On receiving her invitation, June had first thought: 'I wouldn't go near them for the world!' and then, one morning, had awakened from a dream of Fleur waving to her from a boat with a wild unhappy gesture. And she had changed her mind.

When Fleur came forward and said to her:

"Do come up while I'm changing my dress"; she had followed up the stairs. The girl led the way into Imogen's old bedroom, set ready for her toilet.

June sat down on the bed, thin and upright, like a little spirit in the sere and yellow. Fleur locked the door.

The girl stood before her divested of her wedding-dress. What a pretty thing she was!

"I suppose you think me a fool," she said, with quivering lips, "when it was to have been Jon. But what does it matter? Michael wants me, and I don't care. It'll get me away from home." Diving her hand into the frills on her breast, she brought out a letter. "Jon wrote me this."

June read: "Lake Okanagen, British Columbia. I'm not coming back to England. Bless you always. Jon."

"She's made safe, you see," said Fleur.

June handed back the letter.

"That's not fair to Irene," she said: "she always told Jon he could do as he wished."

Fleur smiled bitterly. "Tell me, didn't she spoil your life too?"

June looked up. "Nobody can spoil a life, my dear. That's nonsense. Things happen, but we bob up."

With a sort of terror she saw the girl sink on her knees and bury her face in the djibbah. A strangled sob mounted to June's ears.

"It's all right—all right," she murmured: "Don't! There, there!"

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But the point of the girl's chin was pressed ever closer into her thigh, and the sound was dreadful of her sobbing.

Well, well! It had to come. She would feel better afterward! She stroked the short hair of that shapely head. And all the scattered mother-sense in June focussed itself and passed through the tips of her fingers into the girl's brain.

"Don't sit down under it, my dear," she said at last. "We can't control life, but we can fight it. Make the best of things. I've had to. I held on, like you; and I cried, as you're crying now. And look at me!"

Fleur raised her head; a sob merged suddenly into a little choked laugh. In truth it was a thin and rather wild and wasted spirit she was looking at, but it had brave eyes.

"All right!" she said. "I'm sorry. I shall forget him, I suppose, if I fly fast and far enough."

And, scrambling to her feet, she went over to the wash-stand.

June watched her removing with cold water the traces of emotion. Save for a little becoming pinkness there was nothing left when she stood before the mirror. June got off the bed and took a pincushion in her hand. To put two pins into the wrong places was all the vent she found for sympathy.

"Give me a kiss," she said when Fleur was ready, and dug her chin into the girl's warm cheek.

"I want a whiff," said Fleur; "don't wait."

June left her, sitting on the bed with a cigarette between her lips and her eyes half closed, and went down-stairs. In the doorway of the drawing-room stood Soames as if unquiet at his daughter's tardiness. June tossed her head and passed down on to the half landing. Her cousin Francie was standing there.

"Look!" said June, pointing with her chin at Soames. "That man's fatal!"

"How do you mean," said Francie, "Fatal?"

June did not answer her. "I shan't wait to see them off," she said. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Francie, and her eyes, of a Celtic grey, goggled. That old feud! Really, it was quite romantic!

Soames, moving to the well of the staircase, saw June go, and drew a breath of satisfaction. Why didn't Fleur come? They would miss their train. That train would bear her away from him, yet he could not help fidgeting at the thought that they would lose it. And then she did come, running down in her tan-colored frock and black velvet cap, and passed him into the drawing-room. He saw her kiss her mother, her aunt, Val's wife, Imogen, and then come forth, quick and pretty as ever. How would she treat him at this last moment of her girlhood? He couldn't hope for much!

Her lips pressed the middle of his cheek.

"Daddy!" she said, and was past and gone. Daddy! She hadn't called him that for years. He drew a long breath and followed slowly down. There was all the folly with that confetti stuff and the rest of it to go through with, yet. But he would like just to catch her smile, if she leaned out, though they would hit her in the eye with the shoe, if they didn't take care. Young Mont's voice said fervently in his ear:

"Good-bye, Sir; and thank you! I'm so fearfully bucked."

"Good-bye," he said; "don't miss your train."

He stood on the bottom step but three, whence he could see above the heads—the silly hats and heads. They were in the car now; and there was that stuff, showering, and there went the shoe. A flood of something welled up in Soames, and—he didn't know—he couldn't see!

XI

THE LAST OF THE FORSYTES

When they came to prepare that terrific symbol Timothy Forsyte—the one pure individualist left, the only man who hadn't heard of the Great War—they found him wonderful—not even death had undermined his soundness.

To Smither and Cook that preparation came like final evidence of what they had never believed possible—the end of the old Forsyte family on earth. Poor Mr. Timothy must now take a harp and sing in the company of Miss Forsyte, Mrs. Julia, Miss Hester; with Mr. Jolyon, Mr. Swithin, Mr. James, Mr. Roger and Mr. Nicholas of the party. Whether Mrs. Hayman would be there was more doubt-

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ful, seeing that she had been cremated. Secretly Cook thought that Mr. Timothy would be upset—he had always been so set against barrel organs. How many times had she not said: "Drat the thing! There it is again! Smither, you'd better run up and see what you can do." And in her heart she would so have enjoyed the tunes, if she hadn't known that Mr. Timothy would ring the bell in a minute and say: "Here, take him a halfpenny and tell him to move on." Often they had been obliged to add threepence of their own before the man would go—Timothy had ever underrated the value of emotion. Luckily he had taken the organs for bluebottles in his last years, which had been a comfort, and they had been able to enjoy the tunes. But a harp! Cook wondered. It *was* a change! And Mr. Timothy had never liked change. But she did not speak of this to Smither, who did so take a line of her own in regard to heaven that it quite put one about sometimes.

She cried while Timothy was being prepared, and they all had sherry afterward out of the yearly Christmas bottle, which would not be needed now. Ah! dear! She had been there five-and-forty years and Smither nine-and-thirty! And now they would be going to a tiny house in Tooting, to live on their savings and what Miss Hester had so kindly left them—for to take fresh service after the glorious past—No! But they *would* like just to see Mr. Soames again, and Mrs. Dartie, and Miss Francie, and Miss Euphemia. And even if they had to take their own cab, they felt they must go to the funeral. For six years Mr. Timothy had been their baby, getting younger and younger every day, till at last he had been too young to live.

They spent the regulation hours of waiting in polishing and dusting, in catching the one mouse left, and asphyxiating the last beetle, so as to leave it nice, discussing with each other what they would buy at the sale. Miss Ann's work-box; Miss Juley's (that is Mrs. Julia's) seaweed album; the fire-screen Miss Hester had crewelled; and Mr. Timothy's hair—little golden curls, glued into a black frame. Oh! they must have those—only the price of things had gone up so!

It fell to Soames to issue invitations for the funeral. He had them drawn up by Gradman in his office—only blood relations, and no flowers. Six carriages were ordered. The Will would be read afterward at the house.

He arrived at eleven o'clock to see that all was ready. At a quarter past old Gradman came in black gloves and crape on his hat. He and Soames stood in the drawing-room waiting. At half-past eleven the carriages drew up in a long row. But no one else appeared. Gradman said:

"It surprises me, Mr. Soames. I posted them myself."

"I don't know," said Soames; "he'd lost touch with the family."

Soames had often noticed in old days how much more neighborly his family were to the dead than to the living. But, now, the way they had flocked to Fleur's wedding and abstained from Timothy's funeral, seemed to show some vital change. There might, of course, be another reason; for Soames felt that if he had not known the contents of Timothy's Will, he might have stayed away himself through delicacy. Timothy had left a lot of money, with nobody in particular to leave it to. They mightn't like to seem to expect something.

At twelve o'clock the procession left the door; Timothy alone in the first carriage under glass. Then Soames alone; then Gradman alone; then Cook and Smither together. They started at a walk, but were soon trotting under a bright sky. At the entrance to Highgate Cemetery they were delayed by service in the Chapel. Soames would have liked to stay outside in the sunshine. He didn't believe a word of it; on the other hand, it was a form of insurance which could not safely be neglected, in case there might be something in it after all.

They walked up two and two—he and Gradman, Cook and Smither—to the family vault. It was not very distinguished for the funeral of the last old Forsyte.

He took Gradman into his carriage on the way back to the Bayswater Road with a certain glow in his heart. He had a surprise in pickle for the old chap who had served the Forsytes four-and-fifty years—a treat that was entirely his doing. How well he remembered saying to Timothy the day after Aunt Hester's

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funeral: "Well, Uncle Timothy, there's Gradman. He's taken a lot of trouble for the family. What do you say to leaving him five thousand?" and his surprise, seeing the difficulty there had been in getting Timothy to leave anything, when Timothy had nodded. And now the old chap would be as pleased as Punch, for Mrs. Gradman, he knew, had a weak heart, and their son had lost a leg in the war. It was extraordinarily gratifying to Soames to have left him five thousand pounds of Timothy's money. They sat down together in the little drawing-room, whose walls—like a vision of heaven—were sky-blue and gold, with every picture-frame unnaturally bright, and every speck of dust removed from every piece of furniture, to read that little masterpiece,—the Will of Timothy. With his back to the light in Aunt Hester's chair, Soames faced Gradman with his face to the light on Aunt Ann's sofa; and, crossing his legs, began:

"This is the last Will and Testament of me Timothy Forsyte of The Nook Bayswater Road London. I appoint my nephew Soames Forsyte of The Shelter Mapledurham and Thomas Gradman of 159 Folly Road Highgate (hereinafter called my Trustees) to be the trustees and executors of this my Will. To the said Soames Forsyte I leave the sum of one thousand pounds free of legacy duty and to the said Thomas Gradman I leave the sum of five thousand pounds free of legacy duty."

Soames paused. Old Gradman was leaning forward, convulsively gripping a stout black knee with each of his thick hands; his mouth had fallen open so that the gold fillings of three teeth gleamed; his eyes were blinking, two tears rolled slowly out of them. Soames read hastily on.

"All the rest of my property of whatsoever description I bequeath to my Trustees upon Trust to convert and hold the same upon the following trusts namely To pay thereout all my debts funeral expenses and outgoings of any kind in connection with my Will and to hold the residue thereof in trust for that male lineal descendant of my father Jolyon Forsyte by his marriage with Ann Pierce who after the decease of all lineal descendants whether male or female of my said father by his said marriage in being at the time of my death shall last attain the age of twenty-one years absolutely it being my desire that my property shall be nursed to the extreme limit permitted by the laws of England for the benefit of such male lineal descendant as aforesaid."

Soames read the investment and attestation clauses, and, ceasing, looked at Gradman. The old fellow was wiping his brow with a large handkerchief, whose brilliant color supplied a sudden festive tinge to the proceedings.

"My word, Mr. Soames!" he said, and it was clear that the lawyer in him had utterly wiped out the man: "My word! Why, there are two babies now, and some quite young children—if one of them lives to be eighty—it's not a great age—and add twenty-one—that's a hundred years; and Mr. Timothy worth a hundred and fifty thousand pound if he's worth a penny. Compound interest at five per cent doubles you in fourteen years. In fourteen years three hundred thousand—six hundred thousand in twenty-eight—twelve hundred thousand in forty-two—twenty-four hundred thousand in fifty-six—four million eight hundred thousand in seventy—nine million six hundred thousand in eighty-four—Why, in a hundred years it'll be twenty million! And we shan't live to see it! It *is* a Will!"

Soames said dryly: Anything may happen. The State might take the lot; they're capable of anything in these days."

"And carry five," said Gradman to himself. "I forgot—Mr. Timothy's in Consols; we shan't get more than two per cent with this income tax. To be on the safe side, say eight millions. Still, that's a pretty penny."

Soames rose and handed him the Will. "You're going into the City. Take care of that, and do what's necessary. Advertise; but there are no debts. When's the sale?"

"Tuesday week," said Gradman. "Life or lives in bein' and twenty-one years afterward—it's a long way off. I'm glad he's left it in the family." . . .

The sale—not at Jobson's, in view of the Victorian nature of the effects—was far more freely attended than the funeral, though not by Cook and Smither, for Soames had taken it on himself to give them their hearts' desires. Winifred was present, Euphemia, and Francie, and

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Eustace had come in his car. The miniatures, Barbizons, and J. R. drawings had been bought in by Soames; and relics of no marketable value were set aside in an off-room for members of the family who cared to have mementos. These were the only restrictions upon bidding characterized by an almost tragic languor. Not one piece of furniture, no picture or porcelain figure appealed to modern taste. The humming-birds had fallen like autumn leaves when taken from where they had not hummed for sixty years. It was painful to Soames to see the chairs his aunts had sat on, the little grand piano they had practically never played, the books whose outsides they had gazed at, the china they had dusted, the curtains they had drawn, the hearth-rug which had warmed their feet; above all, the beds they had lain and died in—sold to little dealers, Jews, and the housewives of Fulham. And yet—what could one do? Buy them and stick them in a lumber room? No; they had to go the way of all flesh and furniture, and be worn out. But when they put up Aunt Ann's sofa and were going to knock it down for thirty shillings, he cried out, suddenly: "Five pounds!" The sensation was considerable, and the sofa his.

When that little sale was over in the fusty saleroom, and those Victorian ashes scattered, he went out into the misty October sunshine feeling as if cosiness had died out of the world, and the board "To Let" up, indeed. Revolutions on the horizon; Fleur in Spain; no comfort in Annette; no Timothy's on the Bayswater Road. In the irritable desolation of his soul he went into the Goupenor Gallery. That chap Jolyon's water-colors were on view there. He went in to look down his nose at them—it might give him some faint satisfaction. The news had trickled through from June to Val's wife, from her to Val, from Val to his mother, from her to Soames, that the house—the fatal house at Robin Hill—was for sale, and Irene going to join her boy out in British Columbia, or some such place. For one wild moment the thought had come to Soames: 'Why shouldn't I buy it back? I meant it for my—!' No sooner come than gone. Too lugubrious a triumph; with too many humiliating memories for himself and Fleur. She would never live there after what had happened. No, the place must go its way to some peer or profiteer. It had been a bone of contention from the first, the shell of the feud; and with the woman gone, it was an empty shell. "For Sale or To Let." With his mind's eye he could see that board raised high above the ivied wall which he had built.

He passed through the first of the two rooms in the Gallery. There was certainly a body of work! And now that the fellow was dead it did not seem so trivial. The drawings were pleasing enough, with quite a sense of atmosphere, and something individual in the brush work. 'His father and my father; he and I; his child and mine!' thought Soames. So it had gone on! And all about that woman! Softened by the events of the past week, affected by the melancholy beauty of the autumn day, Soames came nearer than he had ever been to realization of that truth—passing the understanding of a Forsyte pure—that the body of Beauty has a spiritual essence, uncapturable save by a devotion which thinks not of self. After all, he was near that truth in his devotion to his daughter; perhaps that made him understand a little how he had missed the prize. And there, among the drawings of his kinsman, who had attained to that which he had found beyond his reach, he thought of him and her with a tolerance which surprised him. But he did not buy a drawing.

Just as he passed the seat of custom on his return to the outer air he met with a contingency which had not been entirely absent from his mind when he went into the Gallery—Irene, herself, coming in. So she had not gone yet, and was still paying farewell visits to that fellow's remains! He subdued the little involuntary leap of his subconsciousness, the mechanical reaction of his senses to the charm of this once-owned woman, and passed her with averted eyes. But when he had gone by he could not for the life of him help looking back. This, then, was finality—the heat and stress of his life, the madness and the longing thereof, the only defeat he had known, would be over when she faded from his view this time; even such memories had their own queer aching value. She, too, was

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looking back. Suddenly she lifted her gloved hand, her lips smiled faintly, her dark eyes seemed to speak. It was the turn of Soames to make no answer to that smile and that little farewell wave; he went out into the fashionable street quivering from head to foot. He knew what she had meant to say: "Now that I am going forever out of the reach of you and yours—forgive me; I wish you well." That was the meaning; last sign of that terrible reality—passing morality, duty, common sense—her aversion from him who had owned her body but had never touched her spirit or her heart. It hurt; yes—more than if she had kept her mask unmoved, her hand unlifted.

Three days later, in that fast-yellowing October, Soames took a taxi-cab to Highgate Cemetery and mounted through its white forest to the Forsyte vault. Close to the cedar, above catacombs and columbaria, tall, ugly, and individual, it looked like an apex of the competitive system. He could remember a discussion wherein Swithin had advocated the addition to its face of the pheasant proper. The proposal had been rejected in favor of a wreath in stone, above the stark words: "The family vault of Jolyon Forsyte: 1850." It was in good order. All trace of the recent interment had been removed, and its sober grey gloomed reposefully in the sunshine. The whole family lay there now, except old Jolyon's wife, who had gone back under a contract to her own family vault in Suffolk; old Jolyon himself lying at Robin Hill; and Susan Hayman, cremated so that none knew where she might be. Soames gazed at it with satisfaction—massive, needing little attention; and this was important, for he was well aware that no one would attend to it when he himself was gone, and he would have to be looking out for lodgings soon. He might have twenty years before him, but one never knew. Twenty years without an aunt or uncle, with a wife of whom one had better not know anything, with a daughter gone from home. His mood inclined to melancholy and retrospection.

This cemetery was full, they said—of people with extraordinary names, buried in extraordinary taste. Still, they had a fine view up here, right over London. Annette had once given him a story to read by that Frenchman, Maupassant—a most lugubrious concern, where all the skeletons emerged from their graves one night, and all the pious inscriptions on the stones were altered to descriptions of their sins. Not a true story at all. He didn't know about the French, but there was not much real harm in English people except their teeth and their taste, which were certainly deplorable. "The family vault of Jolyon Forsyte, 1850." A lot of people had been buried here since then—a lot of English life crumbled to mould and dust! The boom of an airplane passing under the gold-tinted clouds caused him to lift his eyes. The deuce of a lot of expansion had gone on. But it all came back to a cemetery—to a name and a date on a tomb. And he thought with a curious pride that he and his family had done little or nothing to help this feverish expansion. Good solid middlemen, they had gone to work with dignity to manage and possess. "Superior Dosset," indeed, had built, in a dreadful, and Jolyon painted, in a doubtful period, but so far as he remembered not another of them all had soiled his hands by creating anything—unless you counted Val Dartie and his horse-breeding. Collectors, solicitors, barristers, merchants, publishers, accountants, directors, land agents, even soldiers—there they had been! The country had expanded, as it were, in spite of them. They had checked, controlled, defended, and taken advantage of the process—and when you considered how "Superior Dosset" had begun life with next to nothing, and his lineal descendants already owned what old Gradman estimated at between a million and a million and a half, it was not so bad! And yet he sometimes felt as if the family bolt was shot, their possessive instinct dying out. They seemed unable to make money—this fourth generation; they were going into art, literature, farming, or the army; or just living on what was left them—they had no push and no tenacity. They would die out if they didn't take care.

Soames turned from the vault and faced toward the breeze. The air up here would be delicious if only he could rid his nerves of the feeling that mortality was in it. He gazed restlessly at the crosses and

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the urns, the angels, the "immortelles," the flowers, gaudy or withering; and suddenly he noticed a spot which seemed so different from anything else up there that he was obliged to walk the few necessary yards and look at it. A sober corner, with a massive queer-shaped cross of grey rough-hewn granite, guarded by four dark yew-trees. The spot was free from the pressure of the other graves, having a little box-hedged garden on the far side, and in front a goldening birch-tree. This oasis in the desert of conventional graves appealed to the æsthetic sense of Soames, and he sat down there in the sunshine. Through those trembling gold birch leaves he gazed out at London, and yielded to the waves of memory. He thought of Irene in Montpelier Square, when her hair was rusty-golden and her white shoulders his—Irene, the prize of his love-passion, resistant to his ownership. He saw Bosinney's body lying in that white mortuary, and Irene sitting on the sofa looking at space with the eyes of a dying bird. Again he thought of her by the little green Niobe in the Bois de Boulogne, once more rejecting him. His fancy took him on beside his drifting river on the November day when Fleur was to be born, took him to the dead leaves floating on the green-tinged water and the snake-headed weed forever swaying and nosing, sinuous, blind, tethered. And on again to the window opened to the cold starry night above Hyde Park, with his father lying dead. His fancy darted to that picture of "the future town," to that boy's and Fleur's first meeting; to the blueish trail of Prosper Profond's cigar, and Fleur in the window pointing down to where the fellow prowled. To the sight of Irene and that dead fellow sitting side by side in the Stand at Lord's. To the sofa, where Fleur lay crushed up in the corner; to her lips pressed into his cheek, and her farewell "Daddy." And suddenly he saw again Irene's grey-gloved hand waving its last gesture of release.

He sat there a long time dreaming his career, faithful to the scut of his possessive instinct, warming himself even with its failures.

"To Let"—the Forsyte age and way of life, when a man owned his soul, his investments, and his woman, without check or question. And now the State had, or would have, his investments, his woman had herself, and God knew who had his soul. "To Let"—that sane and simple creed!

The waters of change were foaming in, carrying the promise of new forms only when their destructive flood should have passed its full. He sat there, subconscious of them, but with his thoughts resolutely set on the past—as a man might ride into a wild night with his face to the tail of his galloping horse. Athwart the Victorian dykes the waters were rolling on property, morals, and manners, on melody and the old forms of art—waters bringing to his mouth a salt taste as of blood, lapping to the foot of this Highgate Hill where Victorianism lay buried. And sitting there, high up on its most individual spot, Soames—like a figure of Investment—refused their restless sounds. Instinctively he would not fight them—there was in him too much primeval wisdom, of Man the possessive animal. They would quiet down when they had fulfilled their tidal fever of dispossessing and destroying; when the creations and the properties of others were sufficiently broken and dejected—they would lapse and ebb, and fresh forms would rise based on an instinct older than the fever of change—the instinct of Home.

"*Je m'en fiche*," said Prosper Profond. Soames did not say "*Je m'en fiche*"—it was French, and the fellow was a thorn in his side—but deep down he knew that change was only the interval of death between two forms of life, destruction necessary to make room for fresher property. What though the board was up, and cosiness to let?—some one would come along and take it again some day.

And only one thing really troubled him, sitting there—the melancholy craving in his heart—because the sun was like enchantment on his face and on the clouds and on the golden birch leaves, and the wind's rustle was so gentle, and the yew-tree green so dark, and the sickle of a moon pale in the sky.

He might wish and wish and never get it—the beauty and the loving in the world!

THE END.

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"CHANGE FOR BOKHARA"

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

WE are all so earnest now-a-days (more or less in the Pontifex sense) that we do not like to give frivolous reasons for our states of soul. Almost any reason is frivolous which is not based on the welfare of at least a million people. It is not reputable, for example, to resent the Great War on any but national grounds at the very least; and if you can make your grounds international or planetary, so much the better. "The higher selfishness," once so fashionable, is out of court. "Service" is the word. The civilized are meant to serve; the uncivilized to be served. Sometimes one wonders a little why the uncivilized have no duties; why I must feel so keenly my responsibility to the colored lady who feels no responsibility—even for wages received—to me. But that is to confuse a present with a past definition of service, and I hurry to elude the verbal trap.

On the whole, though, if one has a personal grievance, one had better out with it, not attempting to deprecate. I waited for two years after the Armistice to see if my sense of grievance would not abate, if I could not conquer it by spiritual means. I cannot. It is still there, irking me. Though France and England should forget, I shall never, never forgive the Kaiser. He has taken from me the one recreation on which, through gray days and gold, winter and summer, fat years and lean, I could always count. He has made the guide-books of no avail, and forced Cook's Tourist Handbook out of print. I could overlook his ruining the Almanach de Gotha; but I resent, with a deepening resentment, his frustration of the continental Bradshaw and the sailing-lists of the seven seas. He has not only ruined the literature of travel, since anyone who goes anywhere now, and writes a book about it, must needs dilate upon political conditions; he has annihilated the time-tables of the world. It is no comfort to me to know that he is more bored at Doorn than I am in Princeton. No revenge upon his person would bring amelioration to my mood; for reparation, neither he nor the German people could make. It is his fault that the minimum steamship fare to Europe is two hundred and fifty dollars. But worse, far worse: it is his fault that old Baedekers are no good and that new Baedekers cannot be born; it is his fault that even Cook cannot tell you now at what hour you change for Bokhara. It used to be about 10.40 A. M., and you changed at Merv.

To a hearth-bound person of wandering tastes, travel-descriptions are less good than guide-books, and guide-books, even, less good than time-tables. Next to going somewhere yourself is *not* reading the adventures of someone who has been. Next to going somewhere yourself is looking up the best way to get there; planning out every inch of the journey, even to Samarkand. Guide-books are useful, especially in the matter of hotels. But what you really need is time-tables rising in heaps about your armchair. A pencil and paper, too, to make your itinerary and reckon up the cost of the trip. When the journey is a complicated one, many hours can be spent over the task, and no novel can compete with it in excitement. The Kaiser has made such pleasuring practically impossible. Even in Europe, who knows when trains will run, or how slowly? To be sure, the only train in Europe that interested one much in the old days was the Orient Express. I have heard vaguely that its service has been resumed. But you cannot trust what you read in the newspapers, and Cook has issued no orange-colored book since 1914. I do not believe much in the Orient Express. Besides, who wants, now, to take it? It was never anything but the first stage of the journey—a concession to weak-stomached folk who preferred a wagon-lit

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to a Messageries Maritimes boat. Part of the fun was always to see how cheaply the trip could be made, and that meant going by water as much of the way as possible. One of the most delightful journeys I ever planned was practicable for a summer's vacation, and, considering what you got, heavenly cheap. From New York to Libau by the Russian-American line; by rail to St. Petersburg and Moscow, then to Nijni Novgorod, where you hit the great Fair. Then down the Volga by steamboat to the Caspian: absurdly inexpensive, and according to folk who had done it, exceeding comfortable in the matter of cabins and food. Across the Caspian from Astrakhan to Baku; the trans-Caucasian railway via Tiflis to Batum; a Black Sea Messageries Maritimes boat (touching at Trebizond) to Constantinople. If your margin was big, the Orient Express; if not, another Messageries Maritimes steamer (via Patras, and therefore, if you liked, Athens) to Marseilles. And so home. I have lost my old calculations of expense; but it was actually a thinkable summer holiday.

Well: you can see. The Kaiser has killed the Russian-American line; he has knocked the Russian railways and the Volga boats to flinders; he has abolished the great Fair at Nijni, which used to have a picture all to itself in the geographies; he has closed the Caspian and the Black Sea to tourist travel. Even if one could have afforded time and money to go from Astrakhan to Krasnovodsk instead of to Baku, and take the trans-Caspian to Samarkand—changing at Merv for Bokhara—he has made it physically impossible. At times one planned trips regardless of money; but there was never any fun in planning trips that even a millionaire would not think of taking. We never went in, Mr. Cook and I, for Arctic exploration or migration by caravan. We planned only thinkable things, with railways and steamers to co-operate, journeys where, to be sure, you cut down your luggage, but still had luggage. And tickets; most especially tickets. A ticket to Samarkand: think of it! But there are no tickets to Samarkand now. I never expected to buy one anyhow; but I expected to be able at any time to find out how much one cost. That was all the reality I ever asked; and the Kaiser has taken away even my "less vivid condition"—not only my future indicative, but my potential optative.

One used in former days to think of India—not very hopefully, but with enough enthusiasm to thumb an old Murray. The Kaiser was ever a hypocrite. Do you realize that in 1914 was issued (in German only) the first Baedeker's guide to India, Farther India, Burmah, the Straits Settlements, Siam, and Java? Yes: he published a guide-book to India, and proceeded immediately to make it impossible for anyone to get there. I do not know what the present state of passports to India may be. Last year, still, it was pretty difficult to get in. You had to show cause. In any case, is India, at the present moment, a place that you wish to go to? You know that it is not. It is so little, just now, a place you desire to visit, that there is no fun in seeing how to get there. There always had to be, back of one's research and computation, the sense that *if* there were time, and *if* there were money, it would all be infinitely practicable and a pure delight. I do not suppose there is any chance of getting hold of that 1914 Baedeker for India. I cannot, in any case, read German without a dictionary. Even if I could get it, and could read it, it would do me no good. The Kaiser has spoiled India. To be sure, I still—occasionally—thumb my unspeakable Murray; and you would think Murray the perfect guide-book for a stay-at-home, since he always persuades you that a country with a guide-book like that is a country to stay away from. But that is not what I want of a guide-book. I want one that truly lures, even though I cannot go. Besides, my Murray is more than out of date. It was published long before 1914; and since 1914 all things are different.

That is the worst thing the Kaiser has done. He has not only frustrated the time-tables and made guide-books "date"; he has ruined even the places you could conceivably get to and find your way about in. Even the beloved countries one knew before. . . . they are stricken with poverty, fuel-and-food

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shortage; they are torn between distrust of the foreigner and desire to offset the exchange; they breed typhus and revolution, at any moment, in the most unlikely spots. If you travel at all in familiar lands, you practically have to travel as a profiteer. You cannot go to Switzerland at all. The Kaiser filled it up early with German royalties who have now hung out an S. R. O. sign. Oh, yes, I know that people are thronging to Europe. But either they have a particular reason for going, or they are rich, or insensitive, or they were always of a pacifistic strain. Many of us would be glad enough of a good excuse to go, no doubt; but without the excuse we rather shrink from it. Especially with the minimum fare at two hundred and fifty. As for the stay-at-home who takes it out in meticulous planning, there is no fun left. Who can say how late a train will be, or what a hotel will charge, or where you may not be indefinitely held up by an epidemic or a strike? There was always a chance that you might not make those carefully planned connections; but now you are not even sure that any given train exists.

There is still northern Africa, and the Far East, and the South Seas? Yes, I suppose so. But how can I know whether my pre-war time-table tells me contemporary truth about trains between Tunis and Algiers? Remember, Mr. Cook refuses to issue a new one. "Automobiles," people say vaguely. But you cannot compute the cost of a journey that is made by snatching a motor-car at every turn. And counting the cost was part of the pleasure. I am not a traveller, you see: only an *agence*. The South Seas, they tell me, have been hard hit by the influenza; and what with the death-rate and the manners of the Polynesian *poilu*, even Tahiti is not what it used to be. The Marquesas were always hard to get to, and meant tramp schooners. Cook never offered information about them. Besides, Mr. Frederick O'Brien has taken away any desire for the Marquesas that Stevenson and Jack London had left one. Of course you can go to Fiji or Samoa, stopping over a steamer on your way to Australia. But from port to port with one stop, and then back again, is not what I call a trip. Even the cruises among the Pacific Islands, arranged for by a bureau or a company, are but charmless substitutes for your own pondered itinerary. All very well, perhaps, if you are really going, but meaningless if you are not.

The only hunting ground left to the amateur *agence* is the Far East. Even there, one has no time-tables, alas! The excellent guides issued by the Imperial Japanese Government Railways are, however, the only proper substitute I know of for the Baedeker drug. I recommend them to fellow addicts. They do give you a vast amount of information about steamship lines, and they tell you, at least, the length of time trains take. Also the price of rickshaws and wheelbarrows and the single automobile in a Cambodian town. I have almost planned a journey to Sumatra, via all sorts of places. Even so, I cannot say definitely to myself, "On Wednesday, of such a date, at ten-forty A. M., I should leave Batavia for Soerabaya." The only inspired voice was Thomas Cook's, and it is stilled.

South America, some sympathizer will suggest. Well, give me a South American guide-book, and I will see. I have never discovered one. If I once "rolled down to Rio," I might be content to take any train there was. But there is no satisfaction to be had in mere planning, if I do not know what time the train goes and where it will take me, what the fare is, and what the accommodations are. I should be willing to chance the train that runs from Callao to Lima, or the one that crosses the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires. I am sure the scenery in both cases is magnificent. But I have no other assurance about either one. A trip of any sort to South America would be all margin and no precision. I leave it to others.

In the old days, I was wont to scorn imaginary travelling in the United States. Since the Kaiser took away my pastime, I have grown humble. I collect time-tables of every line that runs from Chicago to the Coast. (I know how I want to go to Chicago.) I gather, with meekness, items of interest about Butte and San Antonio, and consider the merits of the Columbia River Highway and the Apache

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Trail. I nonchalantly look up the rates at Tahoe Tavern and Glacier Park Hotel. I balance the dreariness of Kansas (from a car-window) against the dreariness of Nebraska (from the same vantage point). I figure out how much time you save by going to Chicago and taking the Union Pacific instead of going to St. Louis and taking the Denver and Rio Grande. I resist the perpetual lure of the twice-visited Grand Cañon, and the remembered romance of the Kicking Horse River. "No," I say, "I will take the Union Pacific out, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul back, on account of electrification, and the Royal Gorge and Glacier Park can go hang." Yet, try though I may for true enthusiasm, it is but postum and ginger ale to coffee and cocktails. Even on the Santa Fé, you cannot change for Bokhara.

Why this insistence on Bokhara? If you cannot see, I can hardly explain. The heart of delight was to ponder on the accessibility to the average man of "rose-red cities half as old as time." Any train is a miracle: I grant it. If it were not for public opinion, I would fling the sacrificial marigold before the path of any limited express. Yet there is no romance in a train that is going to Duluth or Oklahoma City. Trains have made them; they are useless without them. But what have Peking and Delhi and Samarkand to do with trains? That is where the miracle becomes major. That you and I, not Marco Polo or Genghis Khan or Tamburlaine, should be able to seek out the cities of pure legend, without forfeiting our lives or being sold into slavery or fighting our way across limitless Asia—that still takes the breath. Changing for Bokhara is a different thing from changing for Pasadena: different not simply in degree but in essence. It is like booking your passage for Lilliput. Only, once, it could be done.

There are people who go to the other extreme; who think that ease of travel destroys romance, or who think it weak of you to cling to the steel rails and the courses of steamers. I remember once being reproached by a clever Englishwoman for lamenting my inability to get to Central Asia. "If time, as I understand, is no object," she said, sternly, "and you really wanted to go, you could do as other women have done. I had a friend who *really* wished to go to Central Asia, and hadn't much money. So she took a tea-caravan that was returning from Archangel. They were several months about it, of course: going across Russia and half Siberia and winding down into Turkestan. She had a beautiful time."

"Do you mean a woman did that alone?" I asked weakly.

She looked at me as if I were some little cheeping field creature. "Why not? She had her own camel, of course."

But there it is. I have no desire to sit in my arm-chair and plot a journey with a tea-caravan, even though my camel were scrupulously unshared. I am of weaker stock. Besides, a caravan has no time-tables. How could I know on what day and at what hour I should get anywhere? No camel will ever guarantee, for Mr. Cook's benefit, to shunt you off on time at Merv. I have the Englishwoman's word for it that the trip was cheap. But it still seems to me that connections would be uncertain.

I do not know whether the Kaiser has abolished tea-caravans or not. As they never really concerned me, it does not much matter. But he has destroyed everything else. There is not a spot on the earth's surface that his polluting finger has not touched. Even the sweet reasonableness that asked not to go but only to know how to go, must turn away empty. Thomas Cook will arrange for you, still, to see many places—but not Bokhara. And if you ask him for any time-table that could conceivably be called romantic, he shrugs his shoulders. He will do his best for you. But the point is that, thanks to the Kaiser, you can no longer, by soft lamplight, do the best for yourself.

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The great festival of the year.—Page 294.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TABLE

By William Henry Shelton
Author of "Our Farm," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH MORRELL

AS a loyal New England woman my grandmother always had pie and cake on the breakfast-table. I was born with three grandmothers, all from New England. As I remember her, my maternal grandmother seemed to be always cooking, in a perpetual checked apron, with her sleeves rolled up and a spoon or a fork or a rolling-pin in her hand, tasting the bean porridge or prodding the potatoes to see if they were boiled, or kneading bread, or rolling pie-crust, or frying crullers with twisted strands like a harp. She seemed to be always going back and forth between the cook-stove and the buttery and the brick oven, or going down the cellar stairs with a lighted candle in an iron candlestick (having a hook on one side to hang it on the potato-bin), on her way to the cool buttery, where the milk was kept in shining pans, and where the cheeses stood in long rows on the shelves, and where the barrel of maple-syrup stood in the corner and gradually crystallized into maple-sugar. In the farther end of the cellar buttery was the cheese-press, and along the floor under the shelves was a row of stone crocks containing sausages put down in lard.

Going down the cellar stairs with a lighted candle.

My grandmother's cellar was cool and dry, with a floor of concrete, from which the last leaf that blew down from the yard was swept up and returned whence it came. The bins for the apples and potatoes were raised from the floor for a free circulation of air, and the cider-barrel

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and the vinegar-barrel lay on skids at one side of the stairs, under the sloping doors that led up into the yard, and on the other side stood the barrel of salt pork and the barrel of corned beef. If not still in the smoke-house, the hams and shoulders hung from the floor-beams, along with strips of dried beef. In the summer these hams were kept in air-tight and fly-tight cases, for they were not hard and salt like hams cured for market, but soft and toothsome when fried for the Sunday dinner, and served with mashed potatoes and sliced tomatoes and cucumbers from the garden and crisp lettuce prepared with vinegar and sugar.

The kitchen-garden was a bountiful contributor to the luxury of my grandmother's table, and the wooden gate, humble as it was, was always the gate I saw when I read, "Come into the garden, Maud . . . I am here at the gate alone," and Tennyson might have mentioned the chain and weight that shut it with a click, and the apple-tree that overhung it, bearing twelve kinds of apples. The garden, not being a garden of roses like Maud's, provided the earliest potatoes and the sweetest sweet corn and the greenest green peas and "pie-plant" and vegetable "oysters" and asparagus and string beans and melons, which seemed to burst out of the black mould. The cucumbers were picked with the dew on the vines, and sliced into salt water for the twelve o'clock dinner. The picking and shelling the peas gave the children a hand in preparing meals. If they were further condemned to pick the currants and raspberries, perhaps it was for revenge that they plugged the watermelons and wrote their names on the winter squashes. The young beets were boiled with the tops for greens, and the tomatoes ripened on the vines until frost came. If there were an oversupply of any vegetable from the garden, it was given to the neighbors. Such surplus was looked upon as a waste product from the soil, and represented no value.

The orchards furnished an abundance of fruit, the fields furnished the grain, and, with the vegetables from the garden, it is a curious fact that the farm produced almost everything served on the table, except the tea and coffee and the pepper and salt. Out of the dry, sandy hills came the white, thin-skinned potatoes, grown expressly for baking. There were red-skinned potatoes that were good enough for boiling, but the delicate "ladyfingers" were baked and eaten with their crisp, brittle jackets. And the eggs!—there were episodes of the table as well as products of the farm.

My grandfather took a childish delight on the 1st of April in fooling the younger

Rolling pie-crust.—Page 288.

members of the family and the hired help, and he took good care that he should not get fooled himself. It would be: "My boy, is that the doctor's buggy coming down Crying Hill?"

"I don't see any buggy."

"April fool."

One April Fools' day we laid a trap for him at the dinner-table. A generous dish of boiled eggs was in its usual place before his plate. A decoy egg, sufficiently warmed to allay suspicion, crowned the dish. My grandfather, who liked his eggs hard-boiled, laid the decoy egg on his plate and cut it in two with his knife. In his first angry surprise he pushed his chair back from the table. There was a titter from heads not much above their

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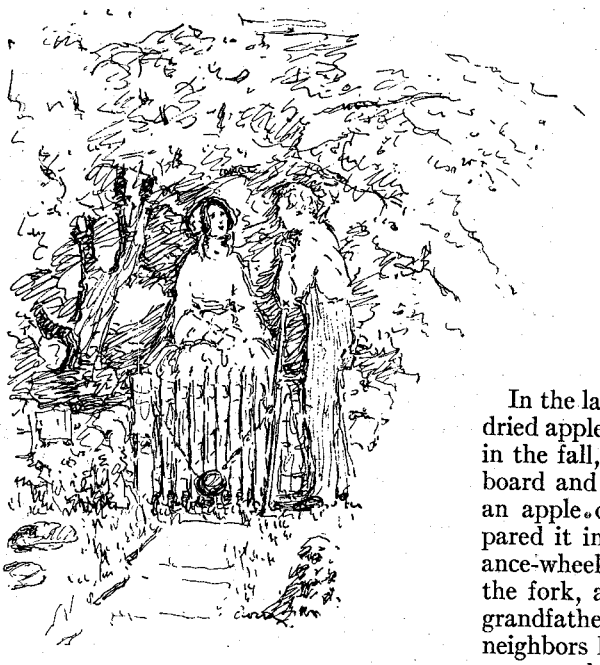

The wooden gate . . . was always the gate I saw when I read, "Come into the garden, Maud."—Page 289.

plates, and my grandfather resumed his dinner with a solemn face.

The old orchard is a fragrant, haunting memory, from the dainty season of the pink blossoms to the empty barrels that smelled of the cooper's shop, and the filled ones that emitted the faint odor of a score of varieties that made up the apple harvest. The sweet-bough tree littered the ground with golden apples that drew the wasps and the bees out of space. There were pippins and Rhode Island greenings and black apples and spice apples and harvest apples and russets and spitzenbergs and sheep noses, which were black gillyflowers, and tolman-sweets and seek-no-furthers, and there was one tree whose apples, through some merry freak of the pollen, were sweet on one side and sour on the other. One face of this apple was the yellowish green of the tolman-sweet, with the peculiar seam of that variety distinctly marked from the stem to the chit, while the opposite side had the color and flavor of the greening.

The northern spy was a natural fruit but recently discovered in the adjoining township of East Bloomfield, in the orchard of Farmer Chapin, who named the new apple from the direction in which he first spied it.

Grafting was a new experiment, and in the magical process a limb was sawed off, and the exposed end was covered with grafting-wax, into which the sprig to be propagated was inserted, with the same result as sticking a willow whip in wet earth.

In the late spring the pies were made of dried apples, prepared by my grandfather in the fall, when he sat astride a narrow board and turned a crank that revolved an apple on a fork under a knife that pared it in a second. There was a balance-wheel to multiply the revolutions of the fork, and the mechanism was of my grandfather's construction. Most of the neighbors had a similar machine, and no one was clever enough or mean enough to patent it.

I lived in such a world of smells that I should be glad to identify my grandmother's table by some distinguishing odor, as familiar as the smell of the bed of tanzy that grew along the road outside the garden fence, or the smell of the pile of red cedar posts by the orchard gate, or the smell of a certain loft where the shaving-horse stood, with the bucket of tar and the iron letters, under a shingled roof that was baking in the sun; but the smell of the table was a composite of too many delicious smells.

My grandmother's table, supported by the fields and the garden and the orchard, was a quaint picture, with its old-fashioned delft and glass and the big japanned tray, behind which my grandmother sat to serve the tea or the coffee. There was a tall teapot, on which two deer with spreading antlers were running away from two horsemen, who were not particularly interested in the chase, as one of them carried a toy spear with a pennant attached, and the other was riding in the opposite direction. It is only fair to state that this teapot appeared on the table only on special occasions, and otherwise stood in a corner cupboard behind glass. The service plates and platters on ordi-

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nary occasions were white with a wavy rim of blue, known to collectors as the mulberry pattern. On state occasions the platters and the vegetable dishes and the large dinner-plates showed an architectural and aquatic design, in which picturesque castles crowned rocky islands, with fantastic boats in the foreground—boats with striped awnings propelled by a poleman, or with lateen sails or banks of oars. These dishes were in light blue, the borders of an intricate floral design. There were glass salt-boats, which rolled over at the ends like the arms of a sofa, and could never have been suspected of having escaped from the fleet of boats on the blue platters.

There were curious cake-plates decorated by hand, with a pot of conventional flowers in the centre, and bordered by a wreath of equally impossible floral designs under thick glaze, the reds and yellows and blues fused into pleasant flat poster shades. There were no decanters or wine-glasses, because wines and liquors for table use were unknown, and if cider was served it was drunk in ordinary tumblers. It was before the time of four-tined silver forks, but the spoons were of silver, the teaspoons having very slender stems and bowls of thin metal that, in some cases, showed the marks of baby-teeth in the process of cutting. The tablespoons were quite formidable in size, and both sets were marked with the initials of my grandfather or my grandmother, in two letters of old-fashioned script.

In the autumn my grandmother entertained an annual visitor, a one-eyed Norwegian baker, who for two long days was king of the kneading-board and the brick oven. His fee was fifty cents a day and his board. He shaped a cracker in the twinkling of an eye, and dented every one with his elbow before stamping it with his name, which was Nichols. He was some gymnast, and after sprinting for two days between the buttery and the oven, he left behind him a barrel of crackers and a half-barrel of gingersnaps, and trotted away with his pans on his back, jingling his two half-dollars, and the control of the kitchen was restored to my grandmother.

The kitchen was dining-room and living-room, a room of seven doors, which was a reasonable mystic number. Through the south door the sun cast a straight shadow on the carpet at twelve o'clock, which corroborated the clock and admonished my grandfather to blow the dinner-horn. The east door led into the wood-house and the summer-kitchen, and opposite to it was the door into the parlor, balanced by a door into the cellar, and opposite to the south door, where the sun shone in, was an entry door leading to the orchard, with the buttery door on the left, and the door of my grandmother's bedroom on the right. The great fireplace behind the stove was closed with a fireboard. The room was ceiled up to the chair-board, and the woodwork was painted a dull shade of yellow in very good harmony with the case of the eight-day clock, which was curly maple with a brass dial and a girl in a yellow gown picking buttercups on the glass door, who made no objection to an oval hole through her petticoats, designed to expose any lapse on the part of the pendulum.

My grandmother was from Lyme in the State of Connecticut, and her maiden name was Peck, but that is of no consequence, as at the time of her marriage the Peck was camouflaged by Taft. To me she was just Grandma Taft. The neighbors called her Aunt Abby, and my grandfather was Uncle Jesse. All the old people in the neighborhood were called uncle and aunt. My grandfather, who came from Uxbridge, Massachusetts, had four brothers living on neighboring farms, and my grandfather and grandmother

The picking and shelling the peas gave the children a hand.—Page 289.

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The old orchard is a fragrant, haunting memory.—Page 290.

were Uncle Jesse and Aunt Abby to a large number of nephews and nieces.

In maple-sugar time we were always invited to one of my great-aunts (the wife of Uncle Bezaliel, who played chess) to eat fritters. The batter for the fritters was mixed thin and dropped into the boiling fat from a spoon, and came out in all sorts of fantastic shapes of crisp spikes and angles, as eccentric as frost patterns on the window-panes, and as light as a handful of feathers. We children always got merry over the resemblance of the fritters to certain birds and animals with bills and horns and tails.

Dried apples, prepared by my grandfather. —Page 290.

On these occasions my grandfather put on his black-velvet vest, the one he wore in his daguerreotype, and looked solemn, but was very active with his knife and fork. Aunt Ruth had a nervous affection of the face that kept one eye winking at the double-quick when she was very serious, and she felt it her duty to be serious in the midst of so much frivolity as threatened the staid character of her Puritan household, and to be impressively serious she chose these occasions to lecture me for snuffing, and she illustrated her lecture with a series of moving pictures of grotesque faces. I felt the injustice of the situation all the more that I had to sit a silent spectator of her infirmity. More than that, I had to stop eating fritters and give respectful attention to my aunt's lecture, which was meant for my good.

Those great-aunts on Sugar Street were

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very pious and very positive. Aunt Rhoda maintained that no boy could catch cold going to or coming from church. My grandmother was a good woman, but her piety was never rubbed into her grandchildren.

My grandmother's table was a democratic table, not only in the dishes served on it but in the people who regularly sat around it and in the strangers who partook of its hospitality. The "hired man" and the "hired girl" regularly sat at board as members of the family, the latter rising on occasion, not to remove plates or to use the crumb-brush, in the modern way, but to refill the teapot or to replenish some dish that had been emptied. If a neighbor knocked at the door during a meal my uncle bade him come in. The neighbor grasped the hasp—blacksmith made—of the door, and with a pressure of his thumb raised the latch. There were no locks on the doors—with one exception—and, consequently, no keys. The doors were secured, if necessary, by buttons above the latches, and the one exception was the door of a certain closet where cake was kept, a precaution against placing undue temptation before grandchildren of tender years.

Aunt Rhoda maintained that no boy could catch cold going to or coming from church.

Whoever arrived during a meal was offered the hospitality of the table. The peddler who stayed overnight and the teamsters who came from the south hills with lumber, making the haul in one day and returning the next, had their places at table, and there was no classing above or below the salt.

Only on special occasions, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, was my grandmother's table restricted to the members of the family and the family guests, and even then that privileged character, the hired girl, was present, as usual, only a little more active in ministering to the wants of the other diners.

The richest farmers, at the time of which I write, sat at the head of their bountiful tables with their help and harvesters, eating with them. There were no servants, so called. Sometimes, when a "hired girl" tried to "show off" in table manners, or when one of the harvesters who thought himself—in the language of his kind—"some punkins," the fork was held in a peculiar upright position, much as a left-hand writer would grasp his pen. This manner of holding the fork may still be seen in public places, suggesting the hired girl in the family tree.

Baked beans was a standard dish on my grandmother's table, served in the pan in which it was baked, crisp and brown on the top, with a generous square of salt pork in the centre done to a pulp under a surface of crump, which had been cut into strips before baking. Strange to relate, Boston baked beans and Boston brown bread were unknown on this particular New England table. Besides the wheaten loaf, there were "rye and injun" and corn bread in the form of "johnny-cake," baked in a pie-tin. Soup was seldom served, except in the form of bean porridge, and then it was the substance of the meal. It was a stock to be warmed over in honor of the old New England adage:

"Bean porridge hot and bean porridge cold,
Bean porridge's best when it's nine days old."

Hasty pudding was a New England dish, and so was samp, which was corn

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ground at the mill, in imitation of the best the Indians could do by pounding the kernels between two stones. My grandmother went the Indians one better in "hulled corn," for which the kernels were soaked in lye until the hulls could be washed off, leaving the unbroken kernel, when cooked, as soft and mealy as a boiled chestnut. All these preparations of Indian corn were served with milk.

When my uncle got as far from home as a city market he brought my grandmother a bag of clams, which reminded her of old Lyme. The clam-shells made very good garden-walks, but what sort of shells the oysters grew in we did not know, as they came in wooden kegs and tin cans, having left their shells behind them. The children recoiled from this form of sea-food, but for the grown-ups oyster suppers were the popular form of entertainment when neighbors came together for a dance or a frolic.

Oyster suppers were the popular form of entertainment.

And now we come to the great festival of the year, which was a real New England Thanksgiving dinner, as my grandmother interpreted and celebrated it, with a never-varying menu of pie and pie and more pie. Chicken pie and mince pie and pumpkin pie, with a few deviations, such as vegetables and pickled peaches and cheese and nuts and coffee. The chicken pie was a creation of the day before, ready for the brick oven, which was blazing with dry wood in the early morning, and kept burning until the absorbed and imprisoned heat was sufficient for the crucial effort. Then the coals and ashes were raked off and the big pie, in an unusual milk-pan, reserved from year to year for that service, was placed in the mouth of the oven and shoved back with the broad oven shovel to the centre of the brick floor, and the sheet-iron door was closed. The last affectionate touch of my grandmother, before the pie disappeared in the oven, was to make a number of incisions in the soft crust, as convenient pockets for lumps of yellow butter, an excess of hospitality whose effect was to make the said crust a little more cloying to the tender stomachs of her grandchildren.

The mince pie, prepared with boiled cider and stuffed with citron and raisins, had been waiting for a month in the cold cupboard of the unused parlor, and when it was warmed for dinner the rich crust flaked off like flakes of isinglass.

The November days were cold, and the forenoon was long before the two o'clock dinner, and the children's wait was aggravated by the tantalizing odors that escaped from the door of the oven. The elders were in the parlor, some of the studious ones turning over the leaves of a bound volume of the New York *Mirror* for the year 1835, or reading Josephus, while the others were grouped in front of a Franklin stove bricked into the fireplace and blazing with hickory wood—the same Franklin stove, ornamented with turrets of brass, that had slept all summer under a blanket of fragrant pine-boughs, as dead to the world as the conch-shells and the specimens of feldspar on the mantelpiece. Now the first snow of the season is falling outside, and the fire is winking and crackling and rioting in its boisterous way, and shooting a playful spark on the hearth-rug, and laughing at the thought of its indolent summer, when there were crickets on the hearth and swallows in the chimney, and lances of sunlight darting through the clefts in the window-shades at the ornamental brasses and the resinous pine-boughs.

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The elders were in the parlor.—Page 294.

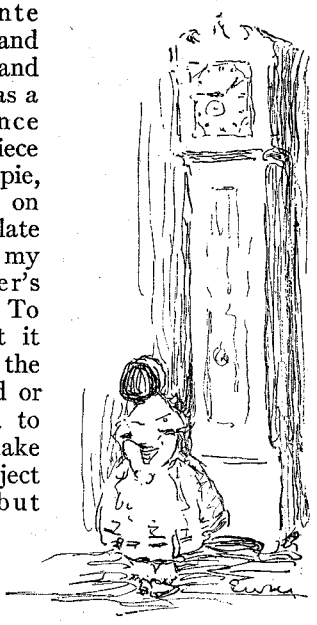
The grandchildren in their growing impatience are rambling over the house and cracking hickory-nuts by stealth, and pilfering gingersnaps from the barrel in the wood-house chamber, and watching the oven and the clock.

The white lines of snow on the window-sash have thickened and merged with the frost on the pane, and the parlor fire has sunk to a condition that can be trusted before the guests are bidden to the feast.

And lo! the great chicken pie, swollen with pride and bursting with the importance of its annual appearance, is puffed up into waves of brown crust, depending over the edges of the dish, and the incisions made for the yellow butter are gaping wounds encircling the great cross in the centre.

My uncle wields the keen carving-knife that cuts through three inches of upper crust down to the white breasts and the succulent drumsticks and the second joints and the wings and the wish-bones and the hearts snuggled in an envelope of under crust and deluged with gravy. There was not a sign of a vegetable in this New England chicken pie—only the flesh of the proud birds that saluted the dawn of the day before. There were mashed potatoes and boiled onions, buttered and peppered and salted, in separate dishes, and each big blue dinner-plate gets a generous wedge of the upper crust and a slice of the under crust from the side of the pan, and plenty of chicken and vegetables, and a pickled peach stung with cloves, and it is up to the children to uncover the castles and the rocky islands and the fleet of boats.

The large cups of coffee with rich cream were served with the roast, for it was before the time of the dilettante demi-tasse, and the second and last course was a piece of mince pie and a piece of pumpkin pie, side by side on the same plate with a slice of my grandmother's best cheese. To this dessert it was time for the feeble-hearted or the overfed to demur and make a choice, or reject the whole, but we were brave to the end.



Watching the clock.

The last of these

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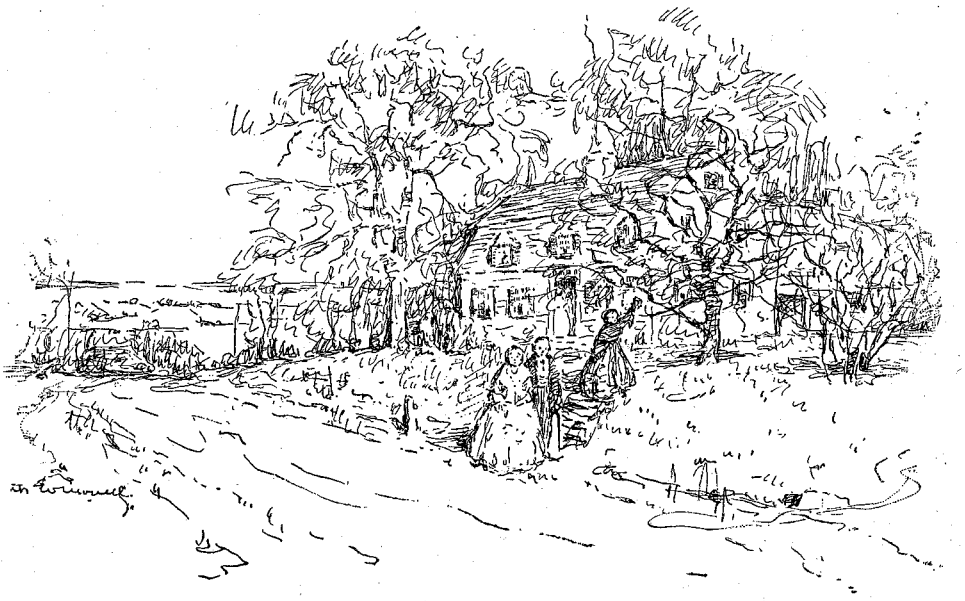
family gatherings about my grandmother's table was that of the Thanksgiving dinner in the year '56—a fateful year. We drove out from "Our County Town" in an open carriage on a bleak November day—my father, my mother, and myself. The bare limbs of the trees were tossing in the gale against a steel-gray sky, and the sodden leaves on the ground were frozen in heaps where the wind had blown them and where the rain had found them. It was a relief from the cold to jump out and run up a hill in advance of the carriage, but back again in my place I was glad to slip down from the seat among the lap-robes in the lee of the dashboard, and watch the two erect figures breasting the wind, well wrapped in cloaks and comforters, and thinking bravely of the warmth and good cheer awaiting them at the end of the journey. My father is whipping his gloved fingers to restore circulation, and the red berries in my mother's cottage bonnet are trembling against her white face, a vision of loveliness to be remembered for a lifetime, for above the silent figures and above the crunching of the wheels on the frozen road, and above the hoof-beats of the horse, and above the stinging snowflakes lashed by the wind, the Angel of Death is hovering on invisible wings.

It was my last view of the white face in the cottage bonnet, for my mother was too ill to appear at the Thanksgiving dinner, and I was sent back to school in the early morning. Her empty chair cast a gloom over the company that was prophetic, for it was the last Thanksgiving dinner. There were other invisible hovering wings whose rustle was unheard and unsuspected.

It was the passing of a family.

When the spring came, after a terrible winter, an old man with white hair sat just within the south door on April days, with his hands clasped upon his velvet vest, and dumbly revolving his thumbs, the one over the other, while the noonmark lay along the floor and across the empty table.



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IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

(STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND)

By Olive Tilford Dargan

HELL hath its uses; here each mortar mouth
Casts far as life some treasure dear to need;
Welcome to men as ships the fruity South
Sends to blown Arctic shores. These valleys bleed
That others may be fair. In greener shires,
Where glisten cots and byres,
Manors and castles, or where farther bide
Young Adam and his bride,
What aching wants are banished by these despot fires!

Let Ceres bring sweet incense and blow white
Yon furnace breath; for there flames leap to mould
Her shares and harrows, chains and mattocks bright;
There fashion eager blades that cut the gold
Of wide Australia's fields when flow and wane
Her harvest tides of grain;
And forge for far brown hands the hoe and spade
To ruff some island glade,
Or, chance be, turn the mellow sod in Argentine.

Look to our left. Bolts, rivets, girders, beams,
That make our towers safe, too near the stars;
Rods, pillars, shafts, that bridge unchallenged streams,
Or bear a mountain's weight; unflinching bars
That time alone can bend; and fairy wire
For violin and lyre,
That shall from Music's heart stir her to break
Dream's silence, and remake
That silence deeper,—all are born of that swift fire.

And there! Slack would the world go but for pins,
Needles and buttons. When we lost our fur,
Fishbone and threaded thorn helped us our sins
To hide again, and modesty relure
To walk with us. Now showering from here
To every port o' the sphere,
Go, tidying the world, slim bits of pointed sun,
And on the daintiest one
What maid at bridal thrift shall drop a happy tear?

Now where the cavern windows ghostly glow,
As a dead dragon's eyes yet open burn,
Stripped figures like strange beasts weave to and fro,
And suddenly we know how beasts must yearn
Who have no way out but to pass
Through fire to the green grass.
These strong, who for the weak make beauty sure,
How long will they endure
An earth of ashes and a sky of brass?

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THE NEW PACIFIC

TRADE AND RESPONSIBILITIES—AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND THE UNITED STATES

By Guy H. Scholefield
Author of "The Pacific"

IF America, since the end of the war, has turned right about to face her problems in the Pacific, it is not less true that Australia and New Zealand have also, during the last year or so, withdrawn their interest from the affairs of Europe, and tend now to concentrate it upon the problems of their own Pacific Ocean.

Since 1916, at any rate, it was a foregone conclusion how the late German territories in the Pacific would be apportioned amongst the Allies; yet neither Australia nor New Zealand could feel secure in going ahead and putting into force the policies they intended eventually to adopt in regard to their administration. That has now been done. New Zealand brought in civil administration in western Samoa on May 1, and the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia is now debating the act authorizing Australia to embark upon the civil government of northern New Guinea and the late territory of Bismarck.

How does the Pacific of to-day differ from that of 1914? Not very greatly. And yet very greatly. The wide German sphere of influence in the west, both north and south of the equator, has been effaced completely. The territory has been divided amongst two—or should we say three?—of the Pacific Powers. And the German commercial mechanism has disintegrated, leaving the field to the operation of competitors who were rigidly excluded under the old German régime. Japan now becomes by the force of circumstances a Pacific Power, which she never was before. She is the very close neighbor of the United States by actually encircling her possessions at Guam; the very close neighbor of Great Britain by squatting at Jaluit, within 200 or 300 miles of the Crown Colony of Gilbert and Ellice; and uncomfortably close to both Australia and New Zealand by extending her actual frontiers to the equator. Per contra, New Zealand and the United States converge to within a few miles in Samoa, south of the equator. The two subpowers of the British Empire, New Zealand and Australia, begin to rank internationally, dividing between them the old German *Schutzgebiete* of northern New Guinea, Bismarck, and Samoa.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES

The long chain of the Dutch East Indies, densely populated and very productive, still constitutes the barrier between Australia's vast realm and the more political portions of the Far East, but it is purely an artificial barrier and a very flimsy one. Yet Australia's responsibility is less by taking control of northern New Guinea herself than by leaving it to be occupied by a Power possibly hostile. It is true that the Commonwealth more than doubles the area and population of her former dependency of Papua. She now becomes the guardian of another 80,000 square miles of territory and 750,000 black subjects. But the new elements are largely homogeneous with those already in her charge, and the tradition set by Australia in her administration of Papua is a very fine one, worthy of the most advanced democracy in the world, as Australia claims to be. It was deemed worthy, at any rate, of the praise of the greatest authority on the Pacific and the best friend of its natives, the late Sir William Macgregor. Nevertheless, Australia's best friends can see that, for a people holding a whole continent on ideals rather than beneficial occupation, this new responsibility is herculean.

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NEW ZEALAND'S REALM

The responsibility added to New Zealand's burden is also a homogeneous one. In her administration of the Maori, New Zealand dispossessed them of their *mana* (prestige) but left to them their economic resources and their amenities. In the result she has provided the world with the only outstanding example of a native race being able to survive on terms of civic equality—and almost of social equality—with the invading whites. So that the leading mind amongst the Maori to-day, the Hon. A. T. Ngata, M.A., LL.B., was able to congratulate the natives of German Samoa on coming under the same régime. The little nation of the Rarotongans had come inside the boundaries of the Dominion in 1901. New Zealand is now steward for the welfare of three branches of the Polynesians, and surely no people could offer such a hopeful prospect for their future.

Australia's dependencies are tropical, all lying between the equator and 12° south. New Zealand's are only subtropical. The Cook Islands—Rarotonga—are almost on the tropic of Capricorn, while Western Samoa is in 14° south. From the point of view of area and population New Zealand's new charge is tiny—1,000 square miles and 30,000 people, the close kin of the Maori and speaking a similar language.

THE POLITICAL SURVEY

South of the line, then, we have the two British Dominions with their dependencies. France has in the west, not far from Australia, the fine post of New Caledonia, with its valuable deposits of nickel and chrome ore; and in the east, half-way to Chili, the inconsiderable groups of Tahiti, Paumotu, and the Marquesas, with populations dwindled almost to extinction and resources languishing for labor. Right in the centre of the archipelagos Great Britain has the Crown Colony and entrepot of Fiji. Her high commissioner here has jurisdiction over the Gilbert and Ellice Colony to the north and the Tonga protectorate to the southeast, and shares with France the control of the New Hebrides, close to New Caledonia. The high commission is an anachronism since 1884, and the condominium in the New Hebrides is the one outstanding possibility of disagreement between Great Britain and France.

At Samoa, which is almost on the international time line, where you run suddenly from one day into the day before or the day after, the U. S. S. *Narragansett* in 1871 spied out the best harbor in the group at Pago-pago, and it was occupied under a treaty of 1878. It is really the only good harbor in Samoa, and it is little more than a harbor, but the Navy Department has run it and the island (Tutuila) so well that New Zealand is glad to take some lessons from them.

JAPAN COMES IN

North of the equator things are for the most part as they were. That is to say, America is still in possession of the great Asiatic group of the Philippines, waiting, like England in India, for the day when she may leave it to its own people. Can she ever do so? The United States possesses, as before, a string of stepping-stones to the East—Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines. But she is now irrevocably an Asiatic power. The menace to her social structure in the Pacific States compels her, whether she likes or not, to keep her sword in the side of Asia at Manila. Even if the Filipinos were ready for her departure she must stay, for until the quarrel with the East is decided she can best defend herself, as England always did, on the coasts of her enemy.

Yet another difficulty arises from the Treaty of Versailles. Germany was never the enemy of the United States. But to-day Germany's possessions at Caroline, Marshall, Pelew, and Marianne, encircling Guam, are in the hands of Japan. The League of Nations does not grant sovereignty, nor does it permit the mandatory power to fortify. But it cannot forbid the people intrusted with a mandate from flooding the territory with its own nationals—its administrators, engineers, artisans, and laborers. Obviously Japan alone of the mandatory powers is able to do this, for only the Japanese can labor in such conditions. To-day we are told that the Japanization of the islands north of the equator is proceeding actively: that Japanese workers are flooding

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the groups, Japanese goods are being dumped everywhere, and the Japanese tongue is being promoted, as French and German were elsewhere, by compelling its use in the mission schools. The Japanese can fill up with their own flesh and blood the vacancies left by the disappearing populations of the Pacific; we never can. Thus irresistibly the frontiers of Japan, which yesterday were safe in Asia, have been pushed forward three or four thousand miles across the Pacific toward Australia and New Zealand.

I shall never believe that this was necessary. Japan is an Asiatic power with an Asiatic outlook, and with no maritime traditions whatever. Her outlet was and is in Asia, in Siberia, Manchuria, and Mongolia, and if political barriers had not been erected against her expansion there she would never have stepped out into the Pacific. Those barriers were maintained by the Western powers in favor of Russia, though Russia's occupation of Siberia has never been even as well justified or as necessary as Australia's occupation of Australia.

THE WORKINGS OF TRADE

The war has effected a very distinct upheaval in the trade relations of the Pacific Ocean. Before 1914 the Germans had gradually built up in the Western Pacific, north and south of the equator, a very remarkable mechanism of communications and protection. Their ocean lines from Europe ended at Hongkong and at Sydney. Between these they had regular steamship services, transshipping at the termini products intended for Europe. Subsidiary lines ran through Manila, the Caroline and Marshall Islands, Gilbert and Ellice, Nauru (the phosphate deposit), Bismarck, and German New Guinea. Within the groups cutters and schooners collected copra and other produce and carried it to central loading-ports.

Then, by subsidies, rebates, and a preferential use of customs revenues, the lot of the British competitor was made as difficult as possible. On one occasion, in 1905, the British Government had to enter a diplomatic protest that these imposts were against the spirit of the reciprocal trade agreement of 1886. It won the day, and the British firm concerned (the Australian ship-owners, Burns, Philip & Co.) were able once more to run to the German possessions. But by weapons less liable to exception the British competitors were gradually frozen out, and the whole carrying for the German possessions, with much of that for British New Guinea and the Gilberts, passed into German hands. By the German reticulation the copra of the region was pretty exhaustively monopolized for Germany, and it was transshipped at Sydney or Hongkong. In those days about 70,000 tons of copra, or, say, 15 per cent of the world's output, came from the Pacific generally, and Germany from this western area alone secured one-half of it for her own purposes.

COPRA AND LABOR

The smallness of the output of copra from the Pacific islands is due almost entirely to the lack of a labor supply. The cocoanut finds no more hospitable home anywhere than in these islands, and the quantity of nuts that one sees rotting on the ground is an indication of what the output might be were laborers available to harvest it. Unfortunately, the native populations, especially in Micronesia and Polynesia, are very sparse. The swarms of natives who were observed by Cook and Bougainville and Wilkes wrapped up in the industries of their own civilization are no more. Instead, each of the groups has only a few thousand natives, and they find it all too easy to live in luxury the whole year on the proceeds of a few weeks' work. And why should they work more?

Consequently white enterprisers in these Eastern groups have understood for decades past that they must find labor elsewhere. The first source of supply, for the plantations of Fiji, Samoa, and Queensland, was the islands of the Melanesian division, most of which even to-day are much more densely populated than those to the eastward. The Melanesians, who are negroid, are strong, faithful if properly treated, and not without a rather surprising mechanical aptitude. For cocoanut and sugar plantations they make excellent labor, but they lack the fine-fingered skill required for the more delicate work of cocoa-planting. For

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some decades the Tanna boy from the New Hebrides, and the Solomon Island boy were the mainstay of the Pacific planters; but it soon became evident that even this supply, plundered by kidnappers and ravaged by disease, arms, and drink, would not serve the requirements for very long.

Fiji took alarm early, and in 1880 adopted a custom already in vogue in Mauritius and the West Indies, and brought in under indenture the first of a long procession of Hindu coolies. They were made free in the country on the expiry of their term of service, and with their descendants they now number more than 60,000. They form a third race in the colony, hated by the native Fijian, whom they promise soon to outnumber and eventually to dispossess, distrusted by the whites, who can only defeat their demand for political equality by remaining for all time a Crown Colony governed direct from Downing Street. Yet they furnish, under conditions which we may not like to contemplate, the requisite labor for the great sugar industry of this colony, just as in Hawaii, alongside a native population diminished to a few thousands, another overwhelming Asiatic immigration has come in to operate the production of sugar.

THE CONQUERING CHINESE

Gradually all the Melanesian islands came under control of one or other of the great Powers, and one by one they forbade their natives to go abroad to labor. The German Government openly reserved all the labor of Solomon and Bismarck for the needs of their own planters. The British Colonial Office came slowly to the same decision regarding the British Solomons. Struggling through a forest of labor scruples, it perceived that by forbidding natives to go abroad it might appear to be furnishing its own planters with labor at less than the ruling rate in the Pacific. Such a favor to its own planters it shuddered to confer, and for some years, accordingly, it allowed the German and French recruiter to take away its people. Now it is the general rule in the Solomons and throughout the islands that no boys shall go abroad to labor. The last Solomon boy was recruited long since and went back from Samoa to his island in October, 1920.

The only other coolies who have been used on a considerable scale are Chinese. To-day they are the sinews of the cocoa-growing industry of Samoa, and if they were permitted to move about as free laborers they would supply all the needs of the eastern Pacific. The Chinese Government objects to their emigration as indentured labor. The Anglo-Saxon authorities of the Pacific object to their movement as free labor. In the Dominions it is anxiety for their own standard of life; in the islands it is a sense of duty toward their Polynesian wards.

The Chinese have come, then, only as indentured coolies, and year by year it is harder to get them from China, the only country to-day which will permit its people to go abroad to labor. As regards Samoa, strong objection has been made in the New Zealand Parliament that long indentures lead to unions between Chinese men and Samoan women and the rearing of a half-caste population. Undoubtedly there are such unions, and their most objectionable feature is that they may not be legalized, and that when eventually the coolie completes his term he must return to China and must leave his Samoan companion and their children as a burden on the tribe. Evidence acquits both the Chinese and the Samoan women of flagrant immorality. The former is a good husband, and the latter a chaste woman and a good wife. But obviously such conditions could not be condoned by an Anglo-Saxon Parliament, and New Zealand has taken the promptest steps to remedy the abuse. Arrangements have now been made for the married coolies to bring their own wives from China, and the unmarried will not be retained beyond their first term of three years. Owing to their poverty and ignorance of the language, it usually takes more than three years for them to form alliances with the natives.

If the supply of Chinese labor can be maintained, the fine German plantations in Samoa which have come into the hands of the New Zealand Government as an asset against the war indemnity, will continue, and will be a valuable source of revenue, enabling New Zealand to do her

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duty handsomely toward the Samoans. And here, as elsewhere, there is a great deal to be done.

NATURE'S DUTY TO MANKIND

We have not yet solved the problem of making these islands produce what is required and what they can produce for the benefit of mankind. The most obvious service they can do is to add to the world supply of artificial butters by a great increase in the output of copra. The copra industry suits the mentality of the Polynesian native. He has lived all his life amongst cocoanuts and he understands them. His lack of mechanical knowledge is not serious. But the absence of the competitive instinct is. Life is so easily supported that the native cannot be relied upon to work in employment. Again, why should he? He comes of a stock of traditional communists. The gains of the individual are the common property of the tribe. Hence the Polynesian is only to be found as an efficient worker when he is away from his own island.

Yet three-fourths of the copra output of western Samoa is the product of native plantations. There is a great economic problem here, and to find a solution we have to inquire into the character of the Polynesian. He is a good father, and will never allow his children to want for food or clothing. Obviously, then, the incentive which will appeal best to the industry of the Polynesian is an increase in his family responsibilities. The New Zealand Government recognizes this, and recognizes, also, that the best way to maintain the purity of its subject races is to fully people their lands with them, so that immigrant labor will not be required. Accordingly it has taken steps to establish in Samoa and Rarotonga a thoroughly efficient medical service, charged to reduce the death-rate, and particularly the infant death-rate, by every possible means. Education is also being given a more competitive bent than has been followed by the missions throughout the hundred years that they have borne this vast burden. As the population increases, it is hoped that the pressure on the natural resources will increase, up to a certain point, the exportable surplus of the islands, and that the Polynesians may eventually be the developers of their own domain.

AMERICA'S LABOR PROBLEM

The labor problem facing the United States is quite a different one. America in the Pacific is largely an Asiatic power, with the advantages of Asia's great supply of labor. Even at Pago we find Filipino houseboys instead of Polynesians. In Hawaii it is the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Filipinos who supply the labor required and make of this Polynesian outpost an Asiatic stronghold. Out of 250,000 in all, more than 150,000 are Asiatics. In the Philippines true Asiatic conditions prevail—a dense population, labor cheap and not unintelligent; consequently an abundant exportable surplus.

Before the war American trade with the Philippines was double the whole trade of the rest of the Pacific, including New Guinea. But of course the population was many times that of the rest of the ocean. Indeed, the estimated population of the whole of Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia, with New Guinea, is only 1,500,000. It was no grievance to the United States, therefore, that her share in the trade of the Southern Pacific was a small one. Great Britain and Germany took the lion's share and France what was left. America was without any of the random communications which such a trade requires and, moreover, she was without that far-flung army of lonely traders who live and die amongst the natives and uphold thereby the *mana* of Great Britain.

THE WAR REVOLUTION

But with the war came quite a new arrangement. Before the end of 1914 the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* had disappeared from the Pacific. *Ipso facto* the last German merchantman had to seek cover or surrender, and the rich harvest of German trade lay open to the conquerors. It commenced immediately to pass into British hands, by a perfectly natural process, and if the war had ended reasonably early England would have possessed the great bulk of the rich German commerce.

But the demand for tonnage elsewhere:

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the gradual absorption of the British mercantile marine into the service of the Royal Navy and the essential carriage of munitions and food to Europe, deprived the British shipowner and trader of his opportunity. Vessels leaving Australia and New Zealand for England were forbidden to carry copra. They must fill up with troops, with foodstuffs, and with wool. And so the chance passed away. Copra, as the Australian Trade Commission shows, ceased to reach its natural market, Europe. It lay a derelict commodity. But not for long. It was already coming into demand in the United States as a raw material for the manufacture of margarine, for glycerine, and so on. Here was America's opportunity.

Hitherto the sailing-ships which carried Oregon pine to Australia and New Zealand from Seattle and Puget Sound had been returning to America in ballast. Now they began to pick up cargoes of copra on the route. A swarm of traders saw the chance, and a fleet of small schooners commenced to ply amongst the southern islands, buying copra wherever it was to be found and selling American manufactures to the natives. In 1917 one firm alone had fifteen schooners of 600 tons engaged in this traffic. In the space of merely a few months America had made good her hold on the complete copra output of the southern Pacific, and San Francisco became an important copra-buying centre. The mail lines crossing the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand joined in, lifting at Fiji, Samoa, and Tahiti consignments which British ships would not or could not touch. Australia could not compete for the copra, for her own consumption was very small and the British war regulations prevented her from transshipping any to Europe. The American invasion was hailed with delight by the dismayed planters and native growers, whose prospect of good prices was much improved thereby; but the shipping men and merchants of Australia and New Zealand were much disconcerted. It was an attack on their trade connections which they were for the moment powerless to resist. According to the Australian Trade Commission, "genuine apprehension was expressed that the foundations were being laid of a shipping rivalry and a bid for trade which would be keen and permanent." And it was so.

Since the war ended the Australian and New Zealand shipping companies have been able to restore in some degree the connections which they had in 1914, but not altogether. American competition is well grounded, because trade tends to be reciprocal. A purchasing country tends to pay in its own manufactures rather than by the clumsy medium of cash. No more graphic illustration of this is to be found than the case of the south Pacific, and particularly the groups which are under British control. Take Fiji, the British Crown Colony. In 1913 the United States purchased only one-fifth per cent of the Fijian exports; in 1918, 25 per cent. Imports responded to this advance. In 1913 only one-eighteenth of the imports of Fiji came from the United States: in 1918 the proportion had advanced to one-tenth, and nearly one-fourth of the total trade of this British colony was with America. As regards Tonga, a British protectorate, the New Zealand Trade Commission shows that "restrictions on British shipping have turned the tide of exports toward the United States. If the Tonga trade is to be turned in the direction of the British Empire now is the time for action. It would be regrettable if this valuable connection, which has taken years to foster, should be lost." In 1918 Tonga exported to the value of £170,000, and only £7,000 of this went elsewhere than to the United States. As to Samoa, in 1919 more than one-third of the imports came from the United States—not merely electrical machinery, perfumes, engines, and so forth, but even cheese, fish, fruits, and timber, the specialties of the governing country, New Zealand. Here again the trade commission urges that the greatest efforts should be put forth to swing the trade back into the old British channels. It is the same at Rarotonga, due here and everywhere to the destination of the copra output.

The New Zealand merchant, strange to say, is accused of the old trading fault of the English. He is inclined to say to his customer: "This is what we have. If you don't like it go elsewhere." Not so the Australian, who is much keener after busi-

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ness. Officially New Zealand does not take this attitude at all. The Department of External Affairs, which is charged with the government of the islands, has already adopted several important items of policy from our neighbors, the American Navy Department in Tutuila.

JAPAN IN THE SOUTH

There are distinct signs of the shrinkage of Japanese competition from the South Pacific, due chiefly to dissatisfaction with the manner in which the Japanese carried out their transactions when they had the field to themselves. There was a good deal of poor quality and workmanship and variation from sample, so that the average New Zealand and Australian importer is only too glad to see the old European and American manufactures coming back. The experience has not been a happy one for Japan. It has shown clearly how inefficient and unintelligent Japanese labor is on the whole and how far behind the standards of the western industrialist. The result is that Japanese competition is not now feared nearly so much in these Dominions, and the reputation of the Japanese has suffered accordingly. Japanese ships are still frequent visitors in our ports.

The trade of the Pacific in the future, then, resolves itself into a struggle between British and American interests for the control of the copra output, now going chiefly to San Francisco. The country which gets that will tend to get the best of the market for its manufactures. America has the advantage of being in possession, and also of being closer than her competitor, for ultimately that competitor is Britain, which would use the copra as raw material, and not Australia, which would merely buy it for shipment to England. On the other hand, the groups of the South Pacific are largely in British control, and the administration might, by export duties and preferences, direct the copra exports toward Great Britain. Both the Trade Commissions have recommended this, but it is a weapon that the British Colonial Office has always objected to using.

Even if British interests regain the copra trade, the loss to America will not be a considerable one compared with her trading interests in the northern Pacific. The trade and the copra output of the Philippines are more than double those of all the South Pacific together. The population is many times as great, and the possibilities of development, depending, as they do, chiefly on labor, are infinitely greater.

A REJOINDER

By Winfield Scott Moody

"BEAUTY is truth—truth, beauty;" so he said.
The world accepts his words, and crowns his head.

If beauty were but truth, what were it worth?
How should it vivify a sad old earth?

Truth is a cold, dead moon that shines upon
A cold world darkened with the set of sun.

The plaintive colors of a sunset sky,
Of fading life the faded tapestry,

Beside the blazing splendor of young day—
The shining spears of sunrise—fall away.

Truth beauty? Know the inexorable truth:
Beauty is but another name for Youth.

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THE BRIBE

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

MR. BARRINGTON SMITH was pacing the terrace in front of his large, handsome house, rightly called "Channel View," for it was built on the highest ground in Bemford and dominated that bit of coast. It was surrounded by two acres of admirably "laid-out" gardens which sloped gently to the beach, his nearest neighbors being the Barnards, who had rented a small villa on the shore for the summer months, and he was in love with Beryl Barnard.

One would have thought that such close proximity to the beloved one would have been a cause of happiness, for, as he took his somewhat stately stroll, he could watch the smoke from the Barnards' kitchen chimney rising straight into the ambient air: sure forecast of fine weather for the morrow.

But Mr. Barrington Smith did not look happy. His bushy eyebrows were drawn together in a frown, and the full, red lips under his pointed black mustache were set in a line of almost grim determination.

There were, for his peace of mind, far too many young men buzzing about Beryl Barnard, but he could dismiss most of them as "Also ran." There was only one who caused him serious disquietude—Alan Fellowes, that very youthful major in the Hampshire Light Infantry, was always in her pocket. And Mr. Barrington Smith had come to the conclusion that he thoroughly disliked Alan Fellowes, who was on terms of easy intimacy with pretty Beryl, which seemed to give him an undue advantage over other competitors; especially Mr. Barrington Smith, who had only got to know her since her family came to Bemford.

The chap seemed positively ubiquitous.

Did Mr. Barrington Smith, after bathing, decide to rest awhile on the beach in his expensive chair with the awning, Alan always seemed to turn up and organize some idiotic game, which involved the throwing of balls or stones at some target in dangerous proximity to the deck chair; and he appeared to find it amusing when its occupant betrayed his nervousness!

At the Rosemary Club, where visitors and residents alike assembled in the mornings for bathing, Alan and Beryl would swim out to a distant buoy where Mr. Barrington Smith could never follow them, as he was not a strong swimmer. Yet he wasn't much better pleased when they joined him and other timid bathers on the raft. For then Alan would cause it to rock in such fashion that Mr. Barrington Smith would be precipitated into the sea with a splash. And although nothing annoyed him more than to be set down amongst the elderly, he *did* resent Alan's familiar "Sorry, old bean!" on such occasions. Had he known that Alan habitually referred to him as "Old man Smith," his dislike would have been intensified. These, however, were minor causes of complaint; his chief grievance was Alan's intimacy with Beryl Barnard.

They seemed inseparable, and yet they were not engaged—he had drawn out her father on the subject and his denial was emphatic—and if there was some secret understanding between them, it seemed impolitic to flaunt their friendship in the faces of their elders as they did. Yet, engaged or not, he felt that Alan was a dangerous rival.

Only last night Mr. Barnard, a retired Indian Civilian, who had as yet shed none of the godlike pretensions of his class, had said emphatically: "Oh, dear, no—nothing of that sort, I assure you. Her mother and I wouldn't hear of it; wouldn't allow it for a minute. A boy and girl friendship, that is all."

In fact, "Old man Barnard" had been at considerable pains to assure Mr. Barrington Smith that his daughter's affections were entirely disengaged.

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Yet the owner of Channel View paced his terrace like a caged lion whose keeper had failed to bring his evening meal.

Such was the impression he gave to Colonel Ford, the suave old secretary of the tennis club, as he arrived on business connected with the coming tournament.

"The very person I wanted to see," Mr. Barrington Smith exclaimed. "Let us come and sit down in the shade."

On the lawn, set under a lordly cedar-tree, were two deep, comfortable basket chairs.

He hospitably pushed Colonel Ford into one, seated himself in the other, and before his guest could so much as mention the prize list, asked abruptly: "What's your opinion of young Fellowes?"

"A thoroughly nice chap," the little colonel responded heartily. "I've known him since he was a kiddy. When his father was alive they used to come here every summer for years. He's done well in the war, too; got the M. C. and the D. S. O. It really seems a pity he should be giving up the army."

"Any money?"

"No; that's why he's leaving the service. He's waiting to be demobilized; then, I think he's going into a motor business Coventry way, if he can raise the necessary premium."

"There are a lot of sons, aren't there, besides the two girls?"

"There were five sons, but three were killed. There's only Alan now and the one in Mesopotamia. He's a major, too, but a good deal older than Alan. He was in the political service in India, but of course went back to his regiment when war started."

"Do you think Fellowes will be here much longer?"

"For the rest of the month, I should think. I know his mother's got their little house till the end of August."

"And we're only in the middle of August now. . . . I'm afraid I don't altogether agree with you in your estimate of Fellowes. I'm not a bad judge of men, and he seems to me wholly lacking in balance and steadfastness. Did you ever come across a more restless fellow? And he's not only restless himself but the cause of fidgets in other people. Another thing—if he has no private means, what does he mean by running after Miss Barnard in the way he does? He can't marry her himself, therefore he shouldn't spoil her chances with other people."

"They're old friends, you know. Her people knew his in India. The families have always been intimate. Besides—did you ever know lack of means to stand in the way of that sort of thing—when people are young?"

"It ought to stand in the way. I'm certain Miss Barnard's people would be most annoyed at any foolish entanglement with young Fellowes. In fact, her father owned as much to me. But quite apart from her parents' natural disapproval of anything of the kind . . ."

Mr. Barrington Smith paused, evidently in the hope that his guest would help him out by some sympathetic remark, but Colonel Ford remained silent, staring straight in front of him at the blue expanse of sea.

"I don't think," Mr. Barrington Smith continued almost huffily, "that I've camouflaged *my* feelings."

Colonel Ford turned and looked at him. "You mean your dislike of Fellowes?"

"No, no, nothing of that kind. I flatter myself I've concealed *that* pretty successfully. What I mean is that I have made no attempt to hide my admiration, my deep admiration, for Miss Barnard—and, to tell you the truth, I find young Fellowes confoundedly in the way."

"That's unfortunate," Colonel Ford said dryly, "but I don't see that anything can be done. You can't expect him to oblige you by effacing himself. They are much about the same age. . . ."

"Age has nothing to do with it," his host interrupted testily. "If he was fifty he'd be just as much in my way at present. And when people get in my way . . ."

Here he paused significantly and gave the ends of his mustache an upward twirl, looking sideways at Colonel Ford, who continued to smoke calmly.

"When, as I say, people get in my way—I take steps to remove them. All my life I've done this with considerable success, as my career, so far, proves."

Colonel Ford carefully knocked the ash

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out of his pipe. "May one ask," he said gently, "how you propose to 'remove' Alan Fellowes in the present instance?"

"Now there," Mr. Barrington Smith answered genially, "is where you come in."

"Where I come in?"

him for me? Now don't answer hastily. Think—you'd really be doing him a good turn and—it will greatly oblige me. Come now, what do you say?"

As he spoke he had sat forward in his chair and eagerly grasped the arm of Colonel Ford's. His usually assured man-

"Not he. Every man has his price."—Page 308.

"Yes. I want you to be my ambassador in this matter. You know Fellowes. You know his circumstances. Now, you find out from him what he'd take to go away from Bemford till the end of the month—a purely friendly arrangement. You say he's hard up? Well, I make it possible for him to take an agreeable holiday somewhere, and it leaves me a fair field with Beryl. I'll do the thing handsomely. I'll not stick at a hundred or two. Will you approach

ner was almost pathetically nervous, almost tremulous. He was pale under his tan. Had Colonel Ford looked at him, he might have been touched by such a display of feeling. But Colonel Ford did not look at him. He kept his eyes fixed on the blue line of sea, and poor Mr. Barrington Smith felt that the little colonel had mysteriously withdrawn himself to some immense distance. Again Colonel Ford silently knocked the ash out of his pipe.

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"Well?" Mr. Barrington Smith demanded, "what do you say?"

"I fear I should prove but a clumsy ambassador in a delicate mission of that sort. Another thing, I should hardly dare to approach Fellowes with any such proposition. He might, and justifiably, kick me out."

"Not he. Every man has his price."

"But quite apart from that I have a rooted objection to meddling in my neighbors' affairs—above all, in their love-affairs. I fear I can't be of any assistance to you in this matter. I'm truly sorry to seem disobliging . . . but I simply can't."

He rose as he spoke, and Mr. Barrington Smith also rose, saying uncomfortably: "Of course, of course . . . I quite understand . . . and I need not ask you to let this conversation be quite between ourselves?"

"Naturally, it would be," Colonel Ford replied stiffly.

"So you think young Fellowes cannot be induced to agree to any arrangement that takes him away from Bemford for the next fortnight?"

"I'm a poor man but I'm prepared to bet you five to one in Bradburys that he won't."

"Done! I take you." And Mr. Barrington Smith entered the bet in a neat little book with a gold pencil-case and gold corners.

He walked to the drive gate with Colonel Ford, who chuckled as he trotted down the hill and then remembered he had never broached the subject of the prize list. "Never mind," he reflected; "if he won't give anything, I'll give something myself. His bet will help it out."

That evening clinched Mr. Barrington Smith's determination to "remove" Alan Fellowes from his path as soon as possible. They all met as usual at the Rosemary Club for dancing and bridge. It was a hot night and low tide, and from the little terrace raised above the beach he saw Alan and Beryl, hand in hand, running across the hard sand to some distant rocks, and there they disappeared for quite ten minutes. He refused to play bridge, declared it was much too hot to dance, and fussed and fumed and fretted about the terrace till the two returned.

Beryl looked radiant; Alan cheeky and cheerful and unconcerned as usual. She was particularly gracious to Mr. Barrington Smith when he claimed their next dance together, and complimented him so charmingly that he felt compensated for the arduous hours and many guineas he had expended during May in learning the new way of dancing from a young lady in Connaught Street.

He and Alan walked home with Beryl, and as the door was closed behind her he took Alan by the arm, saying: "The refreshments to-night were even worse than usual. Come back with me and have a drink."

The cellar at Channel View was known to be irreproachable, and Alan went like a lamb.

The comfortable basket chairs were now set in the veranda, and on a table two syphons were standing in ice. The whiskey was pre-war and the cigars were "Henry Clays." The electric lamp was shaded, and as they sat down Mr. Barrington Smith tipped the shade so that the light fell on Alan's face, while his own was in shadow.

Alan was tired and stifled a yawn. A bathe and a round of golf before lunch, tennis all afternoon and vigorous dancing since dinner, had made him sleepy, although it was only just after midnight.

They discussed the coming tournament for a few minutes, then fell silent till Mr. Barrington Smith said suddenly: "I say, Fellowes, I want to ask a favor of you—promise not to be huffy?"

"Say on, old thing; with cigars like these, a child could play with me."

"Well, it's this . . . I dare say you may have observed that I am very much . . . that I am . . . to put it bluntly—that I'm most anxious to marry Miss Barnard."

"Surely that's entirely your affair—and hers—have you asked her yet?"

"And what I want to know," Mr. Barrington Smith continued nervously, "is—what your attitude would be if you were asked to clear out—in point of fact, what would you take to scratch?"

During this speech Alan had opened his light-blue eyes very wide, and Mr. Barrington Smith saw them suddenly darken and the lazy figure in the chair

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stiffen as he said: "I'm not sure that scratching is precisely the form my attitude would take."

"Now I don't want you to answer hastily. Don't take offense; just give me a chance to explain myself. . . ."

"Well, I'm all on the listen," Alan said, as his host paused.

"I fancy I'm not mistaken in supposing that you are not of independent means?"

"You've got it; poor but honest, capable and industrious, but quite ready to be adopted by any wealthy old blighter who yearns for a dutiful nephew—eh, what?"

"I understand also that Miss Barnard is without fortune."

"I say—leave her out of it, please."

"But we can't leave her out of it. The whole question turns on her."

"You mean she's got to choose between us?"

"That's just it; I don't want her to need to choose between us. I want you to withdraw."

"That's what you want, is it? Surely, that's asking a good deal."

"I know it is, and that's why I'm ready to offer a good deal—and as she can't possibly marry you for years to come . . ."

"How d'you know she can't marry me for years to come?"

"Why, you've owned yourself you've nothing to live on."

"People don't always wait for that. We've all learned to take chances in the last few years."

"That's true, but have you any right to ask *her* to take such chances? Have you, by the way, already asked her?"

"I don't see that it's exactly your business whether I have or not—but since you seem so qualmish—I haven't . . . yet."

"Good! That's what I wanted to know. Now will you defer your offer for three weeks? At the end of that time—if she's still free—you will be at liberty to act as you think fit."

"Thanks awfully. You're no end good." Alan's expression had changed. His eyes were blue again as summer skies. His long, slender body lay in the deep chair as lazily relaxed as that of a sleeping greyhound, and he smiled amiably upon his host, who was watching him anxiously. He even laughed softly, as though enjoying some inward jest.

"Would a hundred pounds be any use to you?"

Alan laughed outright and shook his head. "Not a bit. Not near enough."

"How much would be enough?"

"Listen, old bean, it's for you to make an offer and me to say whether I'll accept it. If I do, I'll keep my part of the bargain. But remember this—I can't *make* Beryl marry you, and if she doesn't, don't blame me."

"Don't you worry about that, my dear boy," Mr. Barrington Smith exclaimed, immensely relieved. "That's my affair. All I ask is that after we've come to terms you don't see her again or write to her for the specified time; and that of course once we've finished the business, it is all as if it had never taken place. No communication whatever, mind, between you and Miss Barnard. Do you understand?"

"Look here, I can't go off like that without a word. She'd think it so beastly rude—I'm her partner in the mixed doubles."

"Of course you may write a polite note of explanation and regret—but you'll write it here, let me read it, and I'll see that she gets it directly you've gone to-morrow morning. You must go by the first train."

One after another three perfect rings of smoke floated toward Mr. Barrington Smith.

"Not quite so fast," Alan said sweetly; "there won't be any 'must' unless you hurry up with your offers."

"A hundred and fifty?"

"Nothin' doin'."

"Come, come, don't be extortionate."

"A hundred and fifty for my lacerated feelings, to say nothing of hers! Pooh!"

"Two hundred, then."

"Is this an auction?"

"Well, what *will* you take?"

"Now you're talkin'. I'll take three hundred down; not a penny less, or the deal's off. But remember, you're not to blame me if your little scheme don't come off. For three hundred I'll leave Bemford by the eight o'clock train to-morrow and I'll stay away for three solid weeks. It's deuced inconvenient, but"—here

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Alan grinned—"I'm always willing to oblige a friend, especially when he makes it worth my while. My mother will be upset, but I'll make it up to her later."

For answer Mr. Barrington Smith moved majestically through the open window into the room behind. He switched on the light and unlocked his roll-top desk, took from a drawer a roll of notes, counted out thirty, opened a blotter, set a sheet of plain note-paper upon it, and looking toward the lazy figure sprawling in the chair said stiffly: "Will you kindly write that note?"

Ten minutes later Alan was faring homeward down the hill, and from time to time he would murmur "dirty dog," and laugh gleefully.

As he went up-stairs to bed his mother called to him and he opened her door. "You're late, dear; where have you been?"

"I went back for a drink with old man Smith."

"With Mr. Barrington Smith? I thought you didn't care much about him?"

"I don't, but I went back with him to discuss some business. And that reminds me, mummy dear, I must go up to town by the first train to-morrow, to the War Office. So tell Annie to call me when she brings your early tea, will you?"

"To-morrow? Must you go to-morrow?"

"I must, mummy, and while I'm there I think I'll run down to Coventry and try to fix things up. I've had a bit of luck. For once the poor soldier has come out top dog in a deal with a profiteer."

"My dear boy! . . . have you sold him your motor-bike?"

"No, darling, I've sold him a pup—good night!"

"So unfortunate," Mrs. Fellowes lamented to inquiring friends at the club next day; "Alan had to go back to London by the first train this morning: something about his demobilization or his gratuity—I'm not clear which. It was all so hurried and unexpected— It's too bad of them to cut into the first decent leave he has had, and he didn't seem a bit sure when he'd be back."

"The War Office covers a multitude of lies," Beryl murmured to her neighbor. Not so low but that Colonel Ford heard her, and looked up to meet Mr. Barrington Smith's mocking eyes fixed upon him.

The colonel raised his eyebrows inquiringly, to be met by an emphatic nod, and presently Mr. Barrington Smith drew him aside to whisper: "You've lost your bet."

"You don't seriously mean it?"

"My dear Ford, what did I tell you? Every man has his price. I happened to find out his and pay it—that's all."

"Well, I confess you surprise me. I didn't think it possible—that nice frank boy . . ."

"That nice frank boy has a keen eye for the main chance and made no bones about it . . . as avaricious a youngster as ever I met."

The little colonel turned away sadly. He liked to believe in his friends and was seldom disillusioned. He avoided Mrs. Fellowes and Beryl and went home. He could not afford the check for five pounds that he sent that night to Mr. Barrington Smith, but it was not the loss of the bet that depressed him.

Beryl had to find another partner in the mixed doubles, and all the best players had paired long ago. There was no question whatever that she was thoroughly cross with Alan and made no secret of her annoyance. Yet, Mr. Barrington Smith noted with relief, she neither drooped nor did she seem in the least depressed. Several of the Also Rans took heart of grace and so surrounded her that, although he had successfully "removed" his chief cause for anxiety, he could not feel he was receiving an adequate return for his outlay.

He was, however, indefatigable in arranging parties of pleasure, and always contrived to let Beryl know that whatever he did was done in her honor.

At first she had thoroughly enjoyed the fun and the importance, but during the last day or two she began to feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, as though she had inadvertently strayed into a maze and could find no way out of it.

Without expressing their wishes in so many words, her parents contrived to let her know—it is astonishing how em-

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"Will you kindly write that note?"—Page 310.

phatic elderly people can be without actually saying things—that they smiled upon this generous and affluent suitor. Her father would point out his good sense, his good service during the war in setting his machinery to work on things vitally necessary to our forces in the field. Her mother would comment admiringly upon his considerateness, his resource, how *young* he was in his enjoyment of the simple pleasures they all shared; what good work he had done during the war in supplying such large quantities of so vitally necessary an explosive. But neither commented on the fact that, incidentally, he had also amassed a very considerable amount of money.

Beryl listened, made suitable but quite unenthusiastic replies, and recklessly encouraged the more pertinacious of the Also Rans.

Yet she was always kind and delightful to Mr. Barrington Smith. How could she be anything else when he was so plainly eager to please her?

Ten days of festivities culminated in an impromptu dance at Channel View. The Also Rans were there in great force, and it was not till late in the evening that the host secured the opportunity he sought. When at last his duties as host permitted him to dance himself, Mr. Barrington Smith took Beryl but once round the room and then out to a shelter that stood with its back to the house on a little knoll in the grounds.

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"Where? Why, here, of course. Where else would I see him?"—Page 313.

She was pale and nervous. He, on the contrary, rubicund and eupeptic, with the conquering air of one with whom all is going well.

Going up the path, she stumbled and he caught her bare arm above the elbow to steady her, and continued to hold it in dead silence till they sat down.

Beryl wished he wouldn't breathe so hard.

And why, oh why, couldn't she think of anything to say?

"Beryl!" he whispered at last, "Beryl! Do you like being here with me?"

"It *is* a very beautiful night," she answered feebly.

"Beryl," he said again, and again he took hold of her bare arm, "you *must* know what I'm going to say, what I've been wanting to say for weeks."

"Please don't say it . . . please don't!"

"Darling!" Mr. Barrington Smith seized her hand this time and tried to lift it to his lips.

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But Beryl, if small, was muscular, and the little hand seemed to weigh a ton and refused to be lifted; therefore Mr. Barrington Smith bent his head to her lap and tried to kiss it—only to find it snatched away.

"Oh, how I *hate* the smell of brilliantine!" was what Beryl thought as his head was under her nose—but she said, holding her head well back: "Please don't! I think I can guess what you were going to say, but I'd so much rather you didn't. We've been such good friends—so let us leave it at that. You'll be glad afterward—if you don't say it."

"But I must say it. I adore you, Beryl. I want you for my wife. More than anything I've ever wanted do I want you. How soon will you marry me?"

"I can't—I'm so sorry—I didn't want you to say it. I tried hard to stop you . . . please let me go . . . it's impossible."

"Impossible! Why? Is there any one else?"

"Yes."

"You mean you care for some one else?"

"I'm engaged to some one else."

"Engaged!" Mr. Barrington Smith was angry as well as hurt. "Engaged! Secretly engaged!"

"It had to be secret till he came home because my people would have made such a fuss. I should have had no peace—but now . . . I suppose . . ."

"May I ask to whom you are secretly engaged?"

"I suppose you have the right to know, but please don't say anything to father and mother till I've told them. It's . . . Major Fellowes."

"Fellowes!" he almost shouted, "Fellowes! Why, the damned scoundrel told me there was no secret understanding between you. . . ."

"Told *you;* he couldn't tell you."

"But he did; and, what's more, he took money to give you up—if you are twenty times engaged you can't marry such a lying hound."

He was breathless with rage.

Rather frightened, Beryl rose hurriedly and walked out into the moonlight. Then she turned and faced him.

"You are raving," she said; "you don't know him."

Mr. Barrington Smith followed her. "I beg your pardon if I have seemed violent, but how can you say I don't know him? If you mean it in some figurative sense, believe me, I know a lot more about him than you do."

"But when?—where?" Though she was no longer frightened, the moon never shone on a more bewildered face.

"Where? Why, here, of course. Where else would I see him?"

"We're talking at cross purposes," she cried. "You can't possibly have seen him here, for he has never been here since the war. A year ago he was a month in London on sick leave and in my hospital most of it. He's been in Mespot all the time."

"Mespot! Then you mean the other Fellowes?"

"Of course I mean the other. You *will* see him soon, for he's coming home next week . . . and then perhaps you'll kindly explain what you mean by calling him names and talking about bribes and lies and things."

"I beg your pardon, but I thought you meant Alan."

"How *could* any one imagine I was in love with that ridiculous Alan? Why, even my parents weren't as silly as that!"

"Did he know?"

"Did who know?"

"Alan Fellowes."

"We never *told* him, or any one; it wouldn't have been fair . . . before father and mother—but he may have guessed. . . ."

"You are probably right," Mr. Barrington Smith said grimly. "He may have guessed."

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BEING A WAITRESS IN A BOARDWALK HOTEL

AN EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH"

By a Novelist

THE evening of November 8, 1916, I walked out of the National Arts Club and into the underbrush of the greatest jungle of civilization. I became a working woman to get copy for another novel.

All during those eventful four years I remained in the underbrush—the world of the unskilled working woman. During that time I held twenty-five different positions in almost as many different fields of work. I directed envelopes for a large mail-order house, was a saleswoman in one of the most advertised of metropolitan department stores . . . waitress in one of the highest-priced hotels on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, packer in a cracker-factory, head chambermaid in the home of a millionaire, maid of all work in a two-servant family, gentlewoman maid of all work in a philanthropic institution for dependent children, assistant in the loan department of a Wall Street banking institution.—THE AUTHOR.

WHEN planning my adventure as Polly Preston, the heroine of my proposed novel, the idea of including domestic service did not occur to me. It was Alice who first caused me to consider such an experience. Telling why she had given up her position in the institution for defective children, she had exclaimed:

"I was engaged as a teacher—the people at college all understood I was to have a teacher's position. After they got me there they treated me like a servant."

Thinking over this incident, I wondered how it felt to be treated as a servant. Were well-bred people really so disagreeable to those who served them? How had the servants at home looked upon our household? Was it possible that they found fault with my mother's treatment of them? If so, in what particular had she failed?

These thoughts called to mind words of the late Franklin B. Sanborn when recounting to me his recollections of Louisa M. Alcott. It was near the end of a perfect October day spent rambling about Concord with Mr. Sanborn as my escort. After spending some time in the School of Philosophy we crossed to the Alcott house and, going up-stairs, took our seats near the window at which Miss Alcott sat when writing "Little Women." Mr. Sanborn had been talking continuously for several minutes when suddenly he stopped and sat looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"Louisa was wonderful!" he exclaimed, beginning to talk as suddenly as he had stopped. "Yes, she was wonderful. Even to the last she was as ready to experiment as she had been when a young girl." He paused for an instant, then added in a different tone: "It was that that caused her to try going out as a domestic servant." He shook his head. "It was a mistake. It was a mistake. Even Louisa couldn't stand that."

Now recalling these words, I wondered what it was that even Louisa could not stand. Louisa, the woman whom Mr. Sanborn had described as wonderful, with a heart overflowing with love and human kindliness. What was it that even such a woman could not stand?

Thinking of the women and girls with whom I had worked, I wondered why some of them who appeared so sensible should persist in a struggle to eke out a half-starved existence on such low wages when in domestic service they would get all the comforts of a good home along with wages. All my life I had heard persons, experienced men and women, protesting against this condition. Some of them had gone so far as to assert that there should be laws prohibiting women and girls from

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working in shops and factories—so forcing them into domestic service.

Once while working in the premium station I attempted to discuss the subject with Nora.

"Not that!" the girl cried, the lines in her forehead contracting into little knots. "I'll go to the river first."

Nora was a sensible girl. Why should she feel like that? She helped her mother with the work of their little flat. She washed her own clothes and on Sunday enjoyed cooking dinner. She made many of her own clothes and helped sew for her younger brothers and sisters. She looked forward to the time when the young man to whom she was engaged would earn enough for them to marry. She expected to do her own housework. Then why should she object, and so passionately, to doing housework for which she was paid, to becoming a domestic servant?

The problem haunted me for weeks. During that period every time I looked over the help-wanted columns of certain New York papers I saw that Sea Foam Hotel at Atlantic City was in need of chambermaids and waitresses. Not until I had mailed my letter applying for a position as chambermaid did I mention it to Alice and Mrs. Wilkins.

The expression of horror that sprang into Alice's eyes was somewhat moderated when the hat-trimmer expressed her satisfaction. She declared it would be the very best thing Alice and I could do—both go to Atlantic City as hotel help. What could we save on seven and eight dollars a week? She by sitting up evenings to make the little bows used on the inside of men's stiff hats, in addition to regular nine hours a day six days a week, was only able to get twelve dollars a week.

Then gouging down in her stocking she drew out a roll of bills.

"There!" she said, throwing the money into my lap. "You can count it yourself. I've been workin' since the middle of September—nearly four months—and that's all I've saved. You know how plain I eat and I ain't spent as much as ten dollars for clothes. Count it."

Eleven one-dollar bills.

"The only time I can save money," she went on, "is durin' the summer I works in the linen-room of a hotel down on Coney Island. The eatin' is somethin' grand. Because there ain't room enough in the hotel for us linen-room girls they allows us three dollars a week extra. Last summer I and another girl got a room for fifteen dollars a month. Besides savin' our wages we both had somethin' left of our room money."

The elaborate prospectus—"Information for Waitresses," it was headed—described in such glowing terms the many advantages provided for the help of the Sea Foam that Mrs. Wilkins all but threw up her hat-trimming job to go with me.

"It must be grand!" she exclaimed. "To get such good things to eat all the year round as they give us at Coney in the summer. Sure, you'll get it at Atlantic City! Atlantic City is sweller than Coney. An' your tips will be bigger, too."

When I called her attention to the statement that waitresses serving in the side halls received sixteen dollars a month while those serving in the main dining-room only got thirteen she urged me to "sign up" for a side-hall job. Side-hall she assured me meant a piazza glassed in or a sun parlor.

"Them's the places real swells like to eat in so they can see things whilst they're eatin'," she insisted. "They'll be further from the kitchen and serving-room, but you'll get bigger tips. Better 'sign up' for the job in the side-hall."

And she talked so much about the grand food supplied by the Coney Island hotel and the grander food that I was sure to get at the Sea Foam that I used to dream about it. For, though Alice and I were not actually starving, we had suppressed our craving for food to such an extent that passing a bake-shop or a restaurant caused an unpleasant sensation. I had gone off seventeen pounds in weight, and Alice was so thin that she didn't dare get on the scales.

When buying my ticket to Atlantic City I learned that the rates quoted by the prospectus had been out of date more than five years. On arriving at Belgrave House, the waitresses' dormitory, I mentioned to the housekeeper as she registered me that I wished to buy one of the black and one of the white uniforms, also

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mentioned in the prospectus as being supplied at wholesale prices. She showed considerable embarrassment. Waitresses, she explained, had not liked the cut of the skirts, so there was not a full line on hand.

Those skirts! They were of that period when the hour-glass was the model of feminine grace and elegance. The largest waist measure in stock was nineteen inches. That skirt was forty-four inches long and measured more than six yards around the bottom. Having to go on duty within three hours, I was forced to get something in the way of a uniform. Fortunately, on a pinch, I can cut and sew. Buying a black and a white skirt—dimensions, nineteen by forty-four inches by six yards—I set to work.

After shortening the white skirt and making it wider at the top and narrower at the bottom I rushed to the boardwalk, where I bought a white and a black shirtwaist.

Of course, they cost me three times as much as they were selling for in New York.

The waitresses' dinner was in progress when I presented myself in my uniform. The assistant housekeeper of Belgrave being at the desk, she conducted me into the large, poorly lighted dining-room and found me a vacant chair at a table for eight. During the meal, when the waitress next me cordially offered her help, I asked if she was stationed in the main dining-room or the side-hall. After saying she was in the main dining-room she shut up like a clam. Every effort to learn where and what the side-hall was met an unmistakable rebuff. Puzzled, and a little bit miffed, I at length said to the waitress who had offered me her assistance:

"You'll be helping me a lot if you will tell me what to do to get a good station." Then, including all at table, for I knew they were all listening, I added: "You see, this is my first time in a hotel. I've always worked in a private family. Please tell me what to do."

"Follow along with us when we report for dinner, take your seat in the back of the dining-room, and wait till the head waiter comes," she told me.

"When the head waiter sees you sitting there he'll know you're new and give you a station," another waitress added. "You just follow along with us."

Following these directions took me through a covered passageway connecting Belgrave with the Sea Foam. From this we entered a large kitchen which, on my first entrance, seemed thronged with men—black and white. From the kitchen we went down a long flight of unusually steep stairs to a basement passageway in which I got my first glimpse of a time clock. After punching her time the waitress who had spoken to me at dinner signalled for me to follow her.

"That is the side-hall dining-room," she told me, indicating a large basement room, rudely equipped with tables and chairs. "It's where the office help, housekeepers, and linen-room girls eat." We turned and were going back up the steep stairs when she asked: "Did you notice that the assistant housekeeper of Belgrave is lame?"

"She's so lame that she can hardly walk," I exclaimed. "I had to notice it."

"She served in the side-hall," the girl told me, still speaking half under her breath. "She fell down these steps with a loaded tray and was in the hospital for more than a year. She's got her position for life. The Sea Foam has to take care of her."

From the kitchen we passed through a long serving-room and from that entered the Sea Foam dining-room. It was large even for Atlantic City. It had broad windows on four sides, those on three sides overlooking the boardwalk giving a good view of the ocean. The walls, woodwork, and the slender pillars supporting the ceiling were white enamel. There was a strip of blue-gray velvet carpet extending from the door the entire length of the room. The steam radiators, which almost encircled the room, were so brilliantly gilded that I imagined them covered with gold leaf.

At dinner I was stationed at a table of six covers. My guests, I soon learned, were the family of a multi-millionaire—wife, three small children, their French governess, and a trained nurse. For the first three meals I worked under the supervision of Anna, a waitress who had

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been in the Sea Foam for more than six months. One of her first instructions was:

"Don't pay no attention to her," indicating the millionaire's wife. "She'll work your head off and won't give you so much as a thank-you."

This family took their meals in two sections—the children with the governess and nurse, the mother alone. At the first dinner I served without the assistance of Anna the mistress of millions wrote her order as follows:

"Two portions of oysters on the half shell, two portions of olives, two portions of asparagus, two portions of the heart of lettuce without dressing, two portions of fried oysters, eight portions of the heart of celery, six portions of radishes, two portions of apples, two portions crystallized ginger, two cups of hot chocolate, two portions of crackers, two portions of cheese, two portions of squabs, two portions of green peas, two portions of queen fritters, two portions of chocolate ice-cream, and two portions of cake."

She ordered me to bring it all in on the same tray, as she did not wish to be kept waiting. When one recalls the weight of hotel china and the custom of covering each dish with one a size smaller, the physical impossibility of obeying this order will be understood. Following Anna's instructions, I "paid no attention" to the millionaire's wife. It required three trays as heavy as I could lift to get her dinner in to her.

Each time I returned from the kitchen I found her in the act of trying to complain to the assistant head waiter. She grumbled at me because I did not stand behind her chair and put the dishes before her as fast as she wanted them. Of course, she did not eat all she ordered. She only cut a bit from the breast of both squabs, selected the oysters that suited her fancy, nibbled at the innermost hearts of the lettuce and the celery. What her dinner really amounted to was rendering unfit for use food which would have fed six hungry women. The ginger and the fruit she carried away in her work-bag.

Had this woman been coarse or ordinary in appearance I might have felt sorry for her lack of breeding. She was quite the reverse. She was small, with a piquantly pretty face and a pretty plump figure. She knew how to dress—wore beautiful clothes at the right times and painted her cheeks and lips only in the evening. Her hands, though not beautiful in shape, were exquisitely kept; all of her numerous rings were handsome. She seldom wore more than two besides her wedding-ring, and they were always appropriate.

The cause of her ill-breeding was her selfishness. She was determined to get all that was coming to her and could not tolerate any person from whom she could gain nothing. She was a typical daughter of a horse-leech—however much she had she must still cry "Give."

At the end of my first week practically all the waitresses urged me to ask the head waiter to give me another station. A waitress, they assured me, was never expected to serve longer than one week at a table where tips were not given. As kindly as this advice was intended it did not happen to suit my case—not exactly. Never again, in human probability, I reasoned, would so good an opportunity to study this type of American come my way.

The millionaire paid two visits to his family while I was serving them. During each visit he took five meals. A Sunday dinner when he and his wife ate alone is memorable. After ordering practically everything on the menu, and just as I imagined them ready to leave the table, he turned on me and demanded white potatoes. He said that he had ordered mashed potatoes and that I had failed to bring them. His attack was so unexpected that I was dumb. Not so Anna.

Crossing to the table she pulled a platter from among the pile of soiled dishes surrounding his plate and held it out to him.

"There's your white potatoes," she told him. "You done eat 'em."

Several days before Easter this family departed. I had served them three hundred and seventy-nine elaborate meals, been found fault with, rudely ordered about, grumbled at, and might have been reprimanded by the head waiter had he not, having learned that no tips were to be expected, studiously kept away from

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their table. My tip was a soiled one-dollar bill ungraciously given. It was one hundred cents more than any of their former waitresses had received, and they had been stopping in the hotel for more than four months.

The family occupied five of the most expensive rooms in the hotel and monopolized the services of two chambermaids and a scrubwoman. There was not a week while I was serving them that the wife did not make at least one trip to New York or to Philadelphia. On her return she invariably boasted to any waitress who would listen of the amount of money she had spent and the expensive clothes she had bought. At one dinner she wore a wonderful evening gown, for which she stated she had paid twenty-five hundred dollars.

Knowing the wages paid to working women in New York at that time, I wondered what per cent of that sum had reached the women who had made the gown. What was their weekly wage?

It was not, however, the conduct of this family of millionaires that convinced me before I had been a week at the Sea Foam that domestic service is very different from what I had imagined. In the first place I had always assumed that hotel waiters had the same food as the guests, certainly what was left over. Such, I was assured by the head waiter and the steward, is the custom only in "cheap joints." At the Sea Foam, if a waitress ate so much as a mouthful of food left by a guest she was discharged in disgrace.

Our food—that is, the food prepared in the kitchen of Belgrave House—was the worst I have ever tried to swallow. During my second week, the breakfast being more uneatable than usual, I complained to Mary, my roommate. Mary was scrubwoman and maid of all work in the Belgrave kitchen. I asked her why, if they were going to send us scraps of meat over from the Sea Foam, it was not properly cooked?

She assured me that the only food sent from the hotel were the meals for the Belgrave housekeeper. In proof of this she took me down to the kitchen of the dormitory and showed me the box of sliced bacon from which what I had called "meat scraps" had been taken. It was the best grade.

Mary explained that the cook had emptied half of the contents of a box into a huge pan and put it over the fire. To keep it from burning he stirred it around from time to time, then ladled the mass into dishes and sent it into the dining-room. That bacon is a fair sample of the food served in the waitresses' dining-room while I worked at the Sea Foam.

What the consequences might have been had the waitresses been supplied with sufficient amount of palatable food may be questioned. As to what actually happened there can be no doubt. "Dog tired" from overwork and a lack of food, a large majority of the waitresses hurried to the boardwalk immediately on leaving the dining-room after dinner. Often this was after nine o'clock at night.

Their first trip was taken in search of food. Accompanied by two of my fellow waitresses, I made such a trip the night after my arrival. Twenty men, in groups of two or more, invited us to eat with them. It is a question easily settled when a girl has money, but when she has no money and is hungry, what then? This is no abnormal appetite created by sea air. It is hard work and lack of food at our regular meals.

Another of my misapprehensions. I had fancied that the duty of a waiter or a waitress was to serve food three meals a day. Time between meals I assumed they were free to use as they pleased.

When on regular duty a waitress at the Sea Foam reports for breakfast not later than a quarter before seven. To do this I had to rise at five forty-five. In that hour I had to take my bath, dress, make my bed, straighten up my room, eat my breakfast, punch the time-clock in the basement of the hotel, and get in the dining-room before the time mentioned. If so much as a fraction of a second late the door was bolted against me.

Though breakfast was supposed to end at nine, a waitress seldom, almost never, got rid of her guests until a half-hour later. Then came the collection of used napkins and table-cloths and exchanging them for fresh ones. Next the washing and polishing of silver and glass, the cleaning and filling of sugar-bowls, water-

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bottles, salt-shakers, pepper-shakers, vinegar cruets, oil bottle, and, last though by no means least, the arranging of cut flowers. After this was all accomplished to the satisfaction of the head waiter or his assistant the chairs, side-tables, radiators, and all the woodwork in the dining-room had to be gone over with a damp cloth. Then came the setting of the tables, leaving them ready for the next meal. It was seldom we got through this morning work before eleven.

Between that time and twelve-fifty there was always more than enough personal work to be done—washing one's clothes, polishing one's shoes, mending, and the thousand and one little odds and ends that must be promptly attended to if a waitress is to appear well-groomed.

The prospectus sent me before I left New York distinctly stated that the laundry of waitresses was done by the hotel free of charge. When I inquired about sending my clothes to the hotel laundry all the waitresses shook their heads. I might take the risk if I had a mind, they told me, but so far as their experience went garments were seldom returned, never in as good condition as when sent out. On learning that the two waitresses who had been in the employ of the Sea Foam for more than one year both did their own laundry, I decided to follow their example.

Lunch and dinner at the Sea Foam were like breakfast—long-drawn-out meals. A waitress seldom got rid of her guests under a half-hour after the dining-room closed, and often it was a full hour.

When on "early watch" a waitress had to be in the hotel dining-room not later than six in the morning. This is for the convenience of guests leaving by early train. "Late watch" means remaining until midnight to serve guests arriving on late trains or those who, after a promenade on the boardwalk, felt the need of an extra meal. Being on watch does not curtail in any particular the regular duties of a waitress.

On one such occasion my diary reads: "April 2, 1917. Went on watch at 5.58 A. M., served four early breakfasts and reset tables. Return Belgrave at 6.46 and ate my breakfast. Back in dining-room at 6.57. Put water, ice, and menus on my table. The family of the multi-millionaire having left the night before, the assistant head waiter gave me three two-seaters nearer the dining-room door. I set up these tables and served six breakfasts. Returned to Belgrave at 11.32. Ironed two aprons, a white skirt, a petticoat, and two collar-and-cuff sets. Ate my lunch and was back in the dining-room at 12.57. Served seven lunches and then held open the dining-room door for fifty-two minutes that late guests might pass out. Rolled the carpet, set up my tables and returned to Belgrave at 4.15. Rested nearly a half-hour, then pressed my black waist, took a bath, went to a store on the corner for some peanut butter and crackers. Ate dinner and returned to the hotel dining-room at 6.07. Served eight dinners and went off duty at 8.56."

Do not forget that at the Sea Foam it is not considered good form to employ bus boys. A waitress not only brings in all food but she must carry out all dishes and wash, polish, dry, and bring back to the dining-room all glass and silver used on her tables.

My diary for the following day, April 3, reads: "Yesterday was a memorable day in the history of our country—perhaps of the world—President Wilson asked Congress to declare that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany. Excepting myself I believe every waitress in the Sea Foam has written either to the secretary of war or direct to the President offering her services. So far as the six persons at my tables are concerned only the little boy from Wilmington, Delaware, had shown any interest in the matter. He came in a half-hour ahead of his mother this morning and spent the time talking to me about our preparedness &ct. He's a dear little chap."

Only lack of money kept me at Sea Foam. Before the end of my second week I had learned more than enough to understand why women and girls prefer to eke out an existence on the meagre wage received in shops and factories rather than enjoy the "home comforts" offered by domestic service. Only the experience of Beulah, a dear little girl

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from Canada, prevented me from giving up my job and returning to New York.

Beulah, whose season in Bermuda had been cut short by the war, came to Sea Foam on a three weeks' contract. Through a waitress friend she received an offer of a permanent position in a hotel near New York City. Though it was ten days before Easter and gave the head waiter ample time to fill her place, he not only refused to pay the wage due her but threatened to have her blacklisted in hotel employment bureaus. In order to reach her new position Beulah was forced to borrow money to pay her railroad fare.

Not wishing to write and borrow money of Alice to pay my way back to New York, I determined to get myself discharged. How to accomplish this without doing anything rude or disorderly became my problem. When, a few days before Easter the assistant housekeeper of the Belgrave confided to me that the head waiter had confided to her his intention of giving me a year's contract, perhaps making me a "captain," I gritted my teeth. Determined not to borrow of Alice, I was equally as determined not to remain to the end of my contract.

The day before Easter I was put on early watch for the second time. As waitresses are supposed to take turns at watch duty, believing that my opportunity for getting myself discharged had come, I hurried to the head waiter. He listened to my complaint against his assistant and then explained that he had suggested my being put on watch because there were so many new waitresses who could not be trusted to "swing the job."

"You've got a head on your shoulders," he informed me. "The management has decided to keep you on after Easter. That's the reason I'm pushing you forward—to get you promoted."

Easter morning found the head waiter and his assistant so nervous that they reminded me of ill-conditioned sheep-dogs snapping and snarling at each and every member of their flock. A few minutes after the dining-room door opened for breakfast, just when the earliest guests began to trickle in, the first of a veritable avalanche of potted plants and cut flowers were brought in. Certain guests, wishing their tables to be especially attractive, had ordered these flowers and plants added to the abundant supply already provided by the hotel.

So, after getting rid of our breakfast guests, in addition to our routine work we waitresses had to put those plants and flowers on the tables indicated and make them look as presentable as possible. This was far from an easy task, for in most cases the plants and flowers had been chosen because of their beauty and utterly regardless of the size or the shape of the table to be decorated. It was twenty-six minutes after twelve when I left that dining-room, and several waitresses were still struggling with their overabundance of cut flowers and potted plants.

Having changed my uniform and swallowed a few morsels in the way of lunch, I was back in the dining-room at twelve thirty-seven. When the doors opened, the occupants of my three tables, instead of being among the early diners as they had all promised, were all late. Anna, whose station was next mine, was unfortunate in the opposite direction—her guests, four at one table and two at the other, all arrived at the same time.

For the sake of helping Anna I took the order of the guests at her two-seater—a German-American and his American wife, the most perfect example of a rooster-pecked woman I have ever seen. On returning from the kitchen with the second course for this couple, I found all my guests in their seats. After serving the course on my tray I went to the assistant head waiter, explained to him that Anna needed assistance and turned over to him the order of the German-American. Then, returning to my station, I took the orders of my own people.

At that time, on a bench at the back of the dining-room, there were seated, waiting to be called on, nine extra waitresses who had been brought on from Philadelphia that morning. When instructing the regular waitresses that morning the head waiter had ordered us to report to himself or his assistant when any of us needed the help of these girls. Naturally I expected the assistant head waiter to send one of them to finish serving the guests at Anna's two-seater.

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On returning with my tray laden with the first course for my six guests I found Anna's station in an uproar. The German-American, having seen me take the orders of my regular guests, had complained so loudly that the head waiter had to be called from the front of the dining-room to straighten matters out. Catching sight of me on my return from the kitchen, the hyphenated citizen again persisted in his demand to have "that one with hair" finish serving his table. The head waiter, who was really a very good sort, firmly insisted that he must either accept the services of the extra waitress or wait and take his turn with Anna.

On my way back to the kitchen the assistant head waiter met me. He was on the carpet and I in the aisle next the wall.

"This is the last meal you'll serve for me," he called across the double line of tables to me, throwing up his arms in a nervous way he had.

"I accept my discharge," I replied, realizing in a flash the opportunity for which I had been looking.

In the serving-room and kitchen I scattered the news broadcast, telling every one with whom I came in speaking distance that the assistant head waiter had discharged me. The steward assured me that it was all a mistake. The assistant head waiter was dying of tuberculosis, he explained, and very nervous. He tried to get me to promise not to notice the incident and to report as usual in the dining-room for supper.

Two of my guests who overheard me tell Anna offered to take the matter up with the manager of the hotel if the head waiter refused to keep me on. This frightened me stiff. Ten days more at the Sea Foam was more than I could look forward to with equanimity. There was genuine pathos in my voice when I begged them not to interfere.

My description of my discharge so affected Mary, my roommate, that she insisted on taking me for an outing on the boardwalk. Only my positive refusal to get into a wheel-chair prevented her from indulging in that extravagant attention. Truthfully assuring her that it would be much more enjoyable to sit and watch the crowd, we found comfortable seats under a pavilion and there spent the afternoon.

Perhaps it was the weather, or maybe the reaction following the emotional elation caused by the incident of my discharge. Whatever the reason, I have never before or since experienced such a virulent attack of discouragement as I did while watching that moving throng. Not for myself alone, but for the human race. While watching the people passing in front of us—two steady streams of walkers with two packed lines of wheel-chairs between—I suddenly realized them as an endless succession of pygmies.

Not one of them nor all of them could stop the incoming nor the outgoing of the sea that through the cracks on the boardwalk had the look of dirty bilge-water as creeping in higher and higher it slapped the sand. Nor could one of them nor all of them sweep aside the mist that like a dirty white curtain cut off our view of the ocean and rendered indistinct the end of the boardwalk.

What were they trying to do, these pygmies? For what were they struggling? Here they were tramping up and down the boardwalk, working hard to digest the food with which they had just stuffed themselves—while in the rear of the hotels I knew there were ten times as many working even harder to get food to support life.

What did it all mean—this endless, unceasing struggle between human cooties and human drudges? What did it all amount to—the lives of these pygmies? Where had they come from? Where were they going? What were they trying to do?

Then, my thoughts turning inward, I demanded of myself:

"What are you trying to do? Granting that these pygmies crawling along the boardwalk are human cooties and those working in the hotels are human drudges, what then? The cooties are no more to blame for our economic system than the drudges. You've been a human cooty and you know that you did not give any more thought to the human drudges who slaved for your comfort than these people do to you. Remember the time you stopped at the Ardale-Stratton? Spent money like water."

Thus reminded of my first visit to Atlantic City, my mind slipped back more

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than ten years. I had come down from New York City under the chaperonage of one of the most distinguished women in the country. We planned to remain two weeks. Before the end of that time she had been taken seriously ill, and, though her own relatives and friends left her and returned to their homes, I remained. Bored by the monotony of hotel life, with the knowledge of spending too much money perpetually nagging at my consciousness, I dreaded to leave the old lady among strangers and attended only by her maid. Our visit stretched from two weeks to five months. Day after day I had loafed along the boardwalk, watching the water—the threatening, the greedy, the sullen, the laughing, the beautiful, the peaceful, the soothing sea.

With a throb of pride I recalled that every Sunday morning during that tedious visit I had tipped my waiter and chambermaid one dollar each. Though I recalled that the service they gave me was always the best, I could not remember the name of either. Were they to meet me face to face I would not be conscious of ever having seen them before. I had never realized them as fellow human beings. I had never considered their convenience. I had never considered their feelings. In extenuation I told myself that it was because I had not understood.

"Neither do the persons with whom you are now finding fault understand," my conscience flashed back at me. "Yet you call them human cooties—criticise their lack of purpose. What do you think you will accomplish, sitting out here with a kitchen maid? You had better take your own advice to heart—get back where you belong and take care of yourself. You never planned to have Polly Preston become a domestic servant. Go back where you belong."

Yawning, I rose to my feet. It seemed the sensible thing to do—to tell Mary that I was going for a walk and she must not wait for me. During Easter there were certain to be a number of my acquaintances at the Ardale-Stratton. I had only to register or send my visiting-card to the proprietor to get the best that the hotel had to offer. Telegraphing for my trunks and writing Alice that I had gotten all the first-hand material needed for my novel were simple details.

Before speaking to Mary, and while still yawning, my eyes wandered out to sea. The wind had blown a hole in the mist. Across this opening in the foreground there was steaming a black-gray dreadnought, its three funnels belching black-gray smoke. My country was at war and I had forgotten it!

As the battleship disappeared behind the bank of mist that formed the westerly frame of the picture in the far corner, in the background three slender spars of a schooner-rigged sailing-vessel crept into view. Her hull seemed a black cord above the silvery sea, and her stretch of canvas, low down, appeared hardly larger than my thumb-nail.

"The new and the old!" I exclaimed, comparing the majestic power of the dreadnought with the struggling sailing-ship.

Every drop of blood in your veins crossed the Atlantic in a vessel no larger and in all human probabilities no more seaworthy than that schooner, my thoughts ran on. What voyages those must have been! Storms! Shipwrecks! What men and what women!—French Huguenot, English, Welsh, and Scot.

Standing there under the pavilion with my eyes fastened on the struggling ship, I fell to musing about those ancestors of mine—how they had struggled against all the forces of nature to conquer a wilderness inhabited by savages; how, after conquering that wilderness, they had wrenched their new homes free from the mother country. And with a start of amazement I considered their reason, why they had dared all, suffered all—to found a government under which every child might be born free and equal.

Free and equal! What did that mean? What had those wonderful old men and women planned?

I looked down at Mary. And across my mind there swept stories of the man from whom my Welsh strain sprung. After serving as governor of the colony he had enlisted in the Continental army as a private. Though his son-in-law, one generation nearer me, had become one of Washington's major-generals—a private

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the old Welshman persisted in remaining to the end of the Revolution.

Hot blood crept up into my face until my cheeks burned and my ears tingled. Who was I, what had I accomplished, that gave me the right to turn up my nose at associating with a kitchen-maid? I slipped back into the seat beside Mary.

What had I done? What was I doing to carry on the high resolves of this old Welshman and the rest of my hard-fighting, high-thinking ancestors? If I could not go the front and fight to carry on the ideals of the country they had founded I could at least try to bring about an understanding of conditions at home—conditions caused by the ever-increasing struggle between human cooties and human drudges—a struggle which appears to me now as I write to threaten a greater disaster than that of the World War!

Turning to the woman at my side I asked:

"Mary, didn't you say that your cousin planned to give up her position as head chambermaid with a wealthy family in Pennsylvania?"

"She give notice more'n three months ago," my roommate assured me, eager to get me to talk. "If the housekeeper wasn't so mortal hard to please Jennie'd be married and livin' in her own home. The man she's goin' to marry owns his own farm and lives real well." And Mary rambled off, giving a minute description of her cousin's future husband and home.

On our way back to the Belgrave after helping Mary compose a night letter to her cousin I sent a telegram to Alice announcing that I would return the next day to New York. That evening on their return from work in the Sea Foam my fellow waitresses gave me a farewell entertainment.

And it was a real entertainment, for several of the girls had good natural voices and an ear for music. It will be a long time before memories of "I'd Give My Crown for an Irish Stew," as sung by laughter-loving Mollie, fades from my mind. One young waitress seemed to me as good a clog-dancer as I had seen on the stage. She had picked up the steps at a minstrel show—one attendance. What was still more surprising to me was that every one of them could do something in the way of playing the piano. Only one of them had ever taken lessons.

Though I thoroughly enjoyed that evening I do not believe that in my whole life I ever felt so diffidently self-conscious. The realization of yourself as the only hypocrite among honest folk is not pleasant. These girls were all genuinely sorry for me, for my being discharged. Each one had contributed her mite to pay for the bunch of flowers presented to me at the end of the evening. I felt like a thief.

The next morning when I applied at the hotel office for the wage due me, the paymaster gave me a receipt to sign. He had computed the amount at the rate of thirteen dollars a month.

"According to my contract I was to be paid at the rate of sixteen dollars a month," I reminded him, returning the paper unsigned.

"You are not working in the side-hall," he snapped back at me.

"I went where I was sent," I told him. "The head waiter stationed me in the dining-room. Since the hotel required me to sign a contract I shall require the hotel to live up to that contract."

Being accustomed to handling uneducated women this man fancied that all he had to do to intimidate me was to talk loud. When he paused in his shouting I repeated my first statement—the hotel must live up to its contract with me. After a second bout at loud talking the stenographer came to his assistance. She assured me "as a friend" that I had best take the amount offered me, as it was all that I would get. Besides I had no copy of the contract I claimed to have signed.

She gasped on being assured that I did have a second copy of the contract—the copy Mrs. Wilkins had sent for. Taking another tack, this girl reminded me that the difference between sixteen and thirteen was too small to dispute about. Whereupon I inquired why the hotel was unwilling to pay it.

Declaring that nothing could be done until my contract was found, both the stenographer and the paymaster went back to their work. After waiting thirty minutes by the clock I again asked for my wages. The paymaster informed me that my contract had not been found and

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that I would have to wait till they had time to look for it. At the end of the second thirty minutes, and seeing that no effort was being made to get the contract, I remarked that perhaps it might be just as well for me to call on the clerk of the district court while waiting.

Simple as that statement may seem, it had a surprising effect on the paymaster. Hurrying to the door of his enclosure he urged me to enter, sit down, and wait for the manager. The manager, he assured me, kept all contracts locked in a safe of which he alone knew the combination. On my persisting he followed me along the passageway, begging me "as a friend" to have a little patience. Another odd feature of the performance was that the housekeeper of the Belgrave, though she had held the position for more than ten years, could not direct me to the city hall.

Once on the streets every passer-by was able to point out the city hall and tell me in just which corner I would find the clerk of court. This man was or pretended to be as ignorant of Sea Foam as the housekeeper had been of him. When I first stated my case he had some difficulty in recalling that there was such a hotel in Atlantic City—it is one of the largest on the boardwalk and less than five blocks from his office. His negro man-of-all-work was so well informed that he was able not only to locate it exactly but to give the names of the stockholders.

"Leastways they call 'em stockholders," the old negro man added. "But everybody knows old Miss Dorset done built the Sea Foam with the money she made out the Jonquil House. Yes'm, that old white 'oman owns both them hotels. She's that stingy she'd skin a flea for its hide and tallow."

The reputation given Mrs. Dorset by this negro man was not borne out by the employees of the Sea Foam. Two waitresses who had been longest in the service of the hotel, when boasting of Mrs. Dorset's wealth, had added that she gave large sums to the support of the Atlantic City branch of the Florence Crittenden mission.

"Indeed!" I replied. "Quite evidently she is doing her best to keep it supplied with patients." And I meant exactly what I said.

The clerk of court, when warning me against "invoking the law" for such a small sum, informed me:

"The judge is all right, of course, but when it comes to a case against one of our large hotels there's never any telling which way the cat will jump. I strongly advise you to go back to the hotel and see the manager. Maybe they will have found your contract and will be willing to pay you at the rate of sixteen a month." Then he added, as he handed me his card: "I wouldn't be surprised you'd find them with the money all counted out ready for you."

"Neither would I," I answered, keeping tight hold on the muscles of my face to prevent myself from returning his smile.

And it proved even as he said. Not only was the money ready for me but the paymaster's manner had undergone a complete change. Telling me that the manager wished to speak to me, he held open the office-door and politely ushered me in.

The manager of the Sea Foam is, or was at that time, a square-built man with red hair. As we stared at each other across the broad top of his mahogany office-table our eyes were on a level. It was quite evident that he expected to stare me out of countenance. He made a mistake. His eyes were the first to give way.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, motioning to a chair.

"Thank you. I have neither the time nor the inclination," I told him. "What is it you wish to say to me?"

"To ask you why you went to the clerk of court."

"To prove to the Sea Foam waitresses that they can force the hotel to live up to its contracts."

Then I told him of the way little Beulah had been treated. He listened as though hearing of such an incident for the first time. Judging by what I had heard it had been the policy of the hotel toward waitresses for years.

At lunch, my last meal at the Belgrave, when describing my experience I distributed copies of the clerk of court's business cards.

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"It won't do any good until we are organized," one of the older girls said. "If a few of us kick or insist on being paid sixteen instead of thirteen we'll be discharged and blacklisted. If we organize we can force up wages——"

"And cut out tips," a younger girl interrupted. "It's a darn shame for the hotels to put up their rates and expect guests to pay extra for service. It's a darn shame."

While this was going on the girls at the other end of the table had been whispering together. Now the girl at the head of the table held up her hand, signalling for silence. Then, after a glance at the adjoining table to make sure the assistant housekeeper was not listening, she informed me that she had been delegated to ask me to remain in Atlantic City and organize the waitresses, beginning with those working in the boardwalk hotels.

The request was so unexpected that for a moment I was dumb. On recovering myself I reminded them that our country was at war. So long as the war lasted we at home must keep our shoulder to the wheel. If the wheel cut into our flesh we must endure it for the sake of pushing the load to safety.

"And after the war?" the spokesman asked.

"After the war organize. Then, if you prove your consistency by refusing to take tips, the public will help you get a decent wage," I replied. And I still believe that I spoke the truth.

["At Service in a Millionaire's Family," by the same author, in the October number.]

THE POOR OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By Meredith Nicholson

IN the whole range of human endeavor no department is so hospitable to the amateur as education. Here the gates are always open. Wide is the field and many are the fools who disport therein.

Politics we are all too prone to forget between campaigns; literature and the graphic arts engage only our languid attention, and science interests us only when our imaginations are mightily stirred. But we all know how the young idea should be taught to shoot. We are either reactionaries, lamenting the good old times of the three *r's* and the little red schoolhouse, or we discuss with much gravity such weighty problems as the extension or curtailment of the elective system, or we fly to the defense or demolition of the ideas of Dewey and other reformers. It is folly not to hold opinions where no one is sure of anything and every one is free to strut in the purple robes of wisdom. Many of us receive at times flattering invitations to express opinions touching the education of our youth. Though my own schooling was concluded at the algebra age, owing to an inherent inability to master that subject or even comprehend what it was all about, I have not scrupled to contribute to educational symposia at every opportunity. Perhaps I answer the riddles of the earnest critics of education the more cheerfully from the very fact of my benightedness. When the doors are closed and the potent, grave, and reverend signiors go into committee of the whole to determine why education does not indeed educate—there, in such a company, I am not only an eager listener but, with the slightest encouragement, I announce and defend my opinions.

Millions are expended every year for the public enlightenment, and yet no one is satisfied either with the method or the result. Some one is always trying to do something for culture. It seems at times that the efforts of the women of America to increase the remnant that is amiably disposed toward sweetness and light can-

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not fail, so many and so zealous are the organizations in which they associate themselves for this laudable purpose.

A little while ago we had a nation-wide better-English week to encourage respect among the youth of this jazzy age for the poor old English language. I shall express without apology my opinion that in these free States we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken or written English. Hardly a day passes that I do not hear graduates of colleges confuse their pronouns; evil usages are so common as to arouse a suspicion that propriety and exactness of speech are regarded by many as more highly honored in the breach than the observance. And yet grammar and rhetoric are taught more or less intelligently by a vast army of overworked and underpaid teachers, according to text-books fashioned by specialists who really do try to make themselves intelligible.

My attitude toward this whole perplexing business is one of the greatest tolerance. I doubt seriously whether I could pass an examination in English grammar. A Japanese waiter in a club in my town used to lie in wait for me, when I visited the house at odd hours in search of seclusion, for the purpose of questioning me as to certain perplexing problems in grammar. He had flatteringly chosen me from the club roster as a lettered person, and it was with astonishment that he heard my embarrassed confession that I shared his bewilderment. To any expert grammarians who, inspired by this revelation, begin a laborious investigation of these pages in pursuit of errors, I can only say that I wish them good luck in their adventure. At times I do manifestly stumble, and occasionally the blunder is grievous. A poem of my authorship once appeared in a periodical of the most exacting standards with a singular noun mated to a plural verb. For proof-readers as a class I entertain the greatest veneration. Often a query courteously noted on the margin of a galley has prevented a violence to my mother tongue which I would not consciously inflict upon it.

To add to the fury of the grammar hounds, I will state that at times in my life I have been able to read Greek, Latin, Italian, and French without ever knowing anything about the grammar of either of these languages beyond what I worked out for myself as I went along. This method or lack of method is not, I believe, original with me, for there are, or have been, inductive methods of teaching foreign languages which set the student at once to reading and made something rather incidental of the grammar. This is precisely what I should do with English if I were responsible for the instruction of children at the age when it is the fashion to begin hammering grammar into their inhospitable minds. Ignorant of grammar myself, but having—if I may assume so much—an intuitive sense of the proper and effective manner of shaping sentences, there would be no text-books in my schoolroom. All principals, trustees, inspectors, and educational reformers would be excluded from my classes, and I should insist on protection from physical manifestations of their indignation on my way to and from the schoolhouse. The first weeks of my course would be purely conversational. I should test the students for their vulgarities and infelicities, and such instances, registered on the blackboard, would visualize the errors as long as necessary. The reading of indubitably good texts in class would, of course, be part of the programme, and the Bible I should use freely, particularly drawing upon the Old Testament narratives.

I should endeavor to make it appear that clean and accurate speech is a part of good manners, an important item in the general equipment for life. When it came to writing, I should begin with the familiar letter, leaving the choice of subject to the student. These compositions, read in the class, would be criticised, as far as possible, by the students themselves. I should efface myself completely as an instructor and establish the relation of a fellow-seeker intent upon finding the best way of saying a thing. If there were usages that appeared to be common to a neighborhood, or intrusions of dialect peculiar to a State or a section, I might search out and describe their origin, but if they were flavorsome and truly of the soil I should not discourage

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their use. Self-consciousness in these early years is to be avoided. The weaknesses of the individual student are only discernible where he is permitted to speak and write without timidity.

When a youngster is made to understand from a concrete example that a sentence is badly constructed, or that it is marred by a weak word or a word used out of its true sense, the rules governing such instances may be brought to his attention with every confidence that he will understand their point. My work would be merely a preparation for the teaching of grammar, if grammar there must be; but I should resent such instruction if my successor failed to relate my work to his.

I consider the memorizing of short passages of verse and prose an important adjunct to the teaching of English by any method. "Learn it by heart" seems to have gone out of fashion in late years. I have recently sat in classes and listened to the listless reading, paragraph by paragraph, of time-honored classics, knowing well that the students were getting nothing out of them. The more good English the student carries in his head the likelier he is to gain a respect for his language and a confidence and effectiveness in speaking and writing it.

Let the example precede the rule! If there is any sense in the rule the example will clarify it; if it is without justification and designed merely to befuddle the student, then it ought to be abolished anyhow. The idea that children should be seen and not heard belongs to the period when it was believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. Children should be encouraged to talk, to observe and to describe the things that interest them in the course of the day. In this way they will form the habit of the intelligent reporter who, on the way to his desk from an assignment, plans his article, eager to find the best way of telling his story. Instead of making a hateful mystery of English speech it should be made the most natural thing in the world, worthy of the effort necessary to give it accuracy, ease, and charm.

The scraps of conversation I overhear every day in elevators, across counters, on the street, and in trolley-cars are of a nature to disturb those who view with intense satisfaction the great treasure we pour into education, believing that where the investment is so generous the dividends must be proportionately large. The trouble with our English is that too much is taught and not enough is learned. The child is stuffed, not fed. Rules crammed into him for his guidance in self-expression are imperfectly assimilated. They never become a part of him. His first contacts with grammar arouse his hostility, and seeing no sense in it he casts it aside with the disdain he would manifest for a mechanical toy that refused to work in the manner prescribed by the advertisement.

THE MAGIC TOUCH

By Rhoda Hero Dunn

THE summer night was soft upon the land;
Dim shadows of the hills outlined the sky;
And from the wood a dove's unanswered cry
Uprose against Orion's shining band.
We walked in silence but each other scanned
With friendly thought and sympathetic eye;
Until, a rougher place to help me by,
I felt upon mine own thy stronger hand.
Was it the magic of the night on me?
The open fields? The quiet stars above?
That strangeness of the solitude with thee?
Or that far calling of the mating dove?
Or was it from the first ordained to be
That friendship at a touch should change to love!

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PEOPLE BY THE WAYSIDE

ANOTHER CRUISE OF THE "DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson

Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," "Beauty," etc.

WHEN Jim and I go out on the open road it pleases us not to know exactly where we are going, or when we shall get there. A destination is more troublesome than much luggage. If we have one folded up with our blankets, we find it necessary to forego many a pleasant chat by the wayside. Therefore, we usually leave our destination at home with our best clothes. They belong together!

Another joy of the road is not knowing what acquaintances we shall make, or how we shall make them. Getting acquainted with people is a dullard's adventure if you know all about them ahead of time. But if you must learn the meaning of a human being from the poise of the head, the flash of the eye, the locking of the jaws, the behavior of the fingers, and from the individual life, communicable and yet inexplicable, which animates all of these, then a meeting is an inviting hazard. With letters of introduction we may meet Mr. and Mrs. John Brown Jones Smith. Without them we may find Socrates in a general store at the crossroads, Le Penseur on a lonely hill, and Thersites and St. Francis tramping side by side along a dusty road; we may even have the good fortune to hear Confucius talking to his disciples of "poetry, history, and the up-keep of courtesy."

We enjoy the complex simplicities of pioneering in the hearts and minds of our kind. People who seem quite commonplace to themselves and to their neighbors shine for us with a light well known before there were candles, the ancient light of romance. For us they wear the plumes of knights, the caps of goblins, the haloes of saints, the garlands of delectable sinners, without ever knowing that they are clad in more than serge and gingham. And sometimes the light is reflected upon us, who seem quite commonplace to ourselves save in moments of elation. What could be more delightful to a couple well-advanced toward middle-age?

Once when we were driving home from Delaware Water Gap in Frankie Ford, the ramshackle and rakish, we were allowed to feel the radiance of this glamour upon us. The road was dusty. Great wreaths of dust whirled past us through sultry air, dimming our eyes and making our hair gritty. As for Frankie, the gray of the dust was so thick on him that only clairvoyance could have told his true color. Jim subdued him to about ten miles an hour and we rolled slowly through a small town, looking for a place where it would be possible to stop and prepare supper. Ahead of us, as far as we could see, dust was thick over the road and gray as death. By all the laws of hygiene and æsthetics it would be wrong to stop where we were for the purpose of eating. I looked about me anxiously.

Then I saw, at one side of the road, a rusty-colored, benevolent, old-fashioned house. A stubby hedge enclosed a lawn on which a hose was playing. On a veranda, in a chair tilted back against the wall, sat an old gentleman in rusty black. His feet hung limp without touching the floor. His head was sunk on his breast. I gave little thought to him then, however, for I was thinking of the lawn (how good it would be to sit on!) and of the hose (how good it would be to get under the spray!). I stepped out of Frankie. Said I to Jim:

"I'll ask that old gentleman to let us eat supper on his lawn."

Never before had we asked such a privilege. We had cooked our meals in meadows and orchards, but never on a lawn near a home. I went quickly for fear of losing courage.

"Pardon me, sir, but we have been

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travelling all day and are tired. The road is dusty. May we eat our supper on your lawn?"

The chair tilted forward and the old gentleman sat up. His spirit came back from that mazy region unexplored by youth to which old people go when they are alone. He took a good look at me and kindly amusement flickered in his eyes. He got up.

"Why, yes," he said; "come along in, come along in."

He beckoned to Jim, who whirled Frankie about and brought him to a stop beside the stubby hedge. The old gentleman hurried over to get acquainted with him. He was alert now and twinkled with activity and talk.

"Campin', eh? Well, now that's certainly fine. Nothin' better'n campin'. Got supper all ready, have you?"

"We have bread and butter," said I, "but if you would let us light our small gasoline-stove on your lawn—we won't hurt the grass—we could cook beefsteak and onions. . . ."

"Steak and onions! Just the thing! Nothin' better'n steak and onions. If I hadn't had my own supper, I'd just ask you folks to let me in on it."

He was as excited as if he were giving a party.

"Mama," he called to one of the windows at the back of the house, "Mama, let these folks in and give 'em a chance to wash at the pump on the stoop."

We came out with clean faces and clear eyes. We sat down on the cool lawn. We lighted our stove and I filled a pan with steak and onions. The old gentleman walked around us, smoking a pipe, talking volubly between puffs, and apparently delighted with his queer, uninvited guests. He told us how he used to go camping when he was a young man. But he had come home, now, home to what David Morton calls "the rooted certainties." "If my wife had liked it, we might have kept it up," he would say. That is what many men tell us when they talk with us of our adventures. And the house-bound women say wistfully, "If it wasn't for the children. . . ."

While we were still eating, one of our host's old cronies stopped beside the stubby hedge.

"Havin' a picnic, Joe?"

The old gentleman hurried over to explain, with something of the air of a Barnum, it must be admitted. He made a good story.

"These folks have travelled all over the world like this," he said, "and they're great campers."

When the time came to pack our things and put them in Frankie he did not want us to go.

"I have a grove the other side of the house," he said. "—pine-trees. Nothin' better'n pine-trees. I wouldn't ever let anybody cut 'em down. You could camp there as well as not. Just come and take a look at 'em."

Our vacation was over and we were needed at home. Otherwise we might have stayed. But although we could not do that we went and admired his "grove," half a dozen brave old trees, strong symbols of the joy of his youth, reminding him of crisp dawns and clear evenings near the earth. I wondered how many of his neighbors knew what those pines meant to him. Perhaps not a one. He had let us know because we could understand. He all but begged us to stay overnight. When we climbed into Frankie again, we left him standing beside the stubby hedge, waving his hat. Said he to Jim:

"Come again, if you're passing by this way and stay as long as you like. *I like to meet a character like you!*"

The road seemed less dusty as we drove rapidly away from the town, believing more firmly than ever in the possibility of what we call salvation by mirth. When I speak of mirth I do not mean the solemnly persistent cheerfulness of Polyanna. I mean the clean, deep, social happiness which begins out-of-doors, of which John Masefield says:

"The days that make us happy make us wise."

The days that made our old gentleman happy in his youth made him kind to strangers in his age.

Salvation by faith and salvation by deeds are as old as the Bhagavad-Gita, but salvation by mirth, which has been needed as long, may be new to some owlish philosophers, though poets understand it. Jim and I have met a few people

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on our wanderings to whom salvation by faith and salvation by deeds made no appeal. They might have accepted salvation by mirth. One of them was a fisherman.

We discovered him on the edge of the Willamette Slough, a stretch of water as sluggish as a spirit in prison. All day we had been sliding slowly over it down toward the great Columbia. At about five o'clock we began to look for a place to camp. Finally we saw a small, dilapidated house-boat moored beside a stretch of level land on which were trees. At first we did not see the owner, but when we landed we found him behind his abode.

Like a wizard of old he stood near a wide, high fire, a weird, black figure seen through the crimson of the climbing flames. Two big tins (like Standard Oil tins) stood beside the fire. From a third, in the middle of it, steam came as from the caldron of a Merlin. The wizard was a bearded man of middle-age and somewhat the worse for wear. He lacked the sinister impressiveness usually attributed to wizards by those who know them best. As we drew nearer we saw that he was cutting up bits of orange-peel, and tossing them into his caldron. He threw in, also, a handful of what looked like pickling spice—and was.

"May we camp here near your place overnight," asked Jim.

"Sure," he said; "anything you like."

We stood watching his alchemy. Curiosity overcame me.

"What is it in the tin?"

"Water boilin' for crayfish. I'm a crayfisherman."

He lifted the cover from one of the tins at the side, and showed us hundreds of "crawdads," creeping around in it.

"To-day's catch," he said. "First you catch 'em. Then you clean 'em. Then you boil 'em in salted water with peel and spices. Then you cool 'em. Then sell 'em to restaurants in Portland. Fifty cents a half dozen. Swells eat 'em. Ever try 'em?"

We admitted that we had not. Then he sat down on an old stool, picked a crayfish out of the tin full of them, found the right part of its tail, gave it a twist and a jerk, and dropped the little beast limp and wilted into the steaming tin, where it reddened as lobsters do. He worked as fast as a woman hulling berries.

"Clean 'em and kill 'em same time," he explained.

We retired as gracefully as possible from the neighborhood of his fire and built a fire of our own within sight and ear-shot. I put a pail of water on to boil, for we were to dine on a dozen ears of green corn. I stripped them of husks and while they cooked Jim did the work of camp-making. Once or twice he called out to the crayfisherman. They exchanged mild pleasantries. I began to realize that the wizard had an unsatisfied social streak in him. After watching us for a while he picked out a dozen good crayfish from his tin full of boiling ones and brought them over to us.

"For your dinner," he said. "Let 'em cool first." Then he withdrew rapidly. He was not intrusive.

When our corn was cooked Jim took four big, hot, golden ears of it over to him with a bit of butter and our compliments. He accepted them with an awkward pleasure that made us feel sure that he was unaccustomed to receiving gifts. He sat down beside his fire to eat corn and crayfish. We sat down beside ours to eat crayfish and corn. And while we were still eating the dusk deepened and we gradually lost sight of the wizard in a light river mist. It was as if he had taken the smoke of his fire and the steam from his caldron and woven a gray, magic wall of them around our camp in the trees.

We were up early the next morning, and the crayfisherman was up early, too. He was puttering around in a shabby old rowboat when Jim built our fire for breakfast. While I was cooking, he joined Jim and took him over to show him his house-boat. Later I learned how the conversation ran. Jerking his thumb over his shoulder in my direction, the crayfisherman said:

"I had a piece of calico myself once."

"What happened to her?" asked Jim.

With more than a touch of melodrama in his manner the crayfisherman threw open the door of his floating palace and pointed to an old jacket, evidently a woman's, hanging on the back of it.

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"Hern," he said. "She run away with another man."

In the clear hard light of the morning our wizard was only a lonely man! We felt vaguely sorry for him when we climbed into *The Dingbat* and pulled slowly away from the house-boat across the muddy ooze of the slough. Were we destined to hear more of him later on?

Steadily we rowed on down the slough toward St. Helens where it empties into the Columbia. Saturday came, and we were eager to get to the post-office before it closed for the week-end, because we expected important mail. So we struggled with an indifferent current until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then we stopped and made inquiries. We learned that St. Helens was not far from that point, as a cross-country walk, a matter of only two or three miles, but that it was much farther by boat because it was necessary to go around a long point of land jutting out into the water. We took counsel together and decided that I had better walk to St. Helens for the mail. *The Dingbat* would then be lighter to pull and we could meet at the town dock, whither I could go after purchasing food for supper.

I put on my slouch hat, my high, square-toed boots, my belt and the holster that held my Smith and Wesson (for protection in wild country). I set off at a good pace through wooded country, seeking St. Helens. The earth was springy under the trees, and grateful to the feet. I had been sitting still so many hours in *The Dingbat* that just to be moving was a delight. I strode along rapidly, walking as you can walk only when you have been living in the open for some time with clear skies over the top of your mind. Presently I entered St. Helens from the rear and saw the quaint little town sloping down hill toward the river. I was ruddy with health, exercise, pleasure, and sunburn. I did not stop to consider how I looked. Nor did I change my stride. I hurried on to what seemed to be an important street of the town.

The first person I saw was a nice-looking woman in an afternoon frock, white and speckless. She was carrying a letter as if she intended to mail it. I caught up with her.

"Pardon me, madam, but where is the post-office?"

She was about to answer pleasantly, I think, but before she could frame the words she took one horrified look at me. The smile stiffened on her face.

"That way," she gasped, and ran in the opposite direction, as if for her life. No doubt, after looking at my Smith and Wesson, she wondered who this strange Boadicea could be. I stood still long enough to blush for my appearance and behavior. But it was thrilling too. I, who had been born and bred to the dullness of bridge whist, and the mild delight of pink teas, was taking a Western village by storm, and putting the feminine population to flight with one glance of my fiery eyes! I knew the exultation of conquest and, for the first time in my life, sympathized with Alexander and Cæsar. But I straightened my hat, moderated my stride, subdued my expression into something more nearly ladylike, and went to the post-office for my letters. My adventures were over for that day.

It may have been the next day, or the next, that we left St. Helens and went up the Columbia with some salmon fishermen to a gravel bank where Indians used to fight long ago, and where arrow-heads are still to be found. We had luncheon together and then we all hunted for arrow-heads. The fishermen would not keep the ones they found, for they said that they lived near enough to find others at any time. They gave all they could find to us, even though they believed that the bits of shaped flint were worth good money. While we were looking for arrow-heads they told us a tale of a cray-fisherman and his bride. We wondered if it could possibly be the friendly cray-fisherman who had been kind to us. But we could not tell for we had never known his name.

They told us that he had been married to a sweet young girl from up the river, and that he had always treated her well when he was sober. But he was not always sober. He would drink with other men for the sociability of the thing. Then he would go home roaring and beat his little wife until she was in terror of her life. Finally she fled to an old friend of her father, who took her up the river to

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her mother in his boat. There she had remained. Poor child, she did not want another man.

Was it our crayfisherman, who might have accepted salvation by mirth if Fate had offered it, who was doomed to a lonely life in an old house-boat with crayfish for comrades and a woman's jacket hanging on the door? Had he talked with us freely because the need of his soul was for speech, covering the real reason for his loneliness because he was sober at the time and could not bear to look it in the face? Did he hold to the story he told because it supported his pride, and let the old jacket satisfy his need of sentiment because he must have sentiment in his life? We had no way of knowing. There were many crayfishermen. They talked as they felt.

It was not strange that he talked with us freely. The hunger of the spirit for sympathy, we have learned, is as common and as constant as the hunger of the body for food. But whereas people will seek the body's food in their own home gardens, many of them have given up hope of finding the spirit's food in their own home towns. The neediest are to be found on any wayside. They are wistful mendicants. Although they carry no begging bowls, you will not need to be told who they are if you wish to give an alms for your own soul's sake. And a Crœsus of spiritual riches, I believe, could travel the wide world over and be received in palace and hovel alike, without money or price, for the giving of this one good gift of sympathy. But it would have to be real sympathy, austere, and strong. It could not be mawkish sentimentality. It could not be a mask worn for a purpose. It would have to be akin to the sympathy of Christ, who knew this need of our kind.

People sometimes talk more freely with strangers than with their neighbors. The cherished confession is for those who will carry it far away. Our crayfisherman was exceptional only in that, being a man, his confession was tragic. Men usually regale us with tales of fights, floods, fires, and adventures. Women tell us of their sorrows—why the wee baby died of croup and how it feels to have your man out of a job. Children tell everything. All country people seem to enjoy showing their pet animals.

Once when we were driving in New York State, we stopped and asked permission to put up our tent for the night in the brookside meadow of a fine, clean-looking farm. The farmer was a big, wholesome, childlike man who gave permission rather than be surly. But he had misgivings. While he was doing his evening chores in the barnyard, he would walk over to the fence that separated it from the meadow and take many a long, uneasy look at us. Would we steal his chickens? Would we set the wood lot ablaze? He was probably wondering. I made a haphazard effort to be agreeable.

"You have a fine horse."

The trouble left his face and he grinned broadly. Perhaps we were all right, after all, if I knew a good horse. It was more than a good horse to him. It was a treasure.

"Guess how old he is," said he.

I did not know how old a horse ought to be to be right, so I was politely evasive.

"Fifteen years. Born on the place, he was. I raised him from a colt. He's a wonder. Come here, Peter."

Much to my surprise the horse walked across the barnyard to his master as a dog would have done.

"Kiss me, Peter."

Peter promptly covered the farmer's face with the wettest of wet kisses. Inwardly, invisibly, and inaudibly I shuddered. Just how much will mankind endure for affection's sake?

"He'll follow my wife around asking for sugar. He'll go to the back door for it. He don't know anythin' but kindness. Nobody else ever had him. I ain't ever let him work out. He's one of the family. He's human, he is."

I could not help wondering how many human beings in the world are like that horse in that they do not know anything but kindness. I could not help praising the intelligent beast. That established us in the regard of the farmer, his wife, and his children. Cool milk from the milk-room was brought to us and sweet apples from the bin.

Making friends with one horse is a simple matter. Making friends with the pets of a whole family takes time. We attempted it once when we were floating down the Lewis River in Washington.

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We came upon ten children, three dogs, two cows, and several pigs all in the water together near the shallow edge of the stream. (Just below that point people drank the water of the river and thought it quite pure!) The boys were wearing old overalls cut to knee length and loose, but hitched to them with most discreet "gallusses." The girls had on old dresses. The youngest children wore shreds of underwear. It was sweltering hot, and they were all blissfully happy to be sloshing about in the cool water. The cows stood knee-deep. The dogs swam after sticks. The pigs wallowed with the babies. A boy about twelve years of age, called Harry, seemed to be in charge of them all.

Jim and I had on bathing suits, for we had been swimming earlier in the day. Moved by a queer impulse, Jim cried:

"My wife will race you, Harry."

Ten pairs of human eyes, the eyes of three dogs, two cows, and several pigs all looked at me, as if to ask who I was that would dare to compete with the redoubtable Harry. I wondered myself, for I am a poor swimmer. But since Jim had made the rash challenge there was nothing for it but to tumble overboard and try, for the honor of our house. Needless to say, Harry won the race. The children seemed to like us the better for having established him the more firmly in their esteem.

We had stopped to swim. We remained to chat. We learned that there is still hope for the old English stock in Washington. The ten children were all sisters and brothers, all sturdy and happy. We wanted a picture of them, but had no film. However, they were so pleased with the idea of having their photographs taken that we promised to go back next day as photographers. We did.

We took pa with his hair slicked and his jaw locked and ma in her best dress. We took the eldest daughter of the house, married already at eighteen, with a small son about the age of her mother's youngest. We took Harry and Johnny and Tommy with their dogs. We took the youngest boy feeding the latest offspring of the pigs with a nursing bottle. We took the little girls, types of conventional pulchritude, with roses in their hands. Later we sent the finished pictures to the family, but probably we did not make them look beautiful enough, for never a word more did we hear. At the time, however, they all seemed pleased. We had a pow-wow over how fine everybody had looked, over the incipient personalities of the baby pigs and the fascinating idiosyncrasies of the dogs and cows. Then we went up to the house and pa gave us butter, bread, corn, and many cucumbers.

The sense of life's fruitfulness is one of the delights of sojourning among farmers. It makes receiving seem as blessed as giving. Or rather it transmutes both giving and receiving into one thing—sharing. A farmer can give a dozen cucumbers with a shy off-handedness that minimizes the importance of the gift and yet does not minimize the pleasure of it. He does not expect that the bread which he scatters on the waters will return to him carefully spread with the exquisite jam of worldly favors. He does not tell us that he hopes his gift will improve us. He gives no advice with it. He gives simply, as nature gives, as the best poets give, or he does not give at all. And everywhere that Jim and I have travelled among farmers this same thing is true.

When we told people in California and Oregon that we were going back to New York and expected to camp out there, they said:

"You won't find the farmers there like the ones here."

But we did. And when we told New Yorkers that we were going to tour and camp in England, they said:

"You won't find farmers there like the ones here."

But we did. And when we told the English farmers that we were going up into Scotland, they said:

"You won't find the farmers there like the ones here."

But they were wrong. My opinion is that if we sought camping sites in the blue fields of heaven, the farmers there would welcome us as they have everywhere on earth. Perhaps they would offer us ethereal butter and honey from "the angels' pale tables," of which Vachel Lindsay tells.

However that may be, I can vouch for the fact that the English farmer is as

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friendly as his kinsman in our own country, and that is saying a good deal. Once we pitched our tent on the farm of an Englishman with a voice as smooth and rich as heavy cream and hair like sunlight on waves of ripe grain. He and his wife belonged to the Salvation Army, and saw little of the conforming villagers who lived near. They were as pious as Father Æneas. And they were very kind to us through two long rainy days when we had to remain in our tent because of trouble with the engine of Rover Chug-chug. After we had made camp and while I was getting supper the first evening, they came over to see us.

The farmer was a man of few words, which was too bad, for his voice should have made him a bard. A good lyric would have been ravishing in his mouth. But all he said was "Oh-ay." He made it mean many things. By a subtle variation of sound he could ask a question with it or give an answer or make an exclamation. He could explain his universe with it. He hardly needed gesture.

His wife, who called me "Dearie" at once, was a devoted mother of half a dozen children. They all lived in a tiny cottage like four low walls hugging a big chimney. It was set in a tiny yard walled away from the meadow. Inside the wall hollyhocks and roses crowded close upon peas and cabbages. Outside, where we camped, was the free pasture of the big, clean, silky cow and of her small, absurd, spotted calf. A pool in the meadow sheltered salamanders, "hevets" the children called them. At least that is as near as I can come to spelling out their pronunciation. They thought that these salamanders were poisonous and were amazed to see Jim, who knows something of biology, take them up in his hands.

When they learned that we loved wild things they took us for a walk in their emerald meadow, and showed us the sweetest and happiest thing they knew, their treasure of treasures for the time. On a grassy slope the farmer knelt down and thrust his arm into a hole which we should never have noticed. With a look of shy pleasure he pulled out a wild baby rabbit, then another and another, till each child was holding one little furry, frightened, cuddling creature. We passed them around, gently stroking their brown, downy ears. Then the farmer carefully tucked them back into their nest in the earth. They would not be there long, he said. Poachers would soon get them.

His wife gathered a handful of homely meadow flowers for us and a bunch of delicate knot-grass which she said would be pretty in the house all winter. And on our way back to the tent, she stepped into the tiny cottage and brought us out a roll of glistening butter on a broad green leaf. When we sat down to supper on the turf that evening and saw that butter beside our crusty loaf, we thought that the only proper grace was the desire to deserve it. We slept one more night in that meadow in Somerset and in the morning said farewell. The good mother cried out to us.

"Let us know if you come by again and h'I'll put you h'up."

Her husband, standing at the gate, said; "Oh-ay."

It was good to know that we had been welcome guests. We were glad, too, that we had freed the family from the fear of salamanders! We have sometimes come upon ideas of what is poisonous that seem to be superstitions, for they appear to have little or no foundation in fact. When we camped in Canada, one summer, we were told that swimming in one of the rivers there would bring on "water poisoning."

The river was fed by sweet springs and rivulets. Salmon and trout that will not live in foul streams were plentiful in it. Yet the fishermen on the bank would not go in swimming for fear of being poisoned. They advised us not to. But the weather was hot and we disregarded their advice. Day after day we took our swim. We were not poisoned. Then came a very hot day. The men all took a chance, donned swimming clothes, went in, and came out with fairer faces. Nobody, so far as we know, was ever poisoned. I hope we broke the wicked fairy's spell.

One of these fishermen, an old man wise in the lore of the woods, who had brought down many a moose and bear in his time, was as exquisitely tactful, in his own way, as the hero of "A Hundred Collars," by Robert Frost. Tact is supposed to be a sophisticated virtue—or vice—but this

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man proved that it might also inhere in the unlettered.

He knew that Jim had been longing to take a salmon and that he had had no luck, although the river was full of them. They could not be seen from the banks because of the swirling lights in the ripples. But when we climbed up into trees and looked down we could see long streaks of silver-gray against the light sand-color of the stream's bed.

Came a morning when the old man took his old boat and his old rod and Jim's fine new reel, and pulled out into a quiet part of the river where he sat, rod in hand, for several hours. Then a strike! He began to play his fish. He knew that Jim had been watching from the bank. He feigned difficulty. He beckoned, as if he were calling for help. And so, while he played the fish back and forth and roundabout, Jim, in answer to the signal, put out from shore in our canoe, paddled up above the old man's boat, shipped his paddle, and let the canoe slide softly down. He got into the boat with the old man and pushed the canoe hard away to the right where he knew it would catch on a log boom. Then he pulled the old man's boat toward shore. When they stepped out in water thigh-deep, the salmon was still active, lashing and threshing his way through the "poisoned" waters of the river.

"Can you gaff him?" said the old man to Jim, when he began to reel in. He must have taken hundreds of salmon in his time, but he pretended to be needing help.

"I'll try," said Jim excitedly, "but I never have."

"Mebbe you'd better take the line then," said the old man, putting the reel in Jim's hands and surrendering his catch. "I'll gaff him." He took the gaff hook and waited while Jim reeled. At last, suddenly, when the salmon shot forward desperately between his very legs, he gaffed it. And in some inexplicable way Jim was made to feel that the catch was really his, and could not have been made without him!

Perhaps because we could see through to the bottom of it that salmon river was without one of the alleged "bottomless" places to be found in nearly all of our lakes and streams. At some spot known to small boys and romancing ancients almost every river and lake pours its floods through the earth to the Antipodes or draws them thence! Having listened to such tales alongshore, I used to tremble when we went gliding over waters said to be "bottomless." I did not care to sink through this perforated sphere, only to emerge, damp and bedraggled, in some foreign land where I should be unable to speak the language! Now I have learned to float upon such fabled deeps without a tremor. There must be fairy tales.

Close akin to this fiction is that of the "most treacherous river." Just as many a minor poet now writing seems to be able to find somebody to call him the "most interesting poet now using English," or words to that superlative effect, so every river on which we have ever floated is "the most treacherous river in the country." It is fortunate for the Lord and Chronos that there are people who can arrange rivers and poets in order before them. . . .

Every river on which we have ever floated is full of mysterious holes that suck at the limbs of the swimmer and dread currents that nobody can master, and rocks mightily perverse, possessed of a splendid madness, the desire to crush little boats. Scylla and Charybdis are just around the bend. It seems quite remarkable that more people escape drowning than are ever drowned. O bright blue waters, are you really traitors? What of the folly of our arms and eyes and minds? Do you really lie in wait for men's souls?

I could tell other tales of people we have met by the wayside. I could tell of a certain Pat who said of *The Dingbat*, "Sure, she'd float in a fall o' dew!" And of an old witch in a hovel near a river's edge who had been waiting three days to learn the contents of a letter which she could not read, nor answer, because she could not read or write, and of how Jim read and answered the letter for her and received a witch's blessing in broken English! I remember an engineer near Dickens' Chigwell in England, the superb height and girth of him, the rich, honest talk of him; and his wife who filled my

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hands with roses; and her modesty and gentleness. I remember a young girl in Yorkshire who wanted to meet us because we came from a country whither her lover had gone. It had been long since she had heard from him. I remember a piquant seaman who stopped Jim on a road in Scotland and tried to sell him a diamond ring. Real gold it was; he cut it with a knife to prove it. The diamond was real, too, for it would cut glass. And —he would have sold it for much, much less than it was worth, with a tale of a negro who had died on the high seas, owing him money. . . . I remember a quiet, pretty little Scotchwoman who sent us a bunch of white heather long after we had left Scotland. . . . And I shall never forget the Oregon men who helped us build *The Dingbat.*

We built it in a lumber mill on the river bank, and near us while we worked were piles of sweet yellow sawdust like grated cheese ready for the dinner of a giant, and heaps of honey-colored shavings like the fragrant curls of a giant's daughter, and bundles of planks smooth as warm-hued ivory. The mill was owned by a noble old Titan who had gone to Oregon in his youth and brought up a family of sons to match the land. They were like John Masefield's

Oregon men of six-feet-seven
With backs from Atlas and hearts from Heaven.

For three days they helped us, advised us, joked with us, and exchanged adventures with us while *The Dingbat* was building, and then they all took part in the launching and in the christening of her with the dark juice of black Oregon cherries. Even the old Titan must lend a hand though no extra hands were needed. After the launching they stood on the bank and waved shabby hats while we drifted away with the current. They were as beautiful there as trees. . . .

When Jim and I went out on that river for our first trip we wanted to forget people. Because we were poor we were failures in our small world. We had known conflicts and sorrows. It was as if we had wrestled in vain with the Hercules of the worldly mind. We were children of Antæus, worsted in our first encounter, going back to Mother Earth for strength.

And in the woods we found strength. Trees did not condescend when they looked down upon us. Sometimes they let us feel that we were as tall as they. The maple did not despise the fir, nor the fir the maple for having another way of life. Trees are too proud for vanity and give no time to wondering what others may think of their leaves. Nor is the tallest tree richer than a clump of clover. What is true of trees is as true of sun, moon, and stars, of earth, air, and water, and of all animals save only man, the sometimes splendid simian.

Yet, after all, the people by the wayside with their tragedies and superstitions, their avid need of sympathy, their blessed, overflowing kindliness, gave us as much as Mother Earth ever gave. They gave us back our faith, our joy in our kind. To all of them with whom we have broken bread and sung songs and told wild tales on many highways and waterways, to all of the people by the wayside who have befriended us for a day or an hour, our salutations and our thanks!

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TALISMAN

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. KERR EBY

I

THE grassy plot of ground around St. John's-in-the-Fields was rapidly becoming white under the continued fusillade of crisp snowflakes. Glittering particles were beginning to cling along the northern side of the slender church spire, blown hard against it by the cold wind that swept down from Greenwich Village across Canal Street to St. John's Park.

In Mr. Ezra Hallet's house—one of the stateliest among that colony of stately, prosperous houses clustered about the fashionable St. John's Park in the early thirties—lights were beginning to twinkle, for dark had fallen in a hurry on that snowy December afternoon. Through the lace-curtained fanlight of the front door a softened radiance fell on the marble steps which, flanked by wrought-iron railings that curled elegantly away on either side as though spurning contact with the plebeian pavement, led up to the generous, white-panelled entrance. Externally the mansion breathed decorum and peace. Within, a rather stormy scene was taking place. Two young people, standing on either side of the bright fireplace, were talking.

"And so you will send me to the other end of the world for two years without even a promise!" said the young gentleman bitterly, and he brought his fist down with a blow that set the prisms of the candelabra on the mantel-shelf to jingling.

"Do you think I can go off like this?—leave all my life's happiness here—unanchored? Can't you at least tell me whether you love me or not, Veronica? Don't you know your own mind?"

"Honestly, Morgan, I don't know!" murmured the young lady addressed as Veronica. "I—I always seem to be on the point of falling in love with you, but something—something stops me——"

The young man looked at her, his dark eyes sombre with disappointment.

"I suppose an heiress can take her time making up her mind. It doesn't matter—to her—how many hearts she breaks while she's doing it. There'll always be plenty of poor fools hanging around while she picks and chooses!"

The young lady threw a glance at her charming reflection in the oval gilt mirror above the chimneypiece.

"Do I look like a heartless flirt?" she demanded indignantly. Her bosom was heaving under the lace guimpe in her gown of jade green peau-de-soie that set off her creamy white skin and gold-brown hair amazingly, and her cheeks flushed with resentment.

"Forgive me, Veronica," Thorndyke spoke sulkily, "but you—you put me beside myself—make me say things I don't mean. . . . You ought always to wear jade, Veronica," he added inconsequentially. Suddenly he squared himself about and flashed a compelling glance at her.

"Look here! All I want to know is—can't you learn to love me?"

"Honestly, Morgan, I don't know," she said again, and threw out a white hand with a baffled, despairing little gesture. She was puzzled by her own insensibility. It would have puzzled most people after a look at the young man before her.

Morgan Thorndyke was tall and slender and the possessor of a masterful aquiline nose and a pair of keen, dark eyes that women could not resist. The one woman who resisted was the one woman he wanted. She was the young lady before him—Miss Veronica Hallet, and she had as handsome a nose and as fine a pair of eyes as Morgan himself. He had come to New York from Kentucky as agent for the tobacco firm of Imrie & Dumesnoy, but the scent of salt air, the sight of the merchant ships straining at their anchorage, the lure of overseas trading, had

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stirred the dormant sea-lust in his blood and quickly caused him to forsake his safe berth ashore and enter the great China house of Ezra Hallet & Co., whose warehouses stretched along South Street almost to the India docks.

Although a Kentuckian, and therefore an inlander, Thorndyke had come rightfully enough by his love for the water. One of his ancestors had married a Salem Pryce, taken her back to Kentucky, and thereafter there had appeared sporadically adventuring, seafaring Thorndykes. Morgan had revived the tradition in his generation.

In those days the big China merchants of New York sent out to their foreign houses as clerks young men of good parts and good address. They learned the mercantile business from the ground up, and had to become sufficiently acquainted with the Chinese language to put advantageous contracts over on the hong merchants, and with as urbane and guileful a ceremonial as the Oriental's own.

There was honor and responsibility attached to such clerkships, but no great emoluments. Thorndyke had come back after two years, for his first vacation, with a large experience of men and affairs, a firm belief in himself, very little money, and the unaltered determination to marry Veronica Hallet. He had fallen in love with her the first time he had seen her. He had gone up to Mr. Hallet's mansion in St. John's Park to get his orders for the Canton house—he was sailing for China that afternoon—and during the two years following he never forgot that first sight of her as she came into her father's library, nor his decision, made instantly, to marry her on his next leave home.

So far he had failed in his aim and his vacation was over. He was to sail the following morning in the brig *Sylph*, Captain Josiah Pelham, for another two years in the Orient. He had not even obtained Veronica's promise to marry him later, when he could better afford it. He looked around the rich room, into which she fitted so admirably, with something like despair.

"Is it because I'm poor?" he demanded, and then, without waiting for an answer, he went on eagerly: "because if that is all, believe me, Veronica, I shall soon be rich enough to give you most of the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. I've made a name for myself. When I've made a fortune I'm going back to Louisville to live, and I'll buy you the finest house in the city. There'll be no one can outshine you. Horses, carriages, everything that my trading ventures enable me to afford, shall be yours——"

Veronica held up a slim, white hand.

"Trade!" she exclaimed scornfully. "It seems to me I hear nothing but 'trade,' Morgan!"

For an instant Thorndyke gazed at her, dumfounded.

"Heaven save the mark! Surely you are not going to object to 'trade,' Veronica! Your father is in 'trade,' and what more honorable calling is there than that of a great merchant, such as he? Wasn't it 'trade' that has brought you your fortune?—that enables you to live in such luxury?—to wear such fine clothes?"

Veronica had the grace to blush.

"What can I say to make you understand me, Morgan?" She rose impetuously and faced the young man. "I hardly understand myself—how can I express it? It is only," she struggled with the half-formed thought, "it is only that I miss something—something wonderful—something that will touch my imagination, my heart! You speak always as though you would buy me and my love. You want to bring me only money out of this fabulous East—not romance, not magic! I don't want money—I want something—else."

Thorndyke looked at the puzzled, glowing girl before him. He had never seen her so beautiful, so desirable. Trade did, indeed, seem a gross thing beside this palpitating, eager creature. He must bring her some iridescent bit of the glamour of the East, some tangible proof of the romance of his calling, before he could hope to appeal to her imagination and her heart. Here was a problem more difficult than any his business ventures had ever presented.

He realized with a sudden, illuminating flash, that with men and women the awakening of love is a reversed process—with men, the greater sentimentalists, the first appeal is to the heart. Some trick of

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feminine eyes or lips, some movement of dependence or withdrawal, and his heart is aflame, and thereafter his imagination. But with women, the greater idealists, the treasure of her love is only given to the hero of her dreams.

He looked at Veronica. "And if I bring you that something—else, will you love me, Veronica?" he asked slowly.

"Try me!" she breathed. Then she gave him her fingers to kiss and a flower she had worn in her belt, and he flung himself out of the house into the storm.

In the morning he was aboard the *Sylph* bound for the China Sea.

Ten days afterward, by one of those mysterious processes familiar to the feminine mind, Veronica realized that she cared a good deal more for Morgan Thorndyke than she had supposed. A strange restlessness possessed her. The knowledge that by her own act she had sent him from her for two years and more was not a pleasant reflection. But there was no recall. It was before the days of ocean cables and P. & O. steamers, and there was nothing to do but wait with what patience and cheerfulness she could summon for his return. She had need for both when, at last, he did come back.

II

Prince Huen Cheng loitered in his new tea-house. It was the last and most costly ornament of his incomparable gardens, and rose airily above the side of the gray stone wall that enclosed the palace grounds. Below the wall the land rolled steeply down to the banks of the broad Cho-Kiang. Looking toward the palace, Prince Huen could get a comprehensive view of his gardens' beauty. Age-old shrubbery and trees, winding walks, tinkling rivulets spanned by exquisite arched bridges, grottoes, moss-green foliage nestling against gray stone in the amber sunlight of the late afternoon—even the jaded senses of Prince Huen Cheng thrilled a little at so much loveliness.

He waved a supple hand garden-wards. "A fair scene," he said to the Princess Tai-lo beside him.

"Yes," murmured the princess in a low voice. She, who could be so arrogant to others, was submissive enough before Prince Huen Cheng. There was a frightened look in the eyes she turned upon her husband. He was so big, so cruel!

"Almost as fair as the Princess Tai-lo," continued the prince slowly, and for an instant he fixed upon her a glance wherein passion, contempt, and proprietory satisfaction were curiously blended. The exquisite, flower-like beauty of the princess was ample provocation for the sentiment of proprietory satisfaction at least. Contrary to custom, there was no paint upon the rounded, youthful cheeks. Only the curved lips blazed scarlet in the creamy pallor of the face. Above the smooth forehead masses of blue-black hair were piled and held in place by jewelled pins. Hands slender, useless, indescribably lovely, lay idly upon the rustic balustrade of the tea-house. Her dress was as rich in beauty as her person. The silken stuff of which it was made was thickly embroidered, while about her neck there hung one gorgeous jewel—a delicately carved amulet of that rare jade where three colors, white, green, and violet, blend in perfect harmony. Every day since Prince Huen had given it to her it had lain there against her white neck.

He looked at it now with mingled feelings of pleasure and resentment. By its magic power it had undoubtedly procured him the devotion of the most beautiful princess in the Middle Kingdom. On the other hand, it had cost a fortune. The amulet had been one of the most treasured possessions of the great temple of Tai-Shan, and the wily priests, protected by their religion, had been difficult to bargain with. Prince Huen Cheng was not temperamentally fitted to encounter difficulties. Even yet he writhed a little at the remembrance of how he had been worsted. His only consolation was that, in the end, he had forced Canqua, the rich hong merchant, to pay for it—as he would have to pay for other princely luxuries. Huen Cheng turned his eyes from his wife and gazed thoughtfully out over his wonderful gardens, newly and expensively beautified.

A cool wind from the broad river stirred the gold balls that fastened his silken coat. On the far side of the Cho-Kiang

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the city of Canton lay spread out to his view. In the foreground, along the river bank, stretched the great hong "factories"—business places of the Chinese merchants who, under the "protection" of various mandarins, princes, and the powers at Pekin were allowed to do business with foreign merchants. For this rich privilege they paid tribute to their overlords, as might be expected. They, in turn, constituted themselves the "protectors" of the foreign merchants, and exacted tribute, too. It was a vicious circle, unbroken by all parties for the sake of the great profits accruing.

Prince Huen Cheng gazed with especial pleasure upon the great hong belonging to Canqua, richest of all the co-hong merchants, whose "protector" he was. There was solid satisfaction in the sight of that vast storehouse of treasure. From it he had extracted at various times fabulous sums—a pleasing operation that could be repeated on future favorable occasions.

He turned slightly in the direction of the princess.

"I have sent for Canqua to discuss some important business. You had best go to your apartments."

The princess arose with alacrity and moved away. Half-way to the palace she encountered a servant conducting the old merchant through the garden to the tea-house. He stood with bowed head while the princess passed, but his lowered eyes contrived to take in the minutest details of her magnificence and beauty. Especially did he note the wonderful jade amulet on the white neck.

At the tea-house Canqua made a deep obeisance. The prince welcomed him affably—too affably, thought Canqua with misgivings. These commanded visits, these sudden professions of friendship, portended calamity to the rich merchant.

"Enter, Canqua!" said the prince. "I have sent for you to show you my new gardens," and again he waved a hand in the direction of his lovely possessions. "A fair scene," he said in his smoothest tones, "fair—and costly. But what more admirable way is there of spending money than on gardens?" demanded the prince reflectively. He laughed a little in his throat and gave an amused, sidewise glance at Canqua's disturbed countenance.

"For Prince Huen Cheng nothing can be too costly," murmured Canqua.

"Just my thought," said the prince quickly. "The fact that I can't pay for all this," he sighed a little, "did not, of course, alter my determination to have it."

Canqua looked thoughtfully at a charming miniature pagoda that struck squarely across his line of vision. It were best to come to the point at once, he told himself.

"And may I ask—just how does your honorable Highness expect all this to be paid for?"

Prince Huen Cheng laughed again. This time there was not only amusement but menace in his laughter.

"Ah," he said softly, "I leave that to my honorable—and rich—friend, Canqua!"

"Your servant is greatly honored." The old merchant's voice was incredibly suave, but the sweat had broken out on his forehead, and the flame of hatred for Prince Huen Cheng in his tired heart blazed higher. "I am hard pressed at present, however—money is very difficult——"

"But possible," interrupted the prince pleasantly.

Canqua drew a fan from the brilliant fan case that hung at his left side and waved it gently. What was the use of struggling he asked himself. He was caught as in a vise. He had been "squeezed" before and would be again. The last time it had been for the wonderful jade amulet. Ten thousand taels! An insane sum, but the priests had been obdurate and the prince had insisted on having it to give to the lovely Tai-lo. What the prince, his protector, insisted on had to be.

Canqua shrugged his thin shoulders. Well, he in his turn, as sponsor for the American hong firm of Ezra Hallet & Co., would insist on extremely advantageous terms in the tea contract pending for the *Nereïd*, due to sail in two weeks. But the agent of the firm, young Mr. Morgan Thorndyke, was a hard man to get the better of, he reflected. Canqua admired the "barbarian's" astuteness and envied

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him his youth. He himself was growing old. What good, he asked himself drearily, did the possession of fifty million taels do him at the end of a lifetime of financial struggle, of princely blackmail? But to lose in those struggles, to resist that blackmail, meant certain ruin. He would go to the American hong to-morrow and conclude the tea contract.

While he was thinking the prince was talking—talking in his mellow voice that glided over the throaty words like water over smooth pebbles.

"The princess is as delighted as I am with the costly improvements in the gardens. In particular does she fancy this tea-house. She comes every day alone to spend the hour of sunset here—her 'golden hour' she calls it. You are, of course, gratified to contribute so greatly to the princess' happiness?" inquired the prince solicitously.

Canqua stood up and made a deep obeisance.

"Can your honorable Highness doubt it?" he asked submissively, but the flame of hatred in his heart was mounting higher and higher. "Much honor does the princess confer on the tea-house by her daily presence. May all her days be as one! And now, if your Highness will tell me the number of taels—" and he waited impassively while Prince Huen Cheng named a sum that made Canqua, used as he was to such extortions, tremble with indignation.

But it was worse than useless to complain, as he told Morgan Thorndyke the next day when they met by appointment in the council-room of the American hong to sign the contract for the *Nereïd's* cargo of tea. Perhaps it was the glass of "samshoo," drunk standing, in honor of the completed negotiations, that loosened Canqua's tongue and made him talk of his affairs, perhaps it was the fact that he could express himself in his native Cantonese, which the young American understood and spoke well.

"Much trouble would he cause me were I to protest," said Canqua, and he shrugged his thin shoulders after the fashion he had.

Morgan felt an odd sympathy for the patient little yellow man. Beneath all his stereotyped Oriental flim-flam he sensed that the old merchant liked him for himself.

"You ought to have told him to go to the devil!" he said.

Canqua shook his head resignedly.

"You're an honest merchant and a confoundedly decent chap, Canqua," pursued Morgan, "and I hate to see you put upon."

"You my very good, number one friend," Canqua smiled appreciatively.

"You ought to get even with the prince some way or other," grumbled Morgan.

Canqua raised a yellow hand. "I—I had thought of that, honorable elder brother." He looked at the handsome young man before him. "I hope you marry soon and have many sons to worship at your grave." He bowed low.

Morgan smiled, then flushed. Some strange impulse took him by the throat and shook unwonted confidences out of him.

"I have no 'Fung Shuy'—no luck—Canqua. In our country we marry only for love, and the girl I love doesn't love me!" He looked out at the bright garden and the coolies at work and sighed.

The old man regarded Morgan for a long minute.

"That is not well," he said at length. "Would that my ten thousand taels had bought the magic amulet for you instead of for the Prince Huen Cheng!"

Morgan looked up quickly. "The magic amulet?" he asked, "what is that?"

"The most famous piece of jade in the Middle Kingdom, cunningly carved by the great artist Mah-ya and blessed supremely by the goddess Kwan-yin. Within the stone three colors burn softly, bringing to its owner the three greatest gifts of love—possession, fidelity, happiness. Who gives it to the lady of his heart shall win and keep her there forever." Canqua smiled mistily at Morgan, whose eyes had taken on a strange look.

"You bought it—for Huen Cheng?"

"Yes—to give to the beautiful Princess Tai-lo. She wears it always—always about her white throat."

There was silence. Suddenly Morgan leaned across the teak-wood table and looked hard into Canqua's eyes. And then he said a strange thing:

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"Where can a 'barbarian' see that white throat?"

"Every day at sunset the Princess Tai-lo sits alone in the new tea-house of the palace gardens." The words were scarcely audible.

"Ah!" Morgan sank back in his chair. "But—it is not permitted for foreigners to row up the river and land on the other side."

"Who shall dare interfere with Canqua's own chop-boat, rowed fast by his own boys?" asked the old merchant, and he gave Morgan a level look between the eyes. He rose to go, moving quickly to the door. Again he made a deep obeisance.

"May all your days be as one!" he said softly.

III

THE Princess Tai-lo was singing to herself. The bare walls and floor of the rustic tea-house gave back her golden tinkle of a voice with a mellow resonance distinctly pleasing to the princess.

"White gleam the gulls across the darkling tide,
On the green hills the scarlet flowers burn;
Alas! I see another spring has died—
When will it come, the day of my return?"

sang the princess. The melancholy words of the immortal Tu-Fu fell from her lips like the petals of a dying flower.

Suddenly she thought she heard a noise. She turned her charming head and looked over the side of the tea-house. A man was clambering up the green slope. He was almost at the tea-house. He raised his head and they looked into each other's eyes. The Princess Tai-lo's three-stringed lute clattered to the floor. A light spring and the intruder was beside her.

"A thousand pardons," said Morgan. "I hope I have not frightened you," and he stooped to pick up the fallen instrument.

For a moment the princess stood transfixed with astonishment at his appearance and the fact that he spoke her language, and in that moment she was lost. According to every tradition of her country and her class she should have left him instantly. But women did not leave Morgan instantly. He first piqued their curiosity, then their interest, then——

"Who are you?" asked the princess.

"An American from the hong, and very much at your Highness' service," said Morgan, and he bowed low.

The scarlet lips of the princess parted in a smile over the small, pearl-like teeth. Morgan thought her extraordinarily beautiful, and while he thought his eyes travelled from the scarlet mouth and firm, rounded chin to the slender neck. Around it was a dull-gold chain from which hung, cool and seductive against her white breast, the famous jade amulet. It was a thing of fragile loveliness, polished, faintly tinted, delicately carved with strange, graceful symbols, whose meaning Morgan ignored but the beauty of which drew from him a sharp exclamation of surprise and delight.

The princess raised one perfect hand to her throat where a strange pulse was beating.

"If—if my servants should find you here you are lost," she breathed slowly.

"What matter, since I have seen the beautiful Princess Tai-lo?" said Morgan, and he lifted his dark eyes to hers again.

She bowed with a soft rustling of her silken gown. Her heart beat furiously. Never had the prince spoken to her like that! She shuddered a little at the thought of her husband. If all "barbarians" were like this one—! Then she lifted her eyes to Morgan's and she found them as hard to resist as other women had.

"I go now," she said with dignity and moved toward the entrance of the tea-house.

"And shall I never see the Princess Tai-lo again?" There was a world of regret in Morgan's low voice.

The princess stepped out of the rustic tea-house to the garden path. Then she stopped and looked back over her shoulder at Morgan.

"Every evening at sunset, I come—alone," she whispered, then moved swiftly away. Morgan looked after the princess in her precipitate retreat, then, with a little smile, vaulted lightly over the side of the tea-house and half ran, half slid down the steep green slope to the river's bank where Canqua's boat lay, waiting for him.

That night Morgan dreamed of Veron-

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ica. She was dressed in an embroidered green silk gown, and about her white throat hung a wonderful jade amulet.

The Princess Tai-lo sat in the rustic tea-house and waited. She had given strictest orders that no one was to disturb her "golden hour." Nevertheless, she waited in terror lest the prince or some forgetful servant should pass that way and see Morgan—and in still greater terror lest Morgan himself should not come. Every day for two weeks had she so sat and waited, and on only three days had Morgan disappointed her. On those three days a strange, restless despair had seized her. Her world had turned dark. The very flowers had lost their color. A terrified feeling of misery, against which she fought in vain, had taken possession of her. On the other eleven days as unreasoning a sensation of rapture, of tranquillity, had flooded her whole being.

The evening before Morgan had not come. To-day her nerves were taut with the tension of waiting and the anguish of disappointment. Life had come to be a thing of moods, of strange terrors and still stranger delights. That she should love a "barbarian"! Besides the humiliation there was the danger of it, too. Not for herself—she was past caring for that, but to *him*. In the last week she had fancied once or twice that the prince had regarded her curiously. Was he conscious of some change in her? She struck her hands together sharply. Beneath the rice powder her face turned white. She stretched an arm along the top of the rustic bench and leaned her head upon it.

"Where can a 'barbarian' see that white throat?"—Page 342.

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"Shall I not see thee to-day, oh, thou sun of my heart?" she asked herself despairingly. "Of what avail the dawn if it ushers not in another day in which thou shalt pour light into my darkened soul?" Two tears rolled down the white cheeks of the princess.

"Love is waiting outside the shut window of my heart. Open, open it, I pray, my lord!"

Tai-lo gathered her feet under her gorgeous silken robe, took her arm off the back of the bench and lay, face downward, upon it. She looked like a broken butterfly.

Suddenly she heard a sound which made her heart beat fast. She looked over the side of the tea-house. Morgan was climbing up. He moved wearily and there was a sombre look on his face. The reproaches which unhappiness had forced to her lips died at sight of his disturbed countenance. He vaulted over the side of the tea-house and bowed low to Tai-lo, who sank in a graceful prostration before him. He raised her up, took her two beautiful hands in his and kissed them, one after the other.

"Why art thou so late?—and what has happened to make thee sorrowful?" asked the princess. She seated herself on the bench and motioned Morgan to sit beside her.

Morgan shot her an uneasy glance.

"I am much flattered that a beautiful princess should notice whether I am grieved or not."

Tai-lo regarded him gravely.

"My first question thou hast not answered—why art thou so late? The sun has set. Almost it is time for me to go to the palace."

"I am late because I have been very busy. I leave to-morrow," said Morgan slowly.

The princess' heart missed a beat.

"Leave?" she interrogated and gave him a fluttering glance from frightened eyes.

"Yes," said Morgan. "I've been out two years and more this time, and I am going to sail to-morrow for a vacation, home."

There was silence for a moment. "Art thou glad to go?" Tai-lo spoke very low.

"Yes," said Morgan. "There is,"—his voice was a little husky—"there is some one there I very much want to see."

The darkening sky reeled above Tai-lo's lovely head. A faint numbness crept along her veins which, only a moment before, had seemed on fire. With a supreme effort at self-control she looked at Morgan.

"Is it that you love that some one?" she asked steadily.

"Yes." His lips could hardly form the word.

"Ah," she said with a little soft intaking of the breath, and Love, who had waited outside the Princess Tai-lo's heart, turned away with folded wings.

"And she—she loves you, too, of course!" Tai-lo achieved a smile. Beneath the scarlet paint Morgan could see how pale her lips were.

He shook his head. "No," he said, "she does not."

The princess stared at him, incredulous.

"That is not possible—you do not mean it."

"I do mean it—she does not love me," said Morgan. And then he shot his bolt. "I wish," he said slowly, "that I knew how to make her."

For a long minute the Princess Tai-lo looked at the young man before her. Then she raised her lovely hands to her throat and unclasped the golden chain upon which hung the amulet of jade.

"This will make her. Take it—give it to that fortunate maiden. I know its power. Did it not make me love even Prince Huen Cheng? But by faithlessness and treachery he broke the charm." She laid a slim hand on the broad, rolling collar of Morgan's coat, turned it back and slipped the jewel into an inner pocket.

The young man's heart gave an exultant leap. All the magic and glamour of the East lay imprisoned upon it. The barrier of Occidental scepticism wavered and broke before such an appeal to the imagination, the senses. With such a talisman could he not, in reality, win Veronica's love? His stirred pulses answered "yes."

He looked at Tai-lo and suddenly his exultation dropped from him. Her head drooped upon the slender neck as though it had received some mortal hurt. A sudden sense of guilt shook him. What had

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But, as if conscious of the danger her hidden eyes did not see, she but clung the closer to him.—Page 346.

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he done? He had attained his object, but at what a cost to the woman before him! He had sacrificed her relentlessly, heartlessly. Every instinct of manliness in him rose up and reproached him. What though she were not of his race?—his color? She loved him, she was beautiful, she was a princess. And what might not be the consequences to her of her superb generosity?

"But you—?" he stammered. "What may not happen to you if——"

"It will be death," interrupted the princess calmly.

"I will go at once. I should never have come. Forgive me if you can!"

He raised his hand to take the amulet from its resting-place, but Tai-lo, divining his purpose, caught it in both of hers.

At the unaccustomed touch of his fingers all her restraint, her delicate hauteur, her philosophy were swept away, leaving her defenseless against the overwhelming power of love. With a quick movement of abandonment she turned and, putting an arm about Morgan's neck, laid her lovely head down close against his shoulder.

"Shall I not give thee thy desire, lord of my heart? Death were a small price to pay for that dear privilege! Of what use is life to me—now?" She breathed rather than spoke the words.

Morgan could not see Tai-lo's face. He could only listen and marvel at the sacrifice her woman's heart was ready to make for him—a sacrifice which, he told himself, nothing could ever make him accept. And in that moment, when she lay like some bright flower on his breast, there came a sound which made him raise startled eyes.

A huge form towered above him, a round yellow face, distorted with rage, was pressed close to his and a dagger glittered in an uplifted hand. An exclamation of dismay burst from Morgan's lips and he tried to push Tai-lo away. But, as if conscious of the danger her hidden eyes did not see, she but clung the closer to him and the next instant the dagger, which had sought Morgan's breast, had buried itself beneath Tai-lo's quivering shoulder.

For a second her filming eyes sought his, the next she would have fallen lifeless had he not held her fast in his arms. He leaped to the rustic bench, and as he did so he felt a sharp thrust in his side and a stinging pain tear its way across his left cheek from eye to chin. Darkness closed over him and Tai-lo slipped from his arms. With a faint cry of pain he pitched forward, senseless, over the side of the tea-house and rolled headlong down the steep incline.

IV

It was six days before Morgan came out of the fever brought on by his wounds. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a cabin of the *Nereïd*, ploughing eastward through the China Sea, with the ship's surgeon, old Doctor Bramhall, bandaging his aching side.

"You've had a close call, my boy," said the doctor. "What the devil were you doing in Prince Cheng's gardens?" and he smiled sardonically at Morgan. "If it hadn't been for the faithfulness of Canqua's boatmen you wouldn't be here."

"Tell me—all," whispered Morgan faintly.

"After waiting for you a long time, the men became uneasy and three of them went in search of you. They found you, with these pretty evidences of Prince Huen Cheng's friendship on you, lying in a little hollow of land not far from the landing. They put you in the boat, rowed like the devil, and sent for Canqua as soon as they got you to the hong.

"It was judged wisest by us all to get you away as soon as possible, so you were carried aboard the *Nereïd*—she had her clearing papers—and we put to sea at once. The American hong didn't want any complications on your account, of course, and already Canton was agog over Tai-lo's death at the hands of Prince Huen Cheng. I've heard she was a beauty, but good God! what do you mean, boy, by fooling around her? Don't you know what that sort of thing means in this part of the world?"

Morgan closed his eyes in despair. Suddenly he opened them wide.

"The—the amulet?" he managed to say.

"You mean that fancy piece of jade? Canqua found it in one of your pockets. He went through them himself. I swear

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Drawn by H. Kerr Eby.

"She gave it to me—for you, Veronica."—Page 348.

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the old heathen acted as though he expected to come across something of the sort. At any rate when he found it he put it carefully in this box and told me to give it to you the moment you got your wits back. He seemed to set great store by it."

The doctor leaned forward and from a shelf above the bunk took a small lacquer box and put it in Morgan's hands.

"I'll dress your cheek again to-morrow. You'll have a scar there for the rest of your life, boy," he said grimly and rose. "And now go to sleep."

Three months later the *Nereïd*, driven before a cold wind, sailed up New York Bay and dropped anchor at the Trident wharf. A heavy snow was falling, and as Morgan made his way up to Mr. Hallet's house in the park he thought the scene had changed as little as his heart since he had left it, almost three years earlier. Had Veronica's heart changed? That was the question he kept asking himself.

She came into the drawing-room dressed in the same green peau-de-soie she had worn that last night when she had bidden him good-by. But, manlike, he didn't notice it and wouldn't have known what it meant if he had. He was looking only at her eyes, which were shining. She was more beautiful than ever, he thought, but he was no longer afraid of her.

"Veronica, I've come back and I've brought you—something," and he took from his pocket the jade amulet and held it out to her.

Veronica gave a cry of delight. "How beautiful! What is it, Morgan?" she asked breathlessly.

"It is a little piece of the glamour and the magic of the East which you so coveted, Veronica. It is a talisman, and I warn you, whoever wears it will love the giver. Will you wear it, Veronica?"

Veronica looked down at the gleaming stone. She touched it lightly with her pink finger-tips.

"How—how did you come to possess it, Morgan?"

"The most generous woman in the world gave it to me."

"Who?" asked Veronica stonily.

"The Princess Tai-lo. She loved me beyond words, beyond measure. She loved me—me who had been cruel to her—enough to die for me. More than that—she loved me enough to give me, in dying, this charm by which to win the love of the woman I adore. She gave it to me—for you, Veronica."

Veronica looked again at the wonderful jewel lying in the palm of her hand. And suddenly the sight of it crystallized into love all that she had felt for Morgan during the years that had separated them. It awoke in her a passion of jealousy. The evidence that another had loved him, set her heart on fire. The thought that that woman, by her supreme self-sacrifice, had won his eternal gratitude, turned it to ice. For the rest of her life, she told herself, she would have to struggle to eclipse the memory of that other woman's devotion of which this jewel was the concrete and exquisite proof. She shivered at the thought of how nearly she had lost the man she loved.

She turned slowly to Morgan and smiled divinely at him. In her outstretched hand lay the talisman.

"I will wear it, Morgan!" she said.

They looked deep into each other's eyes, and then Morgan took the jewel and with a gesture of authority hung it around the white neck where, in fancy, he had so often seen it.

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Courtesy of Y. W. C. A.

A supper for business girls at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters, Tokyo.

JAPAN'S NEW WOMAN

By Emma Sarepta Yule

Author of "Filipino Feminism"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE New Woman is in Japan, distinctly there, and there to stay. *Atarashi onna* (the new woman) is a current phrase coined for the times even as *narakin* (new millionaire) was minted to designate those who cannily grasped war's opportunities. Though a product of the period, *atarashi onna* is no whim, no fad. She is serious, earnest. The revered pioneer, Susan B. Anthony, was never more so. While Japan's new woman can scarcely be called belligerent, it is to be remembered that the samurai spirit never flamed less hot, less fierce in the feminine heart than in the masculine in Nippon, and if conditions should warrant—well, she would need no instruction from abroad. Just now, she is not exactly militant, but panoplied for war.

Some embattled fisherwomen in 1919 made the first strictly feminine militant move in the history of Japan, when they started a near-riot in protest against the high cost of rice. A shuddering gasp went through the Land of the Gods. The thing was so unwomanlike, so unheard-of, and for Japanese women to act so like foreign barbarians, it was shocking! These sturdy fighters for their right to sustenance without supporting food profiteers were not, by any means, *atarashi onna*. They were just village women who were asserting, in the only way they knew, their right to life, with no mention of the pursuit of happiness. A strike in a girls' school tells that assertion is not restricted to illiterate fisherwomen. Strikes in boys' schools are too common for comment, but for young girls!—well may heads wag in woful interrogation as to the future.

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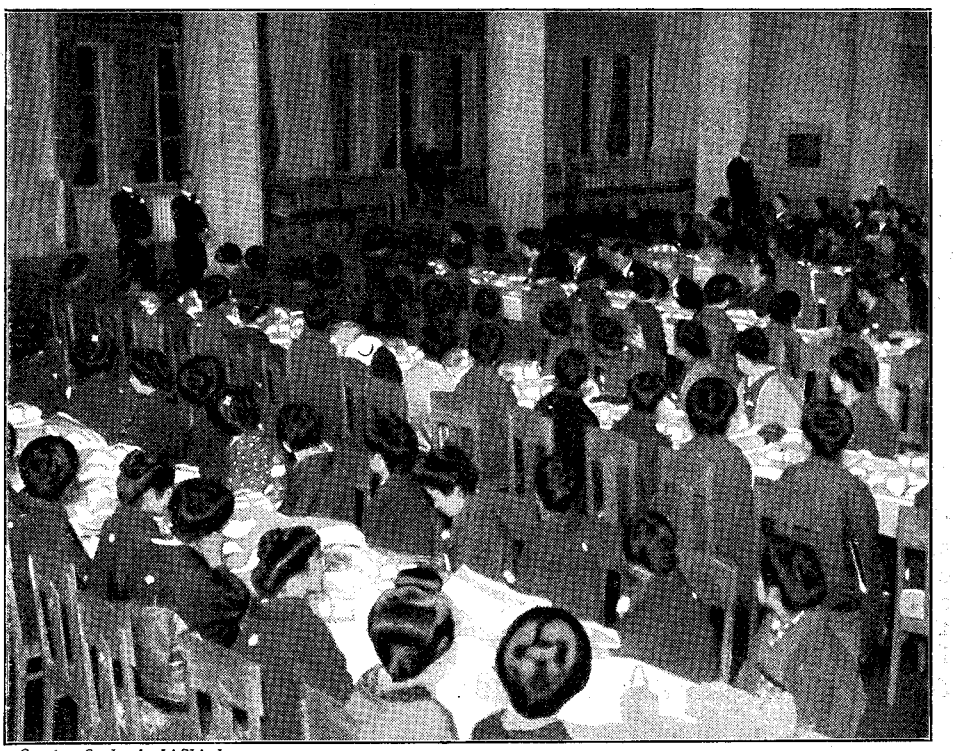

Courtesy Osaka Asahi Shimbun.

The banquet, Woman's Convention, Osaka, November, 1919.
An interesting study of coiffure, new and old style.

The old text-book, "The Greater Learning for Women," which has been, for three hundred years or more, not only the cornerstone but the whole foundation, and very often the whole structure, of a girl's education, is in imminent danger of being laid away on those shelves which for the past half-century have received so many of the formative forces of Old Japan. This "Greater Learning," is a curious preachment of the blue-laws variety, and admirable for its purpose. On reading it one finds the explanation of the Japanese woman as known for the past half-century by the West; her status is accounted for. "Greater Learning" is not a book of precepts which Japanese girls idly glance through, or perhaps read once, cursorily. It is a literal text-book still in use in schools, and taught faithfully by all dutiful mothers and put in practise by all dutiful daughters. This text compiled solely for woman's ethical training—has any other country the like? —teaches that the be-all and end-all of woman is to obey and serve her father-in-law, mother-in-law, and husband in the order named, "even if thy father-in-law and mother-in-law be pleased to hate and vilify thee." Nice country, Japan, for those two widely unpopular "in-laws"! It is more incumbent upon a girl than upon a boy to receive with all reverence parents' instructions. "The only qualities that befit a woman are gentleness, obedience, chastity, mercy, and quietness." Should her husband act unreasonably, she must compose her countenance and soften her voice to remonstrate with him; she must never set herself up against her husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice. "A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself." Always woman must be submissive to man, first to her father, then to her husband and his parents, then to her son. Her only chance to get even is as a mother-in-law. Is it any wonder that

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Japanese novels find the mother-in-law so fruitful a source of domestic tragedy? Never comedy.

From this code of strangling thou-shalts and thou-shalt-nots, which for so many, many generations has controlled their daily life, it is a long leap to a mammoth convention of women which met in Osaka in November, 1919, to, as one delegate said, "tell what was in their minds and thoughts."

This convention was a piece of newspaper enterprise. The masterly way Japan's new woman used this opportunity is its own comment on her wide-awakeness. The newspaper, which not only started the project but carried it through, including the regulation banquet, made all arrangements, bore all expenses, and expected fifty delegates. Two hundred came! Seven thousand women from southern and western Japan gathered in the convention hall. Women effected both the temporary and permanent organizations. Man's public part was limited to speeches made by two men invited by the convention. The trend of the feminine platform eloquence, which was singularly free from rant, revealed what was "in their minds and thoughts." One woman made it very clear in her speech that a great need is similar teaching for boys and girls both at home and at school. Boys, she maintained, should not be taught to be dominant, mayhap domineering, and girls to be submissive. To serve is not the chief end of woman. In no equivocal phrases did she denounce the simplified, diluted text-books for girls now used in the schools. Another speaker pleaded for changes in the housekeeping, indeed for the whole régime of the home. The Japanese housewife's duties are complex, manifold, hemmed in and burdened by customs and manners that are the accumulation of centuries. This speaker showed that many were utterly useless, they added to no one's comfort or happiness, only consumed time and energy that should be spent in self-

Doctor Y. Yoshioka, founder and director of the Tokyo Medical School for Women.

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improvement and in real service to the community. It was a strong, sane plea.

These two speeches give the key-note of Japan's new woman's position. She desires fundamental changes that will in time give her a larger part in the game of life; she also desires training that will give her a chance to do a little star playing.

Atarashi onna is not an expression heard throughout Japan. The millions of women still follow without question the precepts of "Greater Learning," unconscious of the new ferment injected into the life of their kind. It is in the capital, in Kobe, Osaka, Yokohama, and restrainedly in temple-jewelled Kyoto, that Japan's new woman is at her image-breaking and wedge-driving. Even in Tokyo, the culture-ground of movements, she is moderate in her demands, she wants only a chance to live a reasonable life. She is not in any way spectacular. She may, in time, resort to the extraordinary, for the conventionalities that she must overcome were laid down by decree, and have become petrified by the deposits of tradition.

Confucius is not to be credited with a keen sense of justice in the precepts for woman's actions laid down by him. One feels inclined to believe that the custom, practised in olden times if not now, of letting the new-born girl baby lie on the floor for three days emanated from the Sage of Shantung. "Greater Learning" states that this custom teaches "that man may be likened to heaven and woman to earth. Hence, woman should in everything yield to her husband the first place and be content with the second." Placid Buddha, sitting on his lotus leaf, appears always to have considered woman fit only for a handmaiden, an inferior sort of creation, unworthy serious consideration, not a candidate for Nirvana. Just possibly they had pestered him in his early days of meditating with chatter and fussiness. As meditaters, women seem not to have attained eminence in any country, in any period of history. These two imported religions have for thirteen hundred years or more had an enormous deal to do with the tenets of the teaching of Japan's women. The indigenous religion of the country, Shintoism, became so diluted and amalgamated with these doctrines from China that even merry Ama-terasu, the Shinto Sun-Goddess, who had much curiosity, could sulk, and was delightfully vain—in short, wholly feminine—was shoved into a place of high honor but not recognized as good for daily home influence. It was before Confucius's and Buddha's maxims reached Japan that the great Empress Jingu lived. Had she lived later her mind would have done the directing from behind a screen, not at the head of gorgeously caparisoned warriors or on the prow of a battleship headed for the first conquest of Korea.

The chivalry that wove the gay-colored silken and golden threads in the otherwise dark, harsh fabric of feudal Europe Japan never knew. In feudal Japan—and it was ultra-feudal—the samurai fought for his daimio, not for the lady of his heart. No maiden's guerdon made him dauntless in deed, defiant of death. His all but magical sword, the "soul of the samurai," was not sullied by touch of woman's hands.

These three factors—the philosophy of Confucius, the doctrines of Buddha, and feudalism—were strong component parts of the national life, the society which, for nearly three centuries cut off from every outside modifying influence, evolved, through the masterly, clever, and with much of cunning direction of the shoguns, that unique civilization which was revealed to the Western world when Perry's "dexterous diplomacy" opened the doors of Japan. In this period so minute did the regulations of woman's life become that one marvels that she preserved her identity, let alone her personality; one thinks that individuality did weaken. Even dress, to the most trifling part, was regulated for age, station in life, occasion, season. If woman cannot express her soul, her particular self in dress, what mode, what vehicle is left her? None. She is dumb. It is this product of centuries of intensive training that *atarashi onna* would modify. The undertaking is proof of her mettle.

"What do you new women really want?" was asked a wren-like earnest advocate.

"The right to live a normal, individual life," came the answer direct.

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New women would say that this normal life would mean, among other things, coming out from behind the screen—even a gorgeous, golden screen may shut out life. It would mean that the Japanese woman would become an actual personage, not just a shadow cast on the white *shoji*.

Said one woman, characterized by her professor-husband as a "moderate new woman": "The Japanese woman must insist on being given an equal place socially with her husband. She must be hostess in person to their friends and go to social affairs with him. She must cease being a servile maid, a plaything, and be a companion of her husband. This condition can be brought about only by equal education." It might be added that this lady had just returned from a year abroad spent principally in Europe and the United States. She continued: "You women of England and America have so long lived side by side, as it were, with your men-folk in the family, and have so long mingled socially on equal terms that you can scarcely comprehend the radical changes such customs would bring in Japan. Wide-spreading, sudden changes, open freedom, would bring disaster; neither our women nor our men could meet the situation—with exceptions, of course. Before this emancipation can be complete the moral fibre of the Japanese woman must be strengthened, and this must be begun in the early years. In no other way can she be equipped to meet

Courtesy Osaka Asahi Shimbun.

Mrs. Yamada, prominent New Woman, addressing the Convention.

Mrs. Yamada is editor of the magazine, *Society and the New Woman.*

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conditions in which the new freedom would place her."

Japan's new woman is not overturning her screen, is not recklessly punching holes in the white-paper *shoji*. She recognizes that the effects of many generations of such nutriment as "Such is the stupidity of woman's character that it is incumbent on her in every particular to distrust herself and to obey her husband," must be counteracted to some degree before she can take her place in the world as a normal individual. She knows there is but one way to do this and that is by education on equal lines with man. Not co-education—that is a question scarcely discussed and decidedly not advocated. By all discerning women it is recognized that some generations of training are necessary before Japanese boys and girls can be thrown together in the elementary schools. And this training will have to begin in the home social life. No, Japan's new woman waves no red flag. She asks only the chance to show that mentality is not a masculine close corporation in Yamato. She is quite weary of studying text-books specially prepared for an inferior quality of intellect. Even generations of studying in "Greater Learning" that, "viewed from standards of man's nature, the foolishness of woman fails to understand her duties that lie before her very eyes," and "that the five worst maladies that afflict the feminine mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness—the worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness," have not wholly convinced her that she could not master the text-books that are prescribed for boys and men. She desires that the courses may differ but that the texts on the same subjects should be the same. She resents the simple female text-book pabulum. Fancy "a history suitable for girl's mentality." She asks also that the universities be opened to her and that women's colleges offer curricula that will give training equal to that of men's institutions. True, in the first year of this century a woman's university was opened in Tokyo by Doctor Naruse, that stanch advocate of woman's being educated, he who pronounced the American woman the "best educated and the most intelligent woman in the world." "She is," he further said, "the most progressive and the most aggressive of women. But she would do well to learn something of the poise of her Japanese sister." Admirable as is this institution founded by Doctor Naruse, it does not offer work anywhere nearly equal to that given in men's colleges.

The wedge has not been fairly started in the solid doors guarding man's intellectual gymnasium, but several good taps have made quite a crack. Tohoku, the Government University at Sendai, has set its doors ajar for women, and the Imperial University at Tokyo has let in two or three daring spirits of the feminine gender. "How miserably poor must be Japan's present state when the whole nation is smitten with wonder at the spectacle of two women graduating from Tohoku University!" exclaimed a normal-school professor in a recent newspaper article. So man gives an occasional tap to the wedge.

Here and there women are slipping in where only yesterday prejudice and custom effectually barred the way. Even into the domain of science, with its conspicuous sign, "Women not welcome," some resolute souls have ventured. Miss Kuroda, the first woman to receive a degree from Tohoku University was listened to recently with interest by a large gathering of men at the Imperial University as she explained her experiments in purple dye. Miss Yasue, returning from special work in botany and geology in America, caused a learned masculine audience in Tokyo last year to forget her sex in admiration of her masterly lecture on her microscopic researches on coal. This trail-blazer is now assistant to a professor in the Imperial University, the institution that would not receive her as a student.

As a work notable in woman's education should be cited the Tokyo Medical School for Women, founded by and still under the direction of Doctor Y. Yoshioka. This woman's work stands out as noble and clear in outline as Fuji-yama. Thirty years ago Doctor Yoshioka received her degree as Doctor of Medicine. Realizing the great need of women doctors, she ten years later started, unaided

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except by her husband, also a physician, this medical school. Unrecognized by government she has labored, and from her school three hundred women doctors have gone forth to work not only in Japan

Miss Raicho Hiratsuka, acknowledged leading spirit among the *Atarashi onna*.

but also in China, Siam, and Burma. More worthy of note is Doctor Yoshioka's achievement because, twenty years ago, *atarashi onna* was not in current phraseology. With no supporting public sentiment she snipped here and there the thongs of traditional teaching, kicked aside accumulated obstructions, slid open the *shoji*, and went out to live and to do according to the urge within her soul.

Woman's political enfranchisement can scarcely be labelled as a live issue in Japan; it is a question that pulses sluggishly. The level-headed in the ranks of new women, with a few exceptions, quite positively assert that it is not a present question; that the women of Japan are not ready for either the responsibility the right would bring nor for the changes resulting from the greater freedom that would follow. They argue that the securing of the ballot now might, in the reaction that would follow, retard immeasurably woman's advancement. Nevertheless there are suffrage clubs and considerable talk,

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and the feeling is apparent that at some future day not so far off there will be a definite deliberate fight for the right just won after nearly a century's siege by her Western sisters.

In what is called the Peace Preservation Law in Japan women are forbidden to join any political association, and along with minors are denied the privilege of attending political meetings or being even connected with promoting such meetings. Just how Japanese woman, "gentlest, humblest, and most feminine of her sex," could by her mere presence at a political meeting be an upsetting element to peace does not appear. But Japanese man may know more about the female of his species than is given mere outsiders to sense, and consequently may know when to put on his shield.

A petition signed by fifteen hundred women was presented at the last session of the diet, asking that the word "women" be eliminated from this law. Miss Raicho Hiratsuka was sponsor for this petition, the key-note of which is: "It is unfair and against social justice to debar women from enjoying the freedom of joining political associations and of attending or promoting political meetings." Miss Hiratsuka and an able lieutenant, Miss Ichikawa, following the tactics of American suffrage leaders, did quite effective work among the members of both houses. Their efforts were cleverly seconded in the press by women writers, particularly by Mrs. Yosano, one of Tokyo's talented authors. By one of those quirks which so often give illogical aspects to human affairs, women are allowed to attend the sessions of the Diet. And they use this privilege in considerable numbers when anything of interest is on the floor. Woman may gaze on the Japanese lawmakers in action, but she may not watch them in campaign manipulation. Is it masculine vanity? This inconsistency is one of the petitioners' levers.

There seems to be not a little interest in public affairs among Japan's thinking women, perhaps more than it is reasonable to expect when their restrictions in most things and their simplified education are considered. In elections they are concerned more with the candidate as an individual than with party affiliations.

It amazes somewhat, that, with all the centuries of teaching in meekness back of her, the new woman in her public utterances is quite fearless, does no begging, nor does she hesitate to criticise. In an article a few months ago on the universal-suffrage movement and excitement, that in Tokyo was often near-rioting, Mrs. Akiko Yosano scored the men of Japan for being so inert, so phlegmatic. She averred that the universal suffrage should have been granted twenty years ago, and would have been had the men of the country any mettle in their make-up. She further said that, as a whole, Japanese men took little interest in what affected the whole country. They at times get excited and worked up over some matter, but are incapable of sustained interest and long-continued struggle for an end. In other articles on the universal-suffrage movement Mrs. Yosano took the stand that there should be no line drawn as to sex in extending the right.

Probably the most talked of among Japan's new women is Miss Hiratsuka. She has independent ideas as to some questions of life that would harmonize, if not coincide, with some of the professions of the radical denizens of Greenwich Village, but on the whole as to actions and garb she is normal. She does not gain her fame by wearing smocks of non-soothing colors, nor does she do queer things with her hair, nor wear a peasant towel instead of an obi or do any eye-catching thing. Nor does she rant on any ultra *ism*. Her ready pen, keen mind, and real work have gained her a sure place. Her admirers of her own sex, and they are without number, say she is sincere, candid, and devotedly in earnest. In addition to her efforts in iconoclasm in behalf of her country women, she is working, almost single-handed, to start in Tokyo a club which in a way is to be, if she succeeds, a Hull House modified to suit the city's needs.

Although women's names in all periods of literature in Japan appear among the makers, some in places of high honor, and to-day in almost every line of writing she is represented with ability, the women's magazines, of which there are several, are thin-porridge diet. Women who want something more nourishing go

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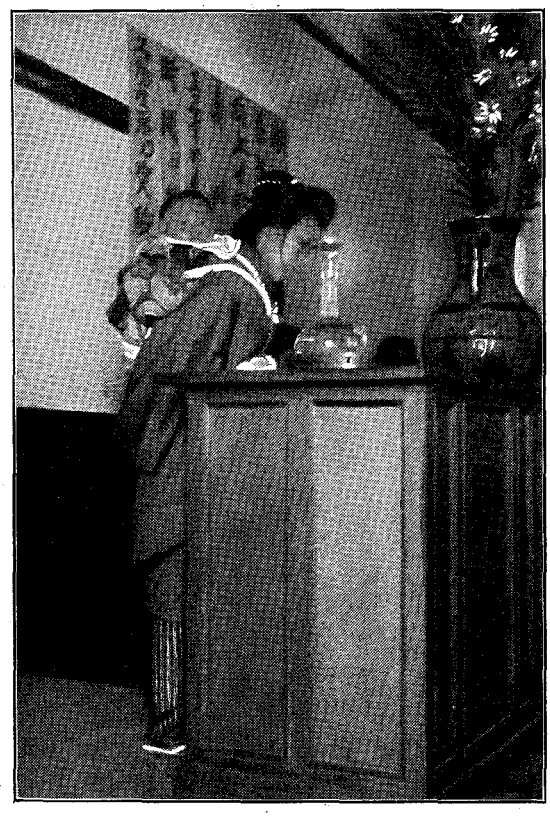
to other periodicals, and women writers with ideas and power to express them seldom contribute to the women's magazines. The reason for the character of these publications is the familiar one, "To make them pay, give the public what it wants." The cause for the demand is unquestionably the type of girl's school education.

On the stage, that domain of endeavor in Japan so long sacred to man, woman has for some time had her share of plaudits. She is even running true to popular estimate of type in supplying sensationalism. In a modest way she has qualified as a producer of plays, and as a playwright has had some success.

Equality with man in handcrafts has never been denied Japanese woman, nor has her ability been questioned. In pay she is far from being equal, for no reason except that "she is a woman," as one Japanese man writer frankly states. There is no new-woman question in industry as to opportunity, but one is coming as to compensation.

Women and girls in factories, because of the enormous expansion in very recent years, is a subject distinct in itself. The mere facts that nearly two-thirds of the two million factory workers are females, and eighty-two per cent of the children workers under fifteen years of age are girls; that these workers have no right to organize in any way for any purpose; that the words "welfare work" are unknown in factories, show that Japan's new women, if keenly alive and in earnest in advancing and bettering life conditions for their sex, have a good big job ahead of them in the factory problem alone. Women inspectors have been very recently put in a few factories; this is a result of the influence of the International



Factory worker addressing a woman's meeting in Tokyo.

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Labor Conference on Japan's delegates. One of the delegates was a woman. It is said she was much criticised by her fellow delegates for telling in her speeches "the truth about labor conditions in Japan."

Magazine and newspaper files tell the tale of changes in the mental attitude of a people as vividly as a picture reel. Some files of Japanese papers covering the past four or five years were scanned for the story of Japan's new woman told therein. It was revealing. In the early numbers woman, unless in an item of scandal or society, rarely appeared. With each year the space she occupied grew larger, and her publicity was for worthier reasons. In the past two years or so the space given to woman news—and the camera bore its part—must have put many a yen into reporters' pockets. All kinds of doings and work were here set down. The widow of a physicist, who in war days undertook to manufacture thermometers to take the place of the former German supply, is successfully carrying on her late husband's work. A woman has just been licensed as an aviator and another recently was made a licensed mariner. A newly appointed supervisor of schools in a province is a woman, the first in the history of the country to be given so high a position in the public schools. One learns from the later files that three princesses attended the first exhibition of a tank in the country. Such a thing in their mothers' day would have caused an earthquake or a series of *hara kiri*. At a test of speed in calculating on the *soraban*, the abacus without which no Japanese can tell how old he is, a newspaper in 1920 reports that more women than men competed, and those given first places were women. A retired actress has recently organized a silk-manufacturing company with herself as president. This is a departure from the accepted attitude that in industrial enterprises in Japan a woman with capital and business acumen might provide both in a venture, but she would stay behind the screen.

In business houses the number of women employed is constantly increasing. In clerical work she is slowly being accepted. No department is actually closed to her, but she has yet to prove her worth. In large shops it does arrest the attention of the foreign onlooker to see peony-faced, obi-girded maidens rush at a husky saleman's behest to distant shelves or clamber up steps and fairly lug heavy bolts of textiles to the counter where the salesman maintains his dignity. In the banks also all is as "Greater Learning" prescribes. Sandal-shod maiden Mercurys scurry around on endless tasks of waiting on men at desks. And Eastern business men take a heap of serving as they perform their daily duties.

Japan's new woman is taking hold of social-service work in a rather vigorous manner. Indeed, one man says that such work is woman's principal public activity in Japan. It is quite within truth to say that the work is largely the result of the Y. W. C. A.; so it is a transplanted line of endeavor. From the administration building in Tokyo (a delightful blend in finishing and furnishing of Japan and the West) the organization, with its twenty foreign and fourteen Japanese secretaries and many other helpers, directs the work of the forty-five hundred members. The activities include about all the Blue Triangle does anywhere, from rescue work to learning how to make fudge. But principally they "claim their freedom in service." Last year a pageant, "The Ministering of the Gift," in which appeared two hundred and fifty girls, was presented twice by the Y. W. C. A. This was the first thing of the kind ever given in this land, where art is expressed in almost every form.

The costume of the Japanese woman is so particularly, so intensively connected with one's concept of her that it is something of a shock to find *atarashi onna* discussing dress-reform. It seems absolutely iconoclastic. But she is talking it. More particularly in educational institutions is the topic a live one, although many whose school-days are some years in the past are giving the matter serious consideration.

The Western woman's adaptation of the adopted kimono fairly embalms a restful, careless comfort which is quite different from the garment in its original habitat. There it is cinched and girthed

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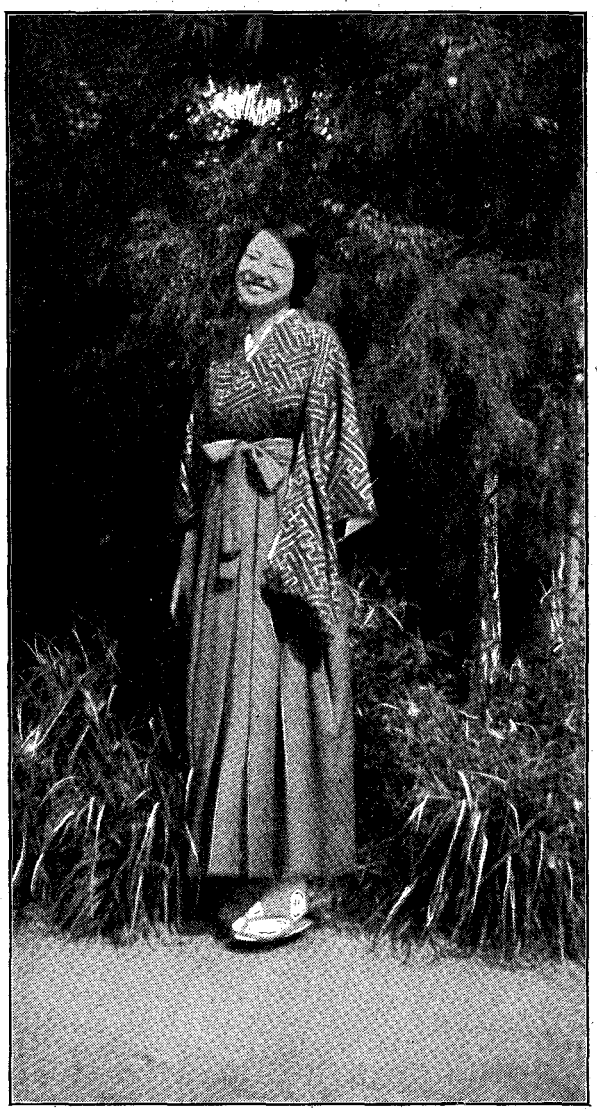

A college girl.

by strings and bright-hued silken tapes and scarfs, and over all is put the marvellous ponderous obi. One grows faint at merely contemplating being so bound and weighted; a plaster cast appears as downy ease in contrast, corsets a peasant's smock in comparison! To a degree the Japanese woman's dress proclaims the woman, in that it typifies her swathed, hampered, uselessly burdened life. In her growing freedom of thought she naturally protests against restriction of bodily movement. Also her newer knowledge of laws of health and hygiene tells her that her costume is not altogether a wise dress.

Custom in Japan has been inflexible as to style, and particularly the color of dress for women at different ages and conditions in life. Some changes that disregard this custom are creeping in. They run so nearly parallel with divers twentieth-century changes in Western woman's costume as to be a point in

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proof of world thought-waves. Maturity and middle age—in obi and neck-scarf and even in kimono—are putting on dashes of color that are quite as radical a departure as Western grandma's latest dancing-frock and sports clothes. Thus the story of dress-reform in Japan will but repeat the story of other countries, other women. It will be evolution resulting from changes made necessary by new conditions in work and in pleasure; changes in houses and customs, and growth of individuality.

"Do you dance the foreign dances?" was asked a society bud, daughter of a *narakin*. "Oh, yes. I just love them!" She spoke with fervor. "You know we more modern girls have special dancing *zori* (sandals) made." One could only chuckle and see diverting visions in the unscrolling years.

A new freedom in physical movement is discernible if not obvious in feminine Japan. It can be noted on the street in the little girls' play. Always they have had the most varied line of games and were fairly active, but nothing so unladylike as jumping over a stick, a sort of pole-vault without the pole. Now this is not unusual in the larger towns and surprisingly high do these wooden-clogged, kimonoed, pigtailed youngsters jump and with much abandon. In the girls' schools there is much more activity than even three years ago of the kind that past generations of American mothers called tomboyishness, and increasing interest in tennis and basket-ball. Also it is not unbeseeming now for maiden or matron to hold up her head in line with her spine, and frankly look on and at this world and all its incumbrances. Formerly it was almost the Great Unpardonable not to carry the head slightly forward with eyes downcast. This attitude of humility is now becoming fearfully old-fashioned. Foreign teachers of long experience say that the change in this respect is striking in the classroom. Students when reciting now look up squarely at the instructor instead of at her knees as formerly. As this is not a taught thing but the reflex of a change within, vital enough to overcome teaching and inherited tendency, it is significant. Another change, trifling, but a straw that shows the direction and velocity of the current, is the growing habit of man and wife to walk side by side on the street instead of my lady pigeon-toeing along about a pace in the rear of her lord.

Among Japan's men who have travelled and to a rather surprising extent among the younger educated untravelled men, there is not only approval but encouragement of many of *atarashi onna's* ideas. Men particularly urge changes that would give greater social freedom. Bachelors in press and from platform are beginning to voice the cry: "We do not want our wives chosen for us, we want to do the picking of our own mates. But how can we do this when there is absolutely no social life where both sexes are present? This should be changed. Let us meet young women in their homes and at social gatherings so we can get acquainted with each other." And *atarashi onna* unblushingly echoes this cry. But the desire is little more than a cry as yet. "Co-social" affairs are not among the things that "are done." And a go-between with his red-taped papers, instead of Cupid with his feathered darts, still conducts the matrimonial alliances.

Japan's new woman will never have to face the taunt so long flung at her American sisters: "For the rights you clamor for, are you willing to give up your present privileges?" For, poor dear, so far as man is concerned, apparently she has no privileges. Mere woman is not made way for at ticket-windows, car-seats are not vacated for her, and as for assistance with outer wraps and such tidbits of courtesy she would probably swoon at the offer. A stock story in Tokyo is that a Japanese man and his wife, returning from a four-year stay abroad, arrived in Tokyo station. As they were getting off the train the lady put out her hand to her husband for the assistance to which she had grown accustomed. "Oh, no," he grunted as he stumped away, "you are in Japan now." The Japanese man, being ever jealous of his race's reputation for politeness, has two codes of etiquette, one for home and one for abroad, and in a measure two supplements to these, one for foreign women and one for Japanese. It is to his credit that he takes all this pains for reputation's sake. And if one

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keeps in mind "Greater Learning," there is nothing of duplicity in his doing so. One can but admire his finished dexterous proficiency in both codes.

Two incidents, among many of recent occurrence that point the domestic code, come to mind. On the Tokyo-Kyoto train were a man and wife, probably in the early thirties, obviously prosperous, possibly war's opportunists. The lady was not a new woman. The man, who in attire could have passed muster in any city in America or Europe, solemnly, though pleasantly, two or three times during the day talked *at* his wife. Otherwise, it was for the most part as though she were not there. At luncheon and dinner Husband strode into the dining-car. Little Wife bought a luncheon-box at a station and ate her *bento* by herself. This was undoubtedly her preference, but would Husband give up his dining-car meals to join her? Why, no. Nor did she expect it. Such an act would have distressed her, though it could not but have pleased her. When Husband laid himself down for a siesta, Little Wife tucked the rug about him, lowered the shades, and during the long nap was constantly alert that no corner of the rug slipped off her man. When, later, Little Wife lay down for her nap, she tucked herself in with much trouble, while Husband smoked and read in complacent oblivion as to her comfort. When the rug slipped off she sleepily adjusted it. On arrival at Kyoto, having unaided put all the luggage in order, lifting heavy bags and baskets, Little Wife raised herself on tiptoes and helped master on with his overcoat, then dusted and gave him his hat. Did he thank her? No, indeed; was she not his wife? These observations are not recalled in a spirit of criticism, but with the idea of making clear the attitude of man and woman in their social relations, and to indicate that Western standards cannot be used in judging these things, for there is not a shadow of doubt that this man is a very excellent husband and his wife a happy, contented woman.

The second incident occurred in Seoul in a hotel where there are a good many quite cosmopolitan Japanese guests. A party of three men and a woman, the wife apparently of one of the men, came into the dining-room one evening. The men sauntered in, following the waiter to the table, and sat down, absolutely ignoring the good-looking, becomingly kimonoed woman, who tagged demurely and slipped into her chair very self-effacingly. No disrespect was meant, no feelings hurt. As early as the soup course the lady, to the observer's surprise, was dominating the conversation, and continued to do so, evidently by her charm and interest, through what was quite an animated, lively dinner. The coming in was only a remnant of the centuries-old customs, not so easily laid aside as the *hakama* and *haori*.

There is a long, long trail ahead of *atarashi onna* if she sets as her goal the place held, in all these considered trifles, by America's women. Wisely, she probably does not hold this particular goal worth striving for. After all, these matters are not basic, though, like so many things that give charm and flavor to life when one is accustomed to them, they are mightily missed when left out. Apparently Japan's new woman is giving her vigor and sagacity to loosening the fetters of custom that keep her from living the life of a freeborn individual; to opening the doors that shut her from the "boundless realm" which should be hers to enter and possess. And she is going about her work of achieving these ends with nothing of wiliness, subterfuge, intrigue. Unspoiled by experience, unhindered by traditional practice, she can be sincere, frank, direct in her methods; open and aboveboard in her plans of operation—a precursor of the new diplomacy, talked about at council-tables in the near past.

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There was grizzled, gaunt old Martin Myers, for example.

DOC JENNY

By Ladd Plumley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

A CITY lover of fishing lives a double life. There was grizzled, gaunt old Martin Myers, for example. I once sat with him on a porch at a seven-dollar-a-week mountain boarding-house, and with his fog-horn voice he boasted to me that his "nankeen short breeches," as he called his yellowish knickerbockers, cost him but one dollar and twenty-nine cents at a sale in a New York department store. That evening he also confided to me that he was thinking of buying another "little Berkshire ranch," as he put it. I had met old Myers for the first time the Saturday before, and it was months later that I learned in the city that he was the retired president of one of our stupendous commercial concerns. "Chairman of the Board," I think, was the title he held. He inherited some eleven millions or so from his father, the founder of the concern, which petty inheritance, by many years of grubbing toil, he increased, so rumor had it, some fourfold. The "little Berkshire ranch" he mentioned was one of those magnificent estates up Pittsfield way, which, if it was a man's all, would be a princely property by itself.

Fishing in that mountain country, Martin would have been thought an aged city bookkeeper on his annual two weeks' vacation. He gossiped at the country store, boasting of his catches, which were indeed something to boast over, rambled among the meadows on Sundays, knew the song of every bird, was more intimately acquainted with wild flowers than others at the house. He spent a whole afternoon with me on a Sunday constructing whistles from willow bark, and his glee was boylike when we manufactured one of mammoth size, as big as his arm and with a note like a factory whistle.

But this brief tale isn't about old Martin Myers, interesting as his double life was. He is merely mentioned to prove that the city fisherman does lead a true double life. He is as different on his

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fishing outings as the stream ephemera is different from the sluggish caddis worm, which is the grubbing form of its existence.

There are reasons for this duality of the city fisherman, for fishing, and I think particularly fly-fishing, brings you into close contact not only with all the birds and animals of a mountain valley, but you are also on confidential relations with the people of your fishing trips. Your life is therefore different from your city life.

In the city your grocer is a man behind an apron, who tells you coffee has gone up again; you would not know his name were it not over the store door. But how different with the up-valley "store-keep," Steve Hamilton—everybody calls him "Steve." It is a rainy night when you go for the letter you are expecting, and there's nobody at the store but Steve. After you have read your letter you sit on a cracker-box and he asks your advice about, well—this evening it is marrying again; his first wife died years before. This is, of course, strictly confidential. You wouldn't have been consulted if you hadn't many times met Steve at the stream-side and fished at his elbow.

A pastor of a metropolitan pulpit, in flannel shirt and smoking a pipe.

The up-valley "store-keep," Steve Hamilton.

Would your city grocer ever seek similar advice of you? As to city postmasters, they are jacks or young women in boxes, where you poke through the window two cents and get a stamp.

Here of a Saturday night at Steve's store, leading their simpler doubles of existence, is a pastor of a metropolitan pulpit, in flannel shirt and smoking a pipe; a merchant prince in baggy khaki, on intimate terms with cobbler McLoughlan, who has patched his waders; who and what you will—possibly "Big Nose Mike," up-valley name, "P. T. Brown," thumb-prints of record, card-sharper and confidence man, correcting a mistake of Steve's, and handing back a quarter overchange for a half-dozen "Yellow Sally" trout flies, country tied by Matilda Otis, whose shrill voice you hear of an afternoon from the open window of the schoolhouse, correcting the bounding of the State of Pennsylvania.

After a few fishing trips the most reticent and uninterested observer of his kind in the city has rather a different reputation up at the end of the valley. He knows Matilda intimately, and calls her

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by her first name; he is a close friend of Steve's; his landlady gets out a Liberty Bond and asks his advice about selling it. And if he is taken sick? He is mothered as if he were a boy, and from some remote village a doctor appears.

I sprained my ankle, a bad sprain.

Jenifer was in the office—everybody called him "Doc Jenny."

Followed improvised crutches, designed by Pete Rudolph up the road. Followed a drive, not by auto, ten miles to the doctor. Big, comfortable house, with an extension under apple-trees then in full bloom—the doctor's office. Jenifer was in the office—everybody called him "Doc Jenny." Big man, bristly red face, generally smooth-shaven, but he had just got in from over the mountain and had been up all night. Loose, shabby black clothing, worn and spotted. He handled and bandaged my ankle tenderly and skilfully.

"Your fee, doctor?" I asked of the tired-faced man of sixty, sleepy of eyes and slow of speech.

A friendly smile. "Oh, say!" he exclaimed. "S'pose I'd take a fee from a city fisherman who has the bad luck of a sprain on the stream? Why, sir, I'm a fisherman myself!"

Familiar with the double life of visiting fishermen, Doc Jenny did not know that I was not a city Crœsus. I got even with him by stopping on my way back at a village store and sending him a box of cigars.

I used to meet the doctor, or see him in a cloud of dust in his rattletrap of a motor, hitting her up along the county road. They loved him in the valley, and had reasons. When an ax slips and you slit your leg and work has been scarce and he "posts the charge," as Doc Jenny called it, for a round dozen visits, way back over the hard trip up Wyman Hill, and you need not pay at all unless your conscience troubles you when you have a good job again, there will come a love of sorts for the old bear of a doctor, but tender of heart as a little girl.

Say! We aren't all profiteers in this wide, generous country of ours! As Steve would put it: "No, not by a jugful!"

The year after I sprained my ankle I made another visit to Doc Jenny. Our landlady loved cats and that year she had a family of the fluffiest angoras to be found anywhere. One of the kittens was her pride, a puffball of white wool, with sky-blue eyes.

One noon when I came in to dinner I hung my unjointed rod in the Virginia creeper at the side of the porch. A fly was on the leader, and Fluffy and the other kittens were romping here and there. I had just finished dinner, when we heard a cry of kitten anguish. Running out on the porch I found the wind

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Very gently he forced open the kitten's mouth and inserted the forceps.

had blown down my rod, and the fluttering fly had attracted Fluffy's attention. The poor kitten was raising wails of pain, straining on the line, a sharp No. 12 hook firmly embedded in her mouth.

I cut away a part of the gut snell of the fly, and attempted, futilely, to disengage the hook. The kitten's mistress was pained to tears. She, too, found it impossible to remove the hook. All the expedients we attempted only proved the absolute need for a cat surgeon.

So the hired man hitched up, and with Fluffy in a fish-creel, quite exhausted with her fright and pain, the hired man driving, we made the ten-mile journey to Doc Jenny's office. Fortunately he was at home, pottering among his roses. When I lifted the lid of the fish-basket and showed him his patient he laughed.

We went into the office, and the doctor closed the doors and windows, but he need not have done that. Fluffy was afraid of my handling of the snell which was attached to the hook, but she had no fear whatever of big, gruff Doc Jenny.

"You are to hold my patient," said the doctor, a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"No, I thank you," I replied. "She's small, but I've discovered she has particularly sharp claws."

The doctor went to a closet and brought out an overcoat. Then he gently forced Fluffy into one of the sleeves, and tied the sleeve around her neck. "Now you can hold her," he said. "There's always a way to manage my patients."

He rummaged from a most disorderly drawer a forceps with a weight on the handle, and produced a lancet. Very gently he forced open the kitten's mouth and inserted the forceps, thus exposing

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the jaw, the weight on the forceps keeping the mouth wide open.

Two minutes later the lancet had been used and the hook removed. Then followed a surprise. I thought when Fluffy was liberated she would be a kind of little wildcat. Not at all. She slipped from the overcoat sleeve and contentedly stretched herself on the doctor's big knee, purring and purring, as he fondled her shaggy ears.

"Pooh!" said Jenifer, as I pulled out my pocketbook. "Now do you really suppose I'd take a fee for getting a hook out of the mouth of one of Mrs. Tremper's kittens? What do you take me for?"

That time I sent Doc Jenny some trout flies, for he was a great fisherman, but very seldom had time for the stream.

Now, in leading a double life, when an entire fall and winter marks the time division of the duality, things have happened when you turn up again. Sometimes your mountain duality is not at all the same. When I arrived this last June at the stream-side house, Mrs. Tremper was away over the mountains, taking care of a sick relative, and the young woman who "did" for us was a stranger in the valley, so for a day or two I didn't hear the news. There is generally news of something: a wedding, a birth, and, of course, sometimes a death. It was Sam Brackman, the up-valley blacksmith, in the twilight and at the Covered Bridge Pool, who told me the news, when we happened to meet when fishing there for a trout giant, which we both think somewhat mythical, for no one but Bill Willard has seen the spangled wonder, and Bill has a way of stretching the truth, which, if it were even a rubber band, would be snapped.

Sam and I "rested the water" while we sat upon the rocks.

"Anything happened?" I asked carelessly.

"'Course you heerd 'bout Doc Jenny?"

"Heard nothing. Mrs. Tremper is over the mountain—her cousin is sick again."

There was something in the way Sam mentioned the doctor that foreshadowed his news. For some moments Sam said nothing, leaning forward, a gray shadow in the soft gloom. The first fireflies of the evening were glinting, and far up on the gray hillside opposite us the parlor windows of Abe Simmons' house held lights, and we could hear, but faintly, a phonograph. Most likely pretty Sadie and her twin sister were having their usual young men callers.

At length Sam growled: "Say, this is a darn old world—jes' a darn old world!"

"Perhaps so," I agreed, and my heart bothered me. That's the trouble with a fisherman's double life: one of his dualities is altogether too much a part and parcel of that blood-pumping organ.

The phonograph was playing ragtime, the irregular beats, although faint, were annoying, somehow.

"That blamed thing up there! Wish Sadie or her sister'd shut her off," said Sam irritably. "Ain't agreein' with what I must tell ye!"

Presently the phonograph notes ended, and except for the chirping of the evening insects in the grass and bushes it was very quiet.

"And—your news, Sam?" I asked.

Sam scratched a match on the rock and attempted to light his pipe, but I thought he hadn't filled it, for twice a match went out. He gave over the attempt, grunting: "Drat it!"

Then, and like a triple sob, was blurted out: "Doc Jenny's dead!"

Somehow I had known the news; the place and time was right for telepathy.

After a time I said: "Please tell me how it happened, Sam?"

"Say!" came Sam's choking voice, but after a long interval. "Did ye ever wait down in the kitchen, when yer first was borned? Been up all night, sittin' there hour a'ter hour, sometimes hearin' somethin' what sent shivers down yer backbone and brought th' cold sweat all over yer face?"

"No," I replied. "That is one of life's terrors of which I know nothing."

"Then—when ye're more than all in—but, jiminy! how can I tell it?"

Sam's voice ceased, and the distant phonograph began its irritating irregular rhythm, but to be soon silenced once more.

"Then—and th' winders be gittin' gray with light of morning, and things hev been awful still, seems to ye fer

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more hours than ye knew a night ever had, and—then—a heavy step comes down the back stairs! Ye jump to yer feet, but yer throat be so pinched together ye can't ask yer question. And

Again silence, Sam sputtering on his unlighted pipe, and another nervous attempt to light tobacco where there was no tobacco.

"Pay him his fees by driblets—needn't

"And yer little sweetheart, Sam! She's jes' the finest trump ever!"

Doc Jenny stumps in and says: 'Sam, put on th' griddle, we'll sure hev some buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. And yer little sweetheart, Sam! She's jes' the finest trump ever! She's O. K.—fine! No, ye can't go to her yet, Sam! Mrs. Morehouse is an awful good nurse and she's takin' the best care of her. No—I say, Sam, ye can't go up to her. But, all hunky! And listen! What ye hear, Sam—ye won't be so pleased with the noise later—but it's a boy, Sam! Th' finest kid ever!'"

hev paid at all if I hadn't wanted. All up and down th' vall'y, and 'way 'cross, beyont, over ter th' red school housen out Rondout way—jes' th' same, jes' th' same!"

In the gloom Sam pulled out something that I think was one of the cotton bandanna handkerchiefs that Steve sells at his store, and used it. "Can't help it," he growled. "Ye sees it's new with us yit and we can't seem to git used to it, we jes' can't!"

"But how——"

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"In a minute," replied Sam. This time he filled his pipe and lighted it. When the tobacco was aglow he gave me the details of his news, and as Sam put it: "Jes' as ye might hev figgered on it, only ye might hope that him as runs things might hev interfered, if only for oncet, seein' ez how it was Doc Jenny."

The snow falls deep and stays long up in the mountain valley. In late March there was still plenty of ice and snow everywhere, and the brooks were torrents, and the main river a miniature Niagara rapids. Enoch Collins, far up near the head of the valley, was bracing his last load of logs on his sledge for the evening, when a link of the rusty chain opened and a log fell upon Enoch, badly crushing his left leg, from knee to thigh. The other teamsters made an improvised litter, got Enoch to his house, and summoned Doc Jenny by 'phone, telling how Enoch was suffering and how badly his leg was mangled.

The doctor managed a ford in the ice-filled river, with his kit of instruments strapped on his back.

Doctor Jenifer had a terrible cold; he was in bed himself that evening. But his daughter couldn't keep him from rising, packing his kit of surgical instruments, and going with a buckboard and team—he feared trouble with his ancient auto—seventeen miles up the valley.

A bridge went out that afternoon. Leaving his buckboard and horses, the doctor managed a ford in the ice-filled river, with his kit of instruments strapped on his back. Followed a tramp of three miles in wet clothing through snow and slush. Followed a difficult operation, the surgeon constantly taking stimulants to carry him to the end of his task. When all was over—and Doctor Jenifer saved Enoch his leg—the surgeon fainted dead away. And in the house of his patient he died two days later of pneumonia.

"Till near th' end, raved and raved," growled Sam. "They had ter hold him in th' bed. Would yell out: 'Cold, how cold! Th' river's full of ice. But I'll make it! By heavens, I'll make it! Al'ays hev made it! Nothin' can keep me from makin' it now!'

"And, by gum! He's gone! An' we all knows now that fer almost forty year a big red-faced angel, in an old long black coat, all spotted with medicine what he'd dropped on it, has been skippin' back and forth amongst us. Had ter git his livin', but aside from that didn't care no more 'bout gittin' money than ez if there wasn't sich a thing ez money!

"Yes, by gum! Doc Jenny's gone! A big red-faced angel!"

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A STUDY IN SMOKE

By Shane Leslie

Author of "The End of a Chapter," "The Celt and the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

ALL that winter of the war men labored at furious speed to furnish the guns which the British Government had forgotten to make before the war. Guns were needed imperatively for the navy, and even mo e for the hapless army bogged in Flanders mud. So the factories and foundries of Woolhurst worked at full pressure. The factories screamed and glittered through day and night, and the foundries drew a muffled roar as an occasional red mist burst out of their chimneys and a gun or part of a gun was cast. It was slow but furious work—furious in the detail of fire and molten metal, slow in the aggregate of fitting and testing each mighty gun. Furious work for the sweltering workers, stokers, and moulders, but slow, infinitely slow, to the waiting officials, and slowest still for the officers and men waiting for gun equipment by land or sea.

To beget a gun on official paper is a different thing from its long generation and growth in the foundries. An order can order but not quicken a gun's delivery. The most imperious official cannot make the molten metal more malleable to man's dire need.

Thousands of workers wrought like cogs in a machine, surrendering their thought and strength to the metal. The pay was good and the toil overwhelming. There was no time or strength left to think of anything except the immediate toil. They were fascinated and caught like moths upon the outskirts of that chaotic bonfire for which they were binding iron fagots and filling steel squibs. Cranes, lorries, and trucks picked up their output and disappeared. There was no time to ask a question. The harder and fiercer they worked, the sooner the war would be over. Only madmen and Socialists asked why. The argument stood that the higher and brighter the bonfire was piled, the sooner it would be burnt out to a finish. No one in the Woolhurst factories queried the uselessness and meaninglessness of all their labor except Ben, the local labor-leader. Whatever he was known as to the officials, he was Ben to his fellows, and always had been, in strike and out of strike time. He worked with the rest but he did not think with them. The bitter humors, which a little reading and much agitating had left in his brain, were not dissipated in the burning fires of the foundry. He grew bitter as he grew wearier. He felt careless whether he gave his full power to the work of destroying the workmen of another country. It was only the war of one anthill against another. Patriotism had not caught him in the board-school, and less during his apprenticeship to work. His education was what he had given himself out of the *Labor Press* and from second-hand copies of Marx and Carlyle. As he grew careless, he grew clumsier and earned the curses of the foreman, as far as curses availed against the hot blasts. He hated his work and all around him. . . . He hated the great gun which they were casting in molten form. He could see the white-hot metal pouring like milk out of the furnace. The sight did not exhilarate him in the way it seemed to inspire the others. His muscles relaxed and his eyes went languidly out of focus. The seething mass of blazing liquid drew his languor into itself. The foreman was still cursing. It needed only a touch to upset his balance. Without a splash or a ripple he passed into the fiery mass. . . .

There are times when a ship cannot be stopped for a paltry individual who has fallen overboard, and the foundry could not be held up for one man's remains. A big gun is worth many human lives. Besides, he had disappeared. Cremation was complete and total.

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By the time the glowing liquor had passed into the moulds and entered into the long process of cooling, the human moth was charred to the nothingness of carbon, and every bone and particle was digested by the steel. His tomb not only enclosed but absorbed him. He had become part and ingredient of his own sepulchre. . . . And there could be no inquest, for there was no relic for a coroner's inspection. Long before the gun was adjusted with all its minute and meticulous parts, long before it was tested and sent to a naval dockyard, the unfortunate man it contained was forgotten, and had become as nameless and anonymous as the gun itself. Nameless was the six-inch gun that was sent to sea, and nameless let the cruiser remain on which it was hoisted.

For weary weeks *H. M. S.* —— patrolled the northern mists, with a brighter interval in the Mediterranean. Undeviating drill and perpetual practice brought crews and armament to a stage of perfection bordering on staleness. The chaplain came into the captain's room with a puzzled look. "Sick?" queried the skipper. "No," said the chaplain, "I have been talking to the men." "Not done talking to them yet?" laughed the other, who took a good-natured but perfectly sceptical view about chaplains and their functions. "Well, I should say," suggested the chaplain, "that they have been talking to me lately."

"What about?"

"About spirits!"

The captain shifted his foot and spun round: "I thought it was your business to talk to them about spirits, and what you didn't know about the spiritual simply wasn't spirits"—and he laughed outright. "This is not my kind of spirit." "The men will want to be teaching me my job next," exclaimed the captain. "These are not the spirits of the Prayer-book so much as . . ." "What?" "The spirits that are called ghosts." "Well, are there no ghosts in the Bible?" "Yes, but not quite the same kind that the men have come to believe is on board this ship." Anything affecting the nerves of the men became a preoccupation of the skipper, and he grew grave.

"Go on." "Well, sir, it is very like a hallucination, but I thought you had better know what the men are thinking about, in case it is interfering with their work. They do not like handling one of the starboard six-inch guns." "What do you mean? It is brand-new and tested to the ounce." "The men think there is a spirit in that gun and that he appears every time they fire the gun." "Cannot they blow him out?" "No, for it is in the smoke after firing that they discern the figure of a man, and they think that he will end by sinking the ship. . . ."

There was a longish silence, for the captain was far too good a sailor not to know the part superstition plays in a sailor's life. Devoid of religion himself, he was calculating the result of such a fear on the gun's crew. For months the Grand Fleet had been chafing at anchor, with intervals spent bursting through the fogs or charging the mists. Mysterious performances known as P. Z. exercises, devised by admirals, carried out by captains, and rectified in practice by humble individuals in chart-rooms, occupied most of their seagoing. The exact strategists were learning that accuracy and certainty were more difficult to obtain on the water than on paper. The reckonings of ships varied, and the value of given fire against given armament did not always respond to theory. Even blindfold chess gave more certain results. This was blindfold boxing against an enemy who was as often below as above the waters. Months of phantom-chasing took its effect on men's minds. Crews became used to being called to action preceding no action. Destroyers reported enemies that melted into smoke, and imaginary submarines caused panic in the Firth and the Flow. The invisible enemy preyed more substantially on their minds than would have been the case had action materialized. The strain told, and the sarcastic elements seemed to mimic the thunder of guns whose smoke only curled into the mocking clouds.

The practice day following the conversation of chaplain and captain on *H. M. S.* —— was fine and clear. The Dreadnoughts were slowly making line to the practice-ground, preceded by the cruisers in formation, while the de-

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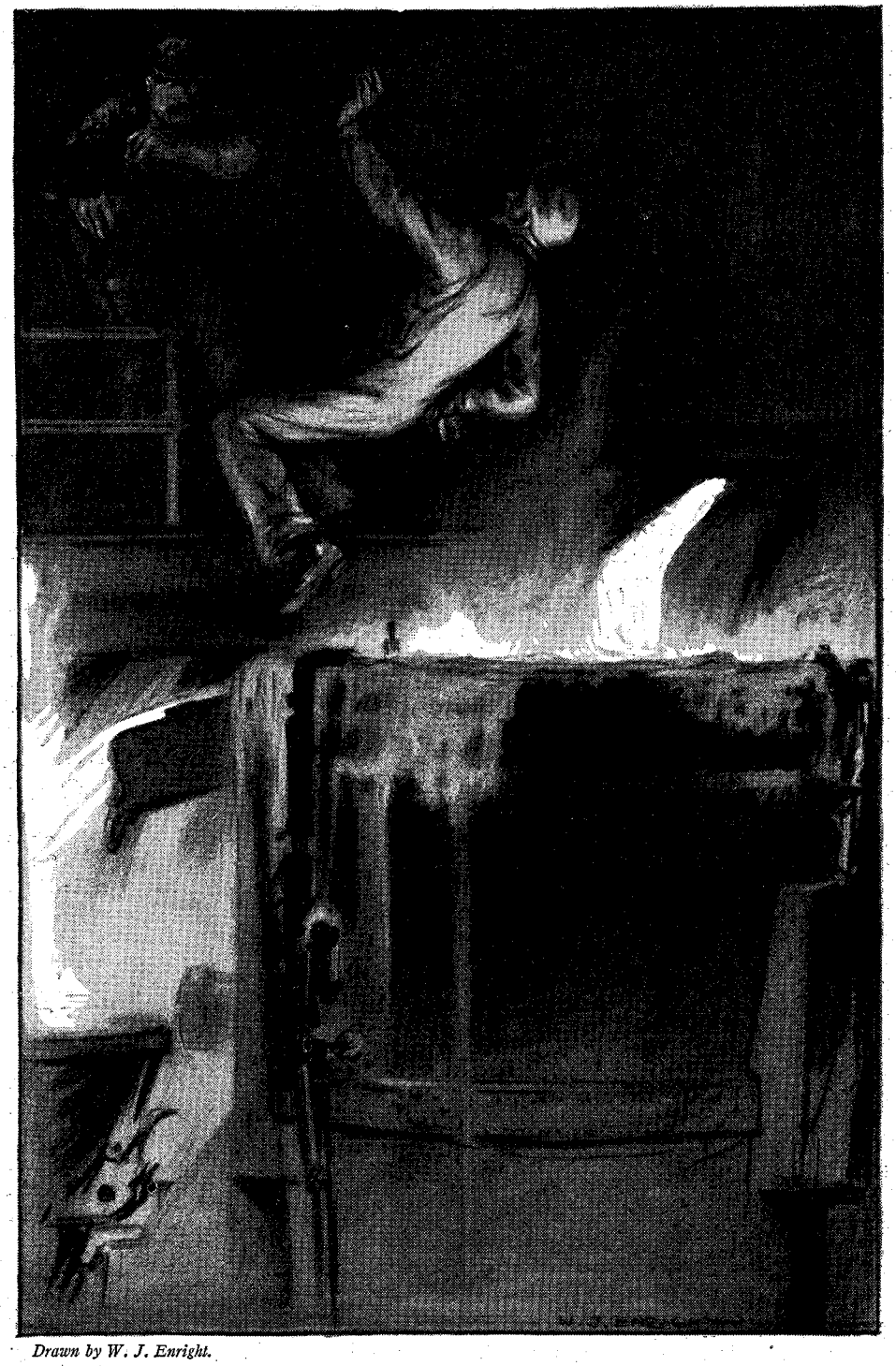

Drawn by W. J. Enright.

It needed only a touch to upset his balance.—Page 369.

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stroyers ran in and out like bicycles twisting amongst huge motor-busses. The captain of *H. M. S.* —— took his position on the bridge, and asked the chaplain to stand on the far end to note the firing, while he remained at the other. "Watch the firing of the forecastle-guns, and especially of the starboard six-inch. I shall be glad to have your detailed report."

At a signal from the flag-ship the fire-control of the cruisers was tested. They fired in turn at a slow-moving target. The turn came for *H. M. S.* ——. The port forecastle-gun emitted a cloud of smoke, a great rolling blanket of white vapor. Captain and chaplain pierced it with their glasses, and it had rolled away before the splash of the shell showed where the aim had fallen short. The cruiser swung slowly round, and the brand-new 9.2 fired for the tenth time in its existence. Captain and chaplain watched the smoke without raising their glasses. It slowly melted in the bright breeze, disintegrating and discoloring of itself. It was quite thin before a man's figure could be discerned struggling in the dissolving smoke. It seemed obvious, matter-of-fact, and chemical, except that it was a figure of smoke. The figure was only comprehensible for a moment or two, for the wind elongated his writhings, and his limbs, as though on the rack, were torn apart with delirious speed. But the impression of human agony remained with every human being who watched the torment of the smoke. Only the officer controlling the fire watched the target and noted how near the shell fell this time. By the time the next shot was fired, not a wisp of the ghostly smoke remained. . . . And the fear of doom remained in every heart on board that night except with the captain and the chaplain. The chaplain had decided clearly that it was either a fantasy or a divine omen. In the latter case it was for the good, and in the first case it did not matter. As for the captain, he was both puzzled and unafraid.

The chaplain had noted the firing and its results very carefully as directed, and he handed his notes to the captain, who read them in his cabin. They were accurate and corresponded to the official account in the log. "You make no mention of the smoke," suggested the captain. "No." "Well, I saw a very distinct outline of a man in the smoke, and I expected you would have recorded it." "No," replied the other. "I particularly left the spook to you. It would have been no evidence for me to have seen and reported it, for I am officially supposed to believe in spirits." "Well," said the captain, "I who do not believe in them have seen this." "Blessed rather are those who have not seen and yet have believed," said the chaplain. "That is hardly my case," replied the captain, "for I have most distinctly seen and yet have not believed."

Both turned then as sensible men to consider the effect of the hallucination, or whatever it was, on the crew of the gun, and incidentally on the whole ship. The men had come to regard it as a bad omen. To them it was worse than carrying round a corpse. They thought the gun was haunted and that, however deadly its firing to the enemy, it would in the end prove more fatal to the ship. They believed they were on a doomed vessel. It was no use changing the crew of the gun, as the whole ship seemed involved.

"Provided I can drop a hit on the enemy with that gun in action, I do not so much mind if the ship sinks under me," was the captain's final deliberation. . . .

The long wait of months was broken for some by the instantaneous decision of mine or explosion, for others by change of latitude and ship; for some, indeed, it was never broken; but for a few it was crossed by the magic signal "action!" On a joyous day for *H. M. S.* —— issue was joined in the North Sea with a German raider supported in the dim distance by enemy light forces. The captain gathered all the threads of his life and training into his hand, and stood glued to the bridge. The chaplain went down to steady the men, who in the glad glow of coming action forgot all their troubles of body or mind. The moving smoke on the horizon was the sign of retreating enemy, and cruisers with torpedoes were dashing to cut them off. Every heart on board beat in steady throb of unison with the ship's engines. Precious minutes passed, and the smokes

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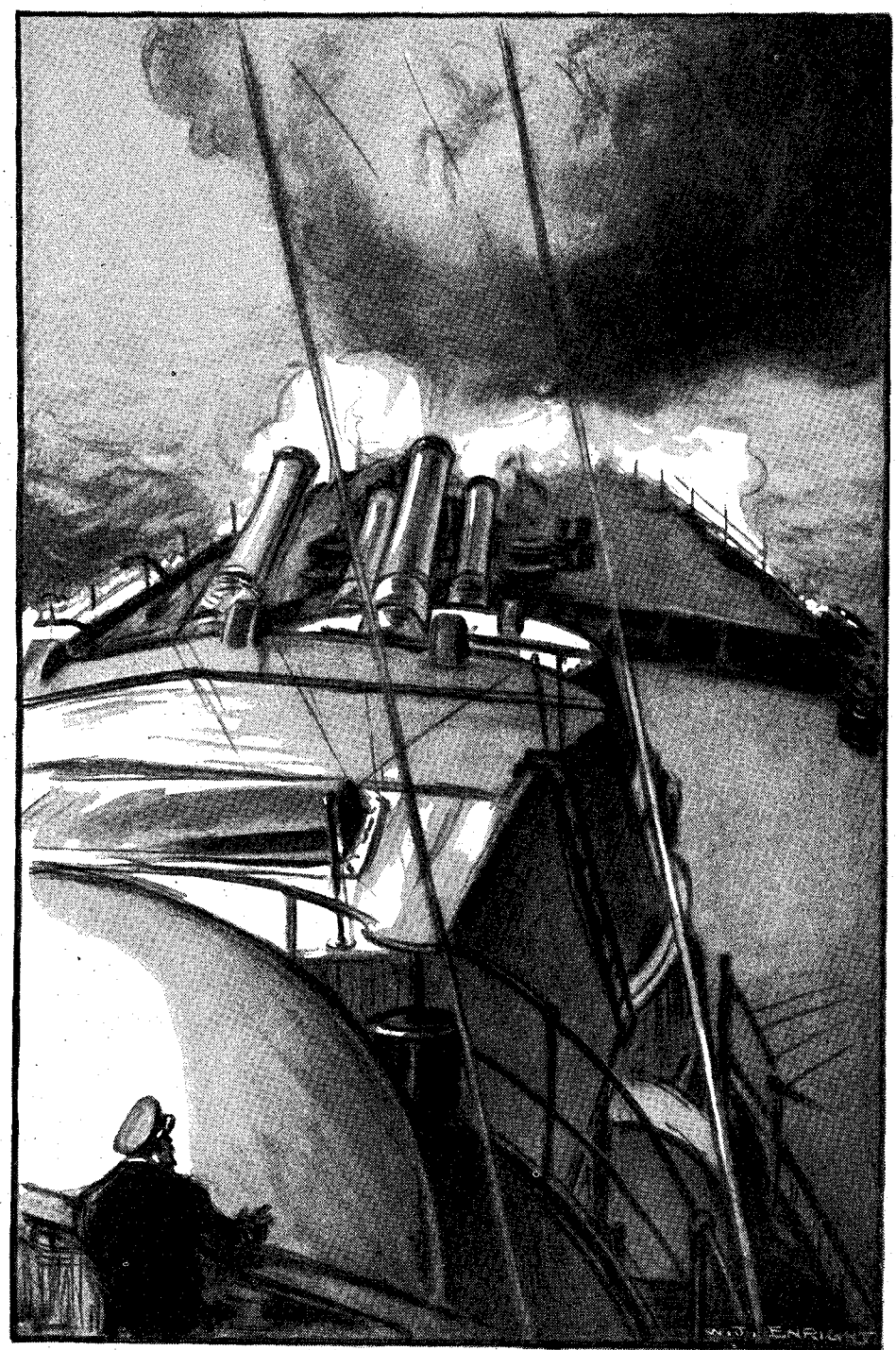

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It seemed obvious, matter-of-fact, and chemical, except that it was a figure of smoke.—Page 372.

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on the horizon were no nearer. The largest smoke was separating from the others. Half an hour passed and a hull was outlined. It corresponded to the raider, one of those sweet prizes which had been dashing in and out of middies' dreams for months. As the raider drew off from her escort, chancing a northern mist, *H. M. S.* —— followed into the gathering vapor. Fire was being exchanged between the others, but he reserved the raider to his own. Careless whether she was dropping mines, he pushed into her direct wake. In ten minutes he would open fire. And he did.

The fore-guns flashed in turn and eager glasses picked up the splash of the first shell falling short. The captain groaned, but his groan was choked with relief as he watched the next shell drop with a red flash on the raider's bridge. He telephoned his congratulations to the gun's crew, who received them in British silence. The red glare of fire was rising from the raider under the British fire. She was blazing steadily, and the captain no longer kept check of his guns. They were being fired in irregular but enthusiastic salvoes. The German flag was visible, white against the yellow smoke, so good were the captain's glasses. Another glance and the flag was gone. He immediately gave the signal to cease firing. A destroyer ran in and fired a torpedo, whereat the raider turned quietly over. . . .

Leaving the rescuing to the destroyers, the captain of *H. M. S.* —— cheerfully inquired if there had been any casualties. The chaplain joined him on the bridge with a list. "I am afraid there have been a few." "I never knew we were hit." "No, we were not hit by the enemy, but unfortunately a six-inch gun starboard exploded after firing one shot, the second shot of the action, and the whole crew were killed or wounded." The captain buried his face in his hands, forgetful that this was the end of the perfecting day of his career, when years of preparation were tested in action. Action and victory had come and also unlooked-for disaster.

He could return home and report a brilliant and decisive action, but the nature of his casualties necessitated an inquiry. A great deal of evidence was taken as to the explosion of the six-inch breech, and as little as possible was allowed to reach the public. It was proven that the gun had been made with every possible care, being tested and regulated in every way. The metal itself was subjected to a close examination, and found to be of the best. The only flaw was traced to a slight superfluity of carbon, which remained inexplicable amid the alloy, and no blame was attached to the maker, or to the crew or captain who had had charge of her in action. This carbon had undoubtedly brought about a weak point in the gun, and under pressure she had exploded, though in practice she had been successfully fired. It was an explanatory but unsatisfying report. . . . A month later—"Carbon is a material cause at least," remarked the captain to the chaplain, "and carbon could have come from a man." "That is a possible solution, if you think it likely that some man fell accidentally into the gun when it was cast," replied the chaplain. "I know it," said the captain, "for it was my suspicion, and a private and careful inquiry has placed me in possession of the fact that this gun came from a foundry where a man had been actually lost in the molten metal." Both sat in stony silence, and then the captain rose to go. "Whatever I saw and you saw and the ship's crew saw, the cause was material and a man."

"Yes, and as you have had reason to observe, a man is a spirit," said the chaplain, returning to his duties. . . .

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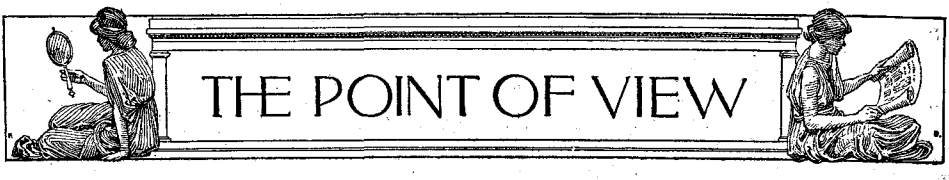

ALL my life has vagueness hovered about me like one of those invisible companions of little children, to whom they talk, with whom they play, from whom they receive intermittent but ample direction and consolation. I cannot recall any crisis but this very Vagueness has offered something to blunt or blur, to enhance, mitigate or pacify my special need. It is evident that I can speak of Vagueness but vaguely, else it would in the exploitation become its opposite. If I can, however, dimly shadow forth its evanescent face, impart something of its shaping power; if I can separate its adventitious weakness from its essential potency; if I can show it as a stage in our development and a crown upon our endeavor, with instances of lives it has fashioned—manipulating these into a sort of whole to prove that the best part of truth is that which evades our thinking, the best part of thought that which eludes our speech, and the best part of life that which escapes our classification—I may help to dissipate the traditional prejudice against this discredited quality.

Vague Vagaries

I despair as I read my supposititious listing: if, if—but of course I cannot express the Vagueness that is next my heart, nor can I be quite at ease until I try. Even with Hardy's dictum in mind, that only those who half know a thing write about it; for those who know a thing thoroughly do not take the trouble—I still try.

That some of my bias is physical I must allow. "Why do artists always draw a moon like that?" I once asked petulantly, pointing to a painted crescent. "How would you draw it?" questioned my mother. Whereupon I drew a proper moon with two horns on either side, and a little crescent tidily tucked into the arms of its parent. I was forthwith led off to the oculist, and my heavens stripped of half their glory. "No wonder you find four-leaf clovers!" exclaimed my same comrade, now sophisticated, after frantic but futile search in the grass to rival my vaunted pickings; "I could too if I saw double!" So if my Vagueness is a magic, in the exercise of which I have only to pull off my spectacles, hers was a magic of the mind, the donning at will of wizard glasses which could rectify most of the prosaic literalism and the too-sharp-by-far focussing of a conventional world.

The principle, however, is the same. Just as misty morning assumes the similitude of dusky twilight, and each is more exquisite in my hemmed-in garden, when my shadow is the long trail leading to rising or setting sun, than is noonday's brilliance, when I wantonly tread down the black, amorphous shape myself creates. And just as misty morning progresses to dusky twilight, I trust that my own physical vagueness, instanced by astigmatic vision of waxing moon, will grow into the deliberately sublimated vagueness of my mother, "confounding the astronomers, but oh! delighting me."

The evolution of Vagueness seems to me something like this: The unconsciousness of it in Infancy; passing to adoption of it in Childhood; after which Youth's dawning recognition of it, growing dislike and distrust of it, with the effort, fostered by the schools, to overcome it. Manhood brings so-called victory. The mind is intensely keen, discriminating, far-seeing; so far-seeing, so discriminating, so keen, that inklings come of a haunting vagueness, followed by faint praise of it, shy tests of it, tentative practice of it. This bourgeons into the luminous vagueness of Old Age, when there is no more search, no more question—then Vagueness. Thus like the winds and clouds it circles our little world, and for its perfect consummation it must be nowhere stayed or spent.

At birth, what a long way the ancestral vagueness has to go, "seeking among forgotten nocturnal silences, for the lost trails of the soul." Then, like Jeanne d'Arc, or Pelle the Conqueror, or any least one of us, comes a vague feeling of being chosen. "Even as a child it made Pelle look with courage in the face of a hard world. Light radiated from him, insignificant and ordinary as he was. God had given him the spark, the old man said, and he looked upon the boy as a little miracle of heaven." In

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another great foreign trilogy, Rolland refers to that singular gift, often remarked in the children of old families, of divining thoughts which have never passed through their minds before and are hardly comprehensible to them. Even the exact meaning of words is negligible to a child, a certain lack of precision seeming to stimulate his mentality more vigorously.

Shades of the prison-house! The child must pass from the vagueness he loves to the rigid rule of the educator. The wise teacher will avoid haste in putting exact ideas into his undeveloped brain, knowing exactness will be repugnant. This is why the influence of Arnold upon the majority of his pupils was "very good though very vague." From myth and Homer the youth is led to mathematics and logic and the exact sciences. The rainbow is reduced to the prismatic colors; analytic fingers dissect the old magic of flower and cloud and stream; the vein is traced, not by beauty-loving eye on wrist and temple, but by the scalpel on the cadaver. Thomas must feel the nail-marks; Euclid must measure the sides of his triangle; Watt must press the cover down on the teakettle. "Therefore," becomes the habitual conjunction. But hark! "Nevertheless" creeps in, with some apprehension of its meaning. Henry James got it earlier than most persons, "the intensity of meaning and vagueness that thrills us but once, the prime hour of first intuitions!" Even in his college days he had come to regard vagueness as a saving virtue; though "to be properly and perfectly vague one has to be vague about something," he concedes. Kipling, perceiving that his passion for exact definition failed to produce depth and shimmer and bloom, faced about, evolved a new obscurity, a mist not of dusk but of dawn, and the unsubstantial dream-stuff of *Rewards and Fairies* was minted into shape. So nobly wrote Dixon Scott, the young critic killed at Dardanelles. "For half of life," he comments, "is moonlit, and the image that would copy it exactly must be vague."

This is the stage in the evolution of the theme in which one would linger, to contemplate and to experience. But turn, my wheel! We find that what escapes us on the steady swing of it, glows as the pace quickens. "In rapid flashes, with the hurrying of the rhythm of time, we discern reality. No reason accounts for such moments; all poets, mystics, heroes, know them; moments when common things change in an instant and show the secret of the imperishable life they harbor; moments when the human creature reveals its Godhead; moments of danger that are perfect happiness, because the adorable reality gives itself to our sight and touch." It is May Sinclair who speaks, stirred from fiction to philosophy, which in her hands outstories story. "Are logical ideas tender, and facts hard?" she further questions. "No, facts have a notorious habit of elusiveness and liquescence."

Is there not cheer in this for Old Age—the relaxation of energy, the dimming of our light, the softening of the too-lucid focus? Watt still painted at ninety-five, typified by his blindfolded hope, listening intently to the music of the world. Yeats promises

> "Though you have passed the best of life, shall trace
> Enthralled by the unconquerable delusion
> Magical shapes."

St. Paul's Paradox

PEOPLE who believe what they cannot prove are not necessarily sinners against truth and justice. We constantly see the power of things which are not bring to naught the things which are. We see wide-spread human needs awakening to continuous if often vague social movements—"the soft, indefinite jellyfish retains its shape, and grows in wind and storm, because its particles are bound by an organic force." Ralph Cram comments on the vague heroes buried at Glastonbury: "St. Dunstan, the Venerable Bede, King Arthur and Guinevere, Merlin and Elaine. Why not? Actualities or emanations, they are facts. Even science, according to Herbert Spencer, discovers new veilings in every evolutionary advance, but these veilings are revealings." Probably every man, living at a certain intellectual level, has in mind an obscure inkling of the proximate discovery which is to change our views of nature; while the least thinker recognizes some subject about which his thought revolves, a subject whose very vagueness lends plasticity and hence usefulness to daily life. Perhaps I speak timidly of some theme over which I have long speculated. My friends do not understand. They catch me up in sharp disagree-

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ment. I cannot argue. I reach my conclusion somehow and then lose the thread of my own procedure and cannot quickly recover it. I am embarrassed and change the subject. Yet my mind has somehow made a spring beyond anything I knew before. Later, my friends recur to the subject questioningly. Their former surety has progressed to doubt. This is the law of life; even clarity must change or perish, adapt itself or die.

So I am less and less daunted by others' clear-sightedness and sure-footedness, their lucid statements, their concise terminology; and I trust more and more to reaching my own dim goal, even blindfolded, with uncertain steps, through unmarked paths. The air, I feel sure, will clear as I go, and my step become firmer as I advance. I am not seeking Vagueness, *per se*—I have enough of it already; but I repeat that it enters, as a slave, not a leader, into my philosophy of life. Mindful of the fact that the things which have ever most fascinated and influenced me were not accomplishments, but half-formed purposes, vague aspirations, unsuccessful attempts; conversation and reading about deep things which I could not understand; feelings not easily defended on the grounds of definite help given or wrongs done—I hold, in George Eliot's estimable phrase, to "the inalienable right of private haziness," and I concur with a later novelist, Mr. de Morgan, when he gaily advocates: "Do not try to say what you mean, because you can't, you are not clever enough!"

THE cruel business of sending rejection slips to hopeful authors gives very little time or place for the exercise of "the humanities." Indeed, the reader often enough wishes for an opportunity to express some sentiment besides stereotyped disapproval or lack of interest, for he is generally wholly devoid of harsh feelings, and not in the least bored by the floods of unavailable manuscripts that must go back whence they came. Contrary to public opinion, it is no fearful task to read and pass upon manuscripts. Instead, it is one of the most romantic of pastimes. One's fingers clutch strands from the far ends of the earth, and stow away into one place each day such a collection of the great and the lowly as would put an ordinary city street to shame. Here East meets West and all nations gather, striving in friendly fashion for that seemingly unattainable thing, editorial favor. And to the magazine reader, who merely picks the sheep from the goats, one great interest must always be the personality of the contributor.

The Unpublished

How many strange people one meets, and how very well one learns to know them! Particularly is this true of the Unpublished, for they have not yet learned to hide all things under the cloak of art, or to serve up startling reality with the grace and inevitability of fiction. Their work is replete with life in the rough; they deal but rarely with pure fancy, and even then sometimes the alchemy fails—somewhere the art wears thin and the gilt of romance rubs off and reveals the reality beneath. One may probe with the analyst's full joy, and discover with surprising accuracy of what stuff contributors are made, and what experiences their lives have held. One may work in vast fields, for the trusting contributor pours out his all to the editor—his age and ambition, his heart's secrets and his financial status, his family skeleton—and lets them all gather to await the editor's momentary decision of their right to fame.

Personally I should be willing never to meet, editorially speaking, with the Published Great. Their ways are covered with an architectural grandeur; their remoteness does not tempt one to intrude upon it in the hope of possible discovery. But the Unpublished are a never-failing joy.

Some of them introduce themselves personally to you. The débutante from the Middle West, whose father is on the staff of the local paper, sends you a five-column clipping containing a lovely portrait of herself, and a note saying "A few words to tell you who I am." And thereafter day by day you are flooded with verse about the poor factory worker, and the miner whose young wife has died, and the earthquake-orphaned children. And back they must all go to her with nothing more than a printed slip for comment, when you would so like to add approval of her interest in the downtrodden poor, and more than that, a statement that you liked the picture and thought the débutante's gown in every way equal to those of the New York shop-win-

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dows. And in the same mail you have received another portrait, of a man who would surely advertise himself in a want column as an "aggressive live-wire." Boldness is written deep in his face, but very little candor. And oh, horror! He writes of his experiences in an insane asylum, and of playfully throwing jelly in the faces of the inmates. "Pure fact," he calls it, and urges that it be published to show how a man may be wronged—shut up in an asylum with no one to believe that he is not insane. The "story" runs a little thin at the end of the thirtieth page, but still bears the stamp of truth in a few places. You long to send it to an alienist of your acquaintance, instead of back to its author, whom you now picture running unguarded about the streets, throwing things.

Always the mails are flooded with verse. The lyric outcry of humanity, read only by the editorial profession, contains much material for the student of race development and of psychology, for here nothing is suppressed. All moods, all joys, sorrows, and passions, have poetic license. By example from the realists of the present day, nothing is too sordid or too vulgar, and by tradition from the infinite past, nothing is too beautiful or too holy to go unspoken. What does it matter, since only the editor reads them and he guards the secrets with his professional honor? What if contributors knew that it is not alone professional honor that prevents him from sharing his discoveries into the ways of the soul, but mostly his very great confusion at having heaped upon him the secrets of so many souls! After years of experience he has learned not to attempt a vicarious part in their emotions, for his job is that of picking out literature, not revelling in life. No doubt that lesson takes very long to learn, and only the great accomplish it, and even they themselves are never so happy as when they come upon a "human document" that is at the same time literature, for this is rare indeed. But the reader for the magazine does not try to learn this lesson, lest it take away the chiefest of his joys.

How one looks for letters from the bride who has tacked her married name at the end of her maiden name in bold proud letters, and scratched out the "Miss" that preceded it that last time her efforts fell into an editor's hands! She has, as you know, run the gamut of all the unmarried emotions, and you wonder what new possibilities will be brought to the surface by her richer life.

Here again among the very regular contributors is one who mentions the price he will demand if his manuscripts are accepted. How heavy a price, and possible to how very few publications! One regards this as arrogance unspeakable, especially when the information comes typed upon the most heavily engraved and embossed paper. Far preferable is the work of the gentle old lady—by her handwriting—who tells about her garden, each flower in a separate poem, "The Lily" written upon white paper, "Forget-Me-Not" upon blue, "Old-Fashioned Rose," upon pale pink, and "The Violets" upon that lovely lavender affected by old ladies, and, wonder of wonders, she offers you the whole dainty collection "Free, no compensation desired"! Almost as entrancing is the offering of a man from the gallant South, whose collection of "Songs of the Heart," written in red ink, contains an ode to each member of his family, entitled variously "Adored Father," "Darling Sister Jess," "Beloved Wife," and "Most Precious Baby," and there is even an "Esteemed Mother-in-Law!" Oh, perfect self-revelation, worthy of more than a mere reader's delight!

One grows to love the familiar names of the Unpublished, and to smile kindly and not scornfully at their urgent request that their writing be kept "strictly anonymous." The tasteful modesty of the unknown ones is refreshing amidst the hosts who yearn for fame.

What becomes of the returned writings of the Unpublished no one will ever know. Are quiet tears dropped upon them, or are they flung in scattering sheets about the room, wildly, to match the author's rage, or burned with bitter smiles in a cynic's fire? At least be it known that they have filled up with their diverting variety the craving after "human interest" in one reader, at least, who with all humbleness of spirit begs their pardon for editorial rudeness, and in entire sincerity wishes them well!

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THE FIELD OF ART

ABBOTT H. THAYER

(1849–1921)

By Helen M. Beatty

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY MR. THAYER

IN his art, Abbott H. Thayer is one of our foremost American painters. His pictures have enduring qualities, and this has for many years been understood and recognized wherever art is known. He had the supreme ability to see and realize essential character—the predominant, outstanding expression of man and nature. He had also an innate sense of appropriate design and a refined feeling for color. As a result of his profound knowledge of these elemental qualities, his works possess the power of truth, the distinction that always results from simple and masterly treatment, and in almost all of his works the pleasing quality of grace.

Abbott H. Thayer, 1919.

These are the dominating qualities that will make Thayer's works live, because their appreciation is not restricted to any age or nation. They live in the art of every period and people. They are universal.

Abbott Thayer's portraits are profound expressions of character, wherein he seems to have fathomed the innermost meaning of personality as expressed by external form. As showing his grasp upon essential, dominating character a comparison of three of his important paintings will be convincing. In the "Sketch for an Angel," owned by Mr. William James, in the "Stevenson Memorial," and in the picture entitled "My Children" in the Carnegie Institute collection, the same figure appears, representing a type, although not primarily a portrait in any one of these. With unerring precision in each case, Thayer has portrayed the character of the girl, which he has understood in a profound and masterly way. The three paintings are revelations of his power in portraiture. It is not simply that we recognize the model. It is that we recognize unmistakably the character of the girl.

In the group entitled "My Children," the portrait of his son Gerald has been painted with such insight and knowledge that even in this child's head we see the man of later years.

To this, the power to realize character, Thayer added another important qualification—a sensitive response to beauty and nobility in life, whether in man or nature. Many of his groups and figures are especially fine in their expression of grace, and they always possess a rare distinction. He had a feeling for the beauty of symmetry as expressed in form, which is very evident in his compositions.

One of the most beautiful of his subject

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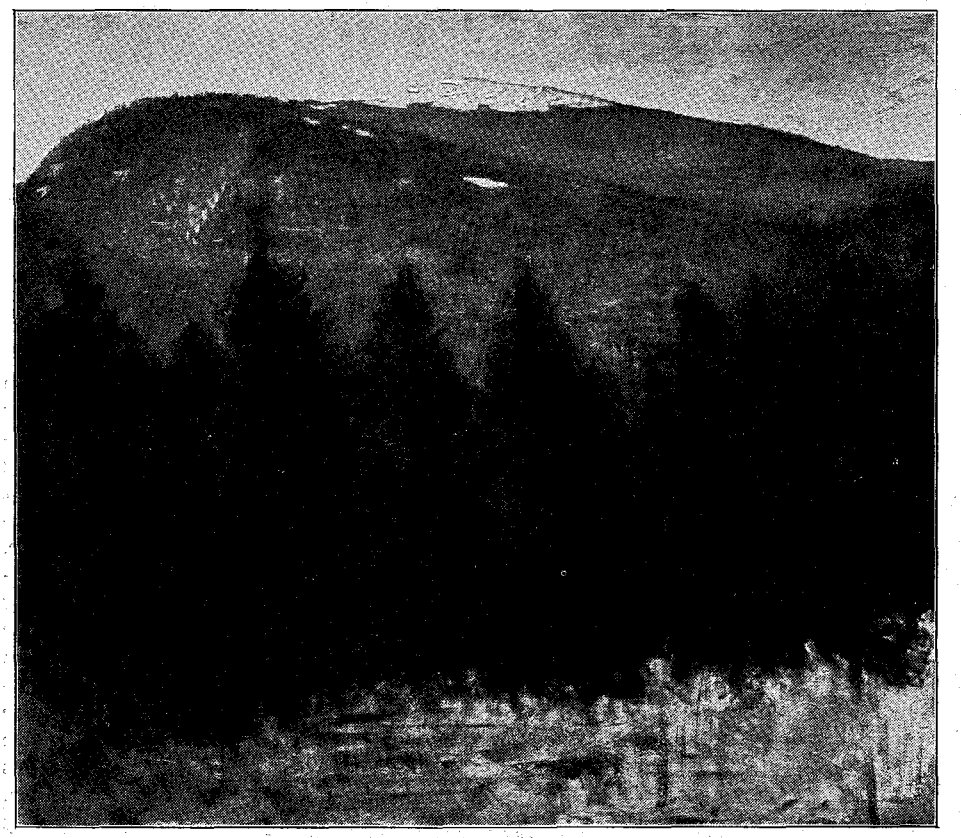

Winter Sunrise on Monadnock.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

pictures is a small "Winged Figure" owned by Mr. John Gellatly. The symmetry and pure beauty of the wings form a background for the slight figure of the girl, the expression of whose eyes is arresting. In this phase of his art, where through physical beauty he idealizes the spiritual quality of womanhood, Thayer reaches the height of his power. This is the "type of beauty dearest to him and which he has long lived in worship of."

Another charm possessed by all of Thayer's work is that of beautiful color. Nothing could be more pleasing or subtle than the relation existing between the few masses of color as these appear in the painting entitled "My Children." The gray note represented by the young girl's dress as it comes against the mass of dark green gives a sense of the most perfect harmony and refinement. In this respect as well as in powerful characterization the work is a modern masterpiece.

Thayer painted few landscapes, but in those few we see again his profound knowledge of the truth of nature and his masterly skill as a painter. The "Winter Sunrise on Monadnock," in the Metropolitan Museum, and the "Sketch of Cornish Headlands" and "Winter Dawn on Monadnock," in the Smithsonian Institution (Freer Gallery of Art), are among the finest examples of American landscape that we have.

An expression by his fellow painter and lifelong friend, George de Forest Brush, on the subject of his art is of interest. He says, "Abbott Thayer stands alone in these times in the expression of the countenance, and his best examples rank him among the masters. When his work shall be gathered in after years, it will be not only a satisfaction to the public, but a support to all younger artists of integrity, who are moved by repose and nobility." "There is no-

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body," he adds, "who has painted such touching looks."

As a man, no less than as an artist, Abbott Thayer was worthy of the high regard that he was accorded. To those who knew him, his rare and lovable qualities of character will remain an endearing memory. His very human traits which made him so delightful a companion, his enthusiasm which could sweep everything before it, his absolute sincerity in trivial as in important matters, his high ideal of conduct in all relations of life, these are among the finest attributes of human nature.

He was a man of the utmost simplicity of life and manner, tender in his affection for his family and friends, but wholly absorbed in his pursuit of his art. Courteously but firmly he refused to allow other demands to encroach upon his time and strength.

During his boyhood, which was passed in New England, his interest in drawing steadily grew. His father gave him a sympathy which stimulated this interest, and encouraged him to follow his natural inclination in this direction.

There followed years of study in New York and then in Paris, where, under the influence of his master, Gérôme, his early interest in animal painting was supplanted by an interest in portraiture. This, thereafter, continued to be his aim.

Caritas.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

When he returned to America and began painting portraits he made a great impression on his fellow artists. Even his earliest works possessed merit of a high order. The "Mother and Child," dated 1885, and the "Brother and Sister," dated 1889, portraits of his wife and children, belong to this period, and are direct, forceful, and yet very sympathetic delineations of character.

Probably the earliest "Winged Figure" that he painted is the one now owned by Smith College, which is dated 1889. His interest from then on seems to have been chiefly in the ideal figure, where the harmonious and beautiful composition, the balance of form and the play of line, and the subtle, pervading tone-quality of the whole are combined with a poetic interest. These ideal figures are still portraits, however, for the human face was always for Thayer the most significant and absorbing of created things.

Following the period when he painted the "Caritas," now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the "Virgin," in the Smithsonian Institution (Freer Gallery of Art), the "Virgin Enthroned," and "My Chil-

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dren" and some of his earlier winged figures, we find his interest centered more in tone than in form. Not that his form became less accurate or his compositions less harmonious, but the supreme quality of true, full tone values seems the thing he strove most earnestly to achieve. And we have a series of paintings such as the "Sketch for an Angel," one or two portrait heads, and other "Angel" studies that might be described as unfinished canvases, were it not for the fact that, as Thayer himself said of one of them, they are "essentially highly finished." In breadth of feeling and masterly execution they are even more forceful than his earlier canvases, although these are more finished in detail.

The Virgin.
In the Freer Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Of interest as explaining his way of working in later years was his own analysis of his method. During the winter of 1919, which he spent in New York, he had in his studio three copies of one picture, the "Boy and Angel," all unfinished. Referring to them, he spoke of the difficulty he always felt when working; the fear of losing the merit already secured in an attempt to carry the picture further. Once lost, it sometimes required weeks and months of weary effort to remedy the damage. So, as soon as a picture seemed to him to have any value, he stopped working on it, had an assistant make him a copy, and on this copy he would go forward again, "lighted by the measureless comfort of the original's safety, while it directed his handling of the replica, which under his hand soon outstripped the first." Sometimes he would then take up the first picture again, sometimes begin a third, always carrying forward the one that was least satisfactory until it became the best of all. Thus he could work with perfect freedom, knowing that he could not lose what he had already achieved.

Thayer's letters are delightful—spontaneous and without a trace of self-consciousness, as was the man himself. He wrote with enthusiasm, as he talked, and yet always, even in a hasty note, with precision. Such records reveal the man in an intimate and delightful way. In more serious vein, as a postscript to a letter, he gave this interesting expression of his conviction on a subject that touched him closely.

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"Perhaps I should confide to you that I am fundamentally out of sympathy with the main drift of most contemporary art, though I know that one must be ever on the watch for the finest work yet to suddenly spring up 'out of Galilee.' The effort after the new is my 'Galilee.' I see it on all sides while to-day's sky is the sky of our forefathers, and to-day's woman essentially ditto. The old struck spontaneously where the pasture was richest, and in the same places it is richest to-day. I refer to the normal old arrangements of light and shade, and above all the painting *only* representations of unself-conscious human action and attitudes, absolutely *not to be studied from models conscious of being observed.*"

Young Woman.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

A remarkable thing in his career and one that has aroused wide discussion was the publication of his book, "Concealing-Coloration in the Animal Kingdom, an Exposition of the Laws of Disguise through Color and Pattern." Justifying his right to enter the field of science in this way, he points out that "The laws of color-correlation are, of course, the very axes of the art of coloring, and any intellectual painter inevitably *is* the scientist of all that is knowable in this matter." He gave much time and thought to the study and investigation of this problem—the inconspicuousness of nearly all creatures in nature—and certain theories which he advanced would seem to be amply supported by the evidence offered through his researches.

The law which underlies Protective Coloration, Mr. Thayer tells us, is "the law of gradation in the coloring of animals, and is responsible for most of the phenomena of protective coloration except those properly called mimicry.

"Naturalists have long recognized the fact that the coloring of many animals makes them difficult to distinguish, and have called the whole phenomenon protective coloration, little guessing how wonderful a fact lay hidden under the name."

Mimicry makes an animal appear to be some other thing, whereas this newly discovered law makes him cease to appear to exist at all.

"The newly discovered law may be stated thus: Animals are painted by nature darkest on those parts which tend to be

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most lighted by the sky's light, and vice versa" (lightest on those parts which are in shadow), with the result that the "two effects cancel each other" when the animals are seen under the light of the sky, so that they approach something like invisibility.

Not only did Mr. Thayer and his son, Gerald, make innumerable observations to prove this theory, but they have demonstrated it by making models, which may be seen in the Natural History Museums of London, Oxford, Cambridge, and other cities.

His scientific study of this subject is an indication of his mental attitude with reference to facts in nature, an attitude that has doubtless been a profound influence in his study of nature with reference to his art. We feel in all his paintings the evidence of sincere and accurate observation.

A lovable man, of the highest qualities of mind and character, alive to the stirring aspects of life as to its humorous side, spontaneous and very human, and, in his art, touching with masterly skill the loftiest and noblest conceptions of beauty, Abbott H. Thayer, it is safe to predict, will be regarded in years to come as one of the great artists of his age.

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Sketch for an Angel.
In the collection of William James, Esq.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

ECONOMIC CONVALESCENCE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN every period of economic readjustment, a time arrives when the force of reaction seems to have spent itself, yet when no impulse toward revival is in sight.

Condition of the Financial Patient

The condition which then exists in finance and industry suggests analogy with that of the patient whose dangerous condition has been overcome by heroic remedies, who has passed the crisis of his malady and is on the road to convalescence, but who is left in a state of physical exhaustion and inertia. Under favoring circumstances, recovery should be continuous, sometimes slow, yet sometimes very rapid. Taught by experience, the doctors watch for any sign of fresh relapse. In economic history such relapse has frequently occurred, even after a season of promising recuperation—as with the very severe financial reaction which in 1896 followed a year of spectacular recovery from the hard times of 1893 and 1894. The return of weakness and reaction resulted either from too sudden a strain on a still enfeebled economic organism, or from distinctly unfavorable developments in the agricultural or political situation.

Even the preliminary convalescence is as yet in its early stages. The signs of promise at the end of this summer season have been in evidence mostly on markets which look far ahead. On the stock-market the course of prices has been reassuring; more so, perhaps, than at any time since the great readjustment began at the end of 1919. The midsummer rise on the Stock Exchange was slow and gradual; it indicated largely retreat of speculators for the decline who, during the whole preceding year, had seemed to dominate the market but it carried prices 10 to 15 per cent above those of June. It was commonly ascribed to the fall in money rates; which, indeed, was a very significant phenomenon of the day, comprising not only further reduction of their official discount rates by our own and nearly all foreign state banks, but a decline in rates on the open money market at New York to the lowest since midsummer of 1919.

This was a change of basic importance, for precisely as the overstrain on credit which was a primary cause of the prolonged industrial reaction was indicated by the abnormally high cost of money in 1920 and the early months of 1921, so return of normal conditions on the money market should be evidence that at least this cause had been removed. But as yet the only visible result, outside of the Stock Exchange, was disappearance of the despondency which had previously colored every view of the future, and slow but unmistakable increase of hopefulness. That leads in time, however, conditions being favorable, to the state of mind known as financial confidence.

ONE familiar indication, in this earlier stage of recovery from prolonged and severe depression, is the turning of the business community's attention from its own disturbing symptoms to outside influences which are making for relief. That does not happen immediately. During many months of trade reaction, the financial and industrial market will have been doing little else than feeling its own pulse. With markets as with individuals, the test is sure to be discouraging. Actual symptoms are exaggerated, imaginary symptoms are discovered. When the first hope of immediate recovery has to be given up, expert diagnosis is distrusted. Presently even visible signs of encourage-

In the Early Stages of Recovery

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ment are dismissed with querulous impatience. Recourse to the remedies of economic quacks is apt to follow.

Something of the sort was vaguely expected when the country was passing into this latest chapter of economic depression. There seemed to be reason to expect it when Western Europe was torn up with open war between labor and capital and Eastern Europe passing into the hands of revolutionary governments. During two or three months of 1919, a similar struggle was apparently imminent in the United States. That cloud passed over. It gradually became evident that some at least of these social and political occurrences of the older periods of depression were not destined to be repeated. Whether because of the savings from a period of exceptional prosperity, or because of better popular understanding of the currency problem, or because of unpleasant reminiscences of the high cost of living in 1919 and 1920, or because of the startling object-lesson provided by the paper inflation of Russia and Central Europe, the one political propaganda which has not materialized is the demand for more paper money.

The two or three Congressmen and the one Treasury official who have publicly argued for it on the present occasion were conspicuous because of their isolation. That this should have been possible when the hard times and unemployment coincided with retirement at an unprecedentedly rapid rate of the Federal Reserve note currency, was a highly significant fact. Taken along with labor's reluctant but peaceable recognition of the relation between rise or fall of wages and rise or fall of cost of living these phenomena of the day went a long distance toward confirming the predictions of thoughtful observers during war-time that the United States would emerge from the war the most conservative of all the nations socially and politically.

BUT if Congress, recognizing the temper of the people, did not indulge in the old-time vagaries over the currency and the relations of capital and labor, it was nevertheless observant of the popular discontent and found other means of voicing political infatuation. Possibly with instinctive remembrance of the partisan advantage gained in the sequel to the Civil War by distribution of public money through the Pension Bureau, it insisted on the so-called "Soldiers' Bonus" Bill, whose exactions from the Treasury, according to the Secretary's official estimate, might have amounted to $5,000,000,000 at the very moment when $6,000,000,000 of the government's war obligations would be falling due for payment. Congress carried into law a peculiarly futile resolution of peace with the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires—a measure originally proposed for checkmating any participation by our government in the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations; it passed that measure in the form proposed, notwithstanding the fact that the resolution would have to lean on the Treaty of Versailles to protect our people's rights in the settlement and notwithstanding the further interesting fact that the Austro-Hungarian Empire with which peace was to be concluded was represented now by three or four independent states created by the Versailles Treaty, to which the United States Senate had ostentatiously refused acceptance.

Congress in a Period of Unsettlement

With the urgent problem of replacing the hastily constructed and economically wasteful war taxes by a system adapted to peace-time conditions, Congress refused to grapple, but its committeemen applied themselves with great enthusiasm to constructing a protective tariff bill with the highest potential duties in our political history. In this undertaking they undoubtedly followed precedent, but without very clearly grasping the nature of the precedent. Legislation increasing the rate of import duties was enacted in 1864, in the hard times after 1873, in 1890, and in the business reaction of 1897 and 1909. The tariff of 1864 turned out to be more of a revenue measure than a protective measure; the import trade increased; proceeds of the duty on imports rose from $84,900,000 in 1865 to $216,300,000 in 1872—the larger figure embodying more than one-half of the total revenue—and the large customs receipts made possible the beginning of

(Continued on page 43, *following*)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 386)

rapid reduction of the war debt. Even as late as 1897, while the tariff at first curtailed the public revenue and caused actual dislocation of trade, the fact that our own prices were low while Europe's, owing to increased gold production and scarcity of material were rising rapidly, led to an unexpectedly sudden expansion of our export trade, followed by similar increase in our imports even with the higher duties.

Tariff Bills, Past and Present

BY this time, however, the United States was confronting the problem of its own aggressive competition in the world's export trade; twelve years later that was the country's paramount economic consideration. When, therefore, the higher protective tariff bill of 1909 was introduced and passed, ostensibly as a measure of relief from the panic of 1907, it was received by the country with dislike. The protected industries themselves complained; the export trade was thoroughly angry at interference with the plans for international commerce; the protective clauses turned out to be so far prohibitive that both expectations of increased revenue and expectations of reviving trade were disappointed. Customs receipts were actually smaller after 1909 than in 1907. Home industry failed to revive, and, what was equally interesting, political sentiment turned so sharply against the government which had enacted the law that the majority party broke into factions. In the next two elections, Congress first and the Presidency afterward were turned over to the opposition.

The situation when the tariff of 1921 was reported from the Ways and Means Committee was peculiar. It was like the situation of 1909 in that the crucial question of our own economic recovery lay, not in the import but in the export trade. But it was unlike even 1909 in that this year's surplus of exports over imports was of immense proportions even after the trade reaction and that the maintenance of that export trade appeared to depend on permitting the outside world, Europe especially, to pay its accrued indebtedness and finance its own American purchases through shipments

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

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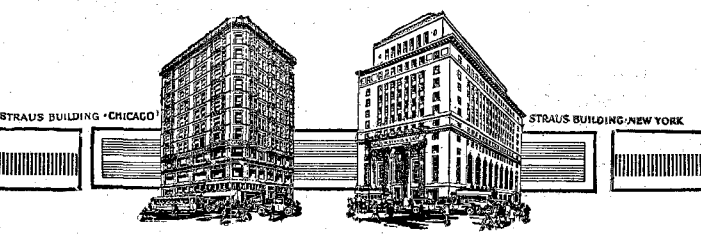

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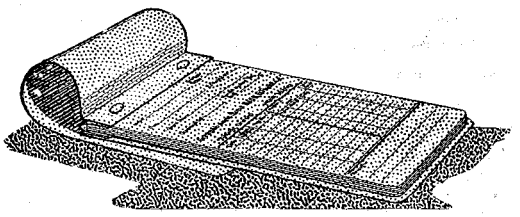

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

of its own merchandise to this country. Nevertheless, the astonished public which read the first draft of the tariff bill found itself confronted with a measure which promised on the average higher protective duties than had been enacted in any measure during or since the days of "infant industries." It found, moreover, that whatever the imported goods might have cost the importer in the country of production, they were to be taxed on a valuation fixed by the price "at which comparable and competitive products of the United States were ordinarily sold at the date of exportation." In other words, not only was the rate of import duties to be capable of indefinite increase from the actual schedules of the bill, but the restraining influence of foreign shipments on such a wild and artificial rise as that of 1919 in the American cost of living was to be abolished by law.

A Legislative Crisis

IF this action of Congress on questions which it had better have left alone and its inaction on other questions whose solution could not wait had made up the whole chapter of political incidents at this juncture of the financial situation, the effect would have been profoundly depressing. At a moment when reduction of the public deficit and reorganization of the government finances were paramount necessities, Congress was refusing to touch the taxes and proposing a huge increase in public expenditure. While recovery of our trade with Europe was anxiously awaited by the whole business community, and while revival of Europe's exports was believed to be the only key to the readjustment of Europe's international position, Congress was planning a law which might blockade both avenues of relief. Congress indeed was going further, and in face of the growing conviction that return to normal international conditions depended on co-operative action to insure the stability of international politics, it was manifestly taking the position that the United States had simply washed its hands of European complications.

Such seemed to be the legislative outlook. During the first half of 1921, it unquestionably emphasized financial misgiving and gave apparently good ground for suspicion that Congress might on this occasion, as in so many

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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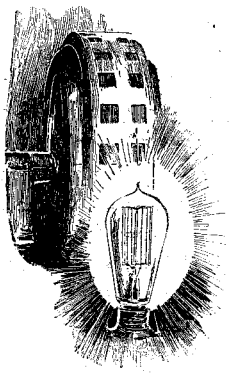

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 45)

other periods of depression, merely emphasize the unfavorable financial conditions through reckless experiments in legislation. Presently, however, signs began to multiply that the people had their own opinion in these matters and that there were other public men in a position of power and responsibility who could read the temper of the people as the Congressional majority had not read it. When the tariff bill, for instance, was introduced at the end of June, the majority and minority reports from the committee were flamboyant in language; the one describing the proposed act as "a Magna Charta for the perpetuation of American standards of living," the other characterizing it as "an economic boycott against the civilized world" and "a savage commercial war against the whole human family." Neither flight of rhetoric was taken entirely at face value by the people, who were probably aware that Magna Chartas which are voted down once every decade or so can scarcely be the palladium even of economic privilege, and that an economic boycott against mankind could not have been deliberately planned by the authors of the tariff bill.

The Public and the Legislators

NEVERTHELESS, it was immediately evident that the popular mind, regardless of party, had taken its own measure both of the tariff bill and of the report in favor of it, and had grasped the essential fact that its authors were talking the language and using the formulas of thirty or forty years ago—a time when the United States was a "debtor country," its gold flowing out to Europe and its home producers struggling for a market. Outside of Congress, nobody seemed to overlook the fact that this economic position had been diametrically reversed and that even last year's Presidential platform of the party now in power had declared that "the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence." Protests began to submerge the unlucky tariff-makers, coming even from protected industries.

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(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

called "American valuation," by which a board of appraisers was to mark up even the stated basis of taxation arbitrarily to conform with the price of "similar goods," in the American market at the time of importation, would make an outright gamble of the import trade, quite obstructing the effort of Europe to pay its debts in goods, and finally, that retaliation of foreign governments against our own export trade would be inevitable. Wall Street and the business community, perplexed and bewildered in the first stages of this legislative interlude, presently began to observe a deepening line of cleavage between the White House and the Capitol. The President personally protested to Congress against the reckless Soldiers' Bonus Bill, against the delay in tax legislation and against several provisions of the tariff bill which, like the heavy import tax on oil brought from foreign fields exploited by American capital, threatened not only the discrediting of our foreign investments by rising prices but artificial scarcity in our own markets for an urgently needed product.

Attitude of the Administration

PURSUING a steady and consistent policy, the Administration did not stop with this. Actions, not vague declarations, began to indicate the State Department's purpose to restore the United States Government by degrees to the international position which it had held during the two or three months following the armistice. The hesitant financiers and the discouraged merchants engaged in our foreign trade observed with reviving interest the series of diplomatic moves; the rebuff to Germany's plea for intercession, the discussion of co-operative help for Austria, the acceptance of Europe's invitation for American delegates to sit on various commissions arising out of the Treaty of Versailles, the negotiations for international regulation of armaments, the proposals for refunding and possible redistribution among private investors of the European government obligations held by our Treasury. In their changing mood, markets and public observed with approval as well as amusement the sequel to our ambassador's declaration at the Pilgrim's dinner, that our government "will not have anything whatsoever to do, directly or indirectly, with the League of Nations or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it"—a declaration which was promptly followed by instructions for that diplomat personally to represent the United States on those very commissions and by the termination of his public addresses.

That this changing political panorama had a profound effect on financial sentiment, there can be no doubt. If the stage had been set for the kind of Congressional Saturnalia which had distinguished 1877 and 1894, the curtain had been rung down. A spectacle of a different character was on the boards and, what was still more heartening to intelligent financial opinion, the public at large was clearly satisfied with the change. The season's incidents at Washington must be kept in mind by every one who is trying to frame his judgment on the financial outlook.

The Business Situation

THESE important changes in the political situation did not alter financial and industrial conditions; it was not reasonable to suppose that they would. The new interest which the business community was taking in such outside occurrences was recognition of the fact that the gradual steps toward straightening out the world's political entanglements were the indispensable preliminary toward restoring normal conditions of international finance and commerce also; but the influence on financial markets of such sound and consistent public policy is always difficult to trace at a time when powerful counter-influences of a purely economic sort are still at work. The effect is often negative; that is to say, it arrests the progress of financial misgiving and creates an underlying confidence which could not be drawn from the immediate course of trade and industry. But it at least removes the dread, always present at such times in the financial mind, of that governmental confusion and hysteria which existed in similar after-panic periods during 1877 and 1894, and which created a very similar state of mind in the financial markets also.

Yet in the business situation itself there was no impressive change. If the midsummer steel and iron industry were to be taken as the measure of industrial conditions, the position was growing worse, for steel prices were heavily reduced again, and in July the produc-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)

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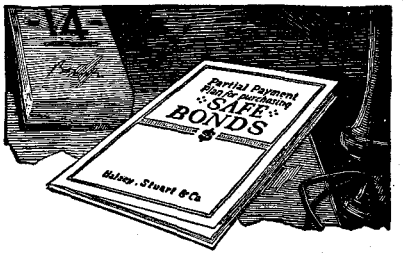

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

tion of iron in the United States actually fell to the smallest total since December, 1903. This basic industry, in other words, was at a lower ebb than in the six months' industrial paralysis of the war panic of 1914 or in the excessively violent reaction after 1907. Barely one-fourth as much iron was produced that month in the United States as in last October and only a little more than one-third as much as was being turned out on the eve of the European war. The comparison, indeed, meant more than appeared at first consideration, because the plant and productive capacity of the industry had been doubled during war time, so that the actual curtailment of production and the actual list of idle foundries and unemployed labor were far more formidable than in the period of reaction from the panic of 1907. When the great Steel Corporation reported its earnings for the quarter ending June 30, its statement showed that the regular dividend on the common stock had not been met—a circumstance which had occurred only three times in the company's twenty-year history. Payment of the 5 per cent dividend for that quarter left a deficit of $4,571,000.

THIS was certainly not encouraging, and it was made the basis of a good many gloomy predictions for the autumn situation. Yet on this occasion, as on many others, the steel and iron trade, although undoubtedly indicating general conditions, did not accurately reflect the tendency of the moment. While cotton goods, for instance, were selling only a trifle above pre-war prices and such commodities as corn and copper actually lower, the price of iron and steel, notwithstanding two reductions, remained nearly twice as high as it had been in the middle of 1914. That is to say, the readjustment which for other commodities began in the spring of 1920, had its real beginning in the steel trade only last autumn, and moreover, it had proceeded very slowly and tentatively. What Wall Street calls the liquidation in grain, cotton, copper and numerous allied industries had been thorough and drastic, and their gradual recovery was becoming visible long before producer and consumer had approached a common basis in the steel trade.

In the Different Industries

In normal years, the forecasts of the business

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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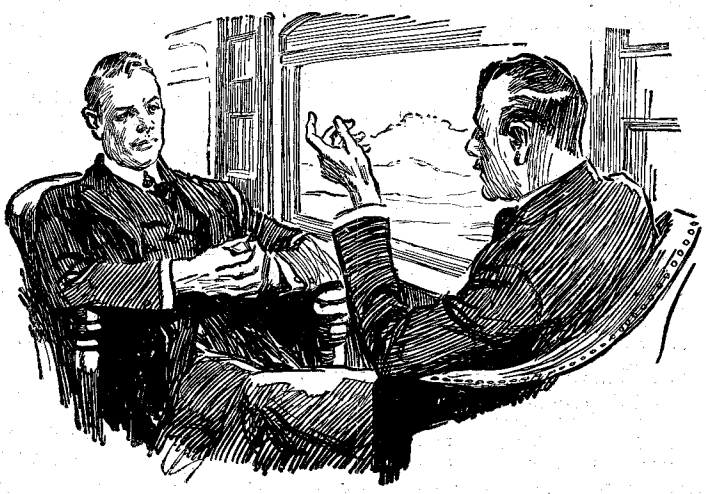

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

community are based very largely on indications for the harvests, and the midsummer government crop reports indicated a wheat yield which, though considerably below the war-time maximum, was larger than any pre-war harvest. Coming as this indication did in the face of unfavorable news from foreign producing countries and with a moderate rise in wheat, the great mass of grain held back on the farms, because of unwillingness to sell at the great decline from the prices of 1920, began to move in quantity to market. In the last weeks of July the 22,000,000 bushels of wheat delivered at Western country markets made up the largest total in the history of the trade. As this great mass of wheat was sold, the farm communities paid off their bank loans; the problem of "frozen credits" in the West was being solved.

Problem of the Cotton Crop

THE cotton crop told a different story. The government's first report, published in July, estimated the planted area as less by 28⅜ per cent than a year before, and the smallest since 1900, the average condition as the worst on record for that month and the indicated yield as barely two-thirds of the actual crop of 1920. On the basis of this estimate, cotton production in 1921 would be not only 5,000,000 bales under that of 1920, but would actually reach the smallest total of any season in a quarter of a century.

This remarkable change—the greatest change which has ever occurred in our history between two seasons except in the early years of the Civil War—resulted partly from a distinctly unfavorable start to the cotton season in the South, but mainly from the South's deliberate purpose. The individual planter would in any case have been compelled to curtail his programme for the coming season's production, partly because he had lost money heavily on the crop of 1920, produced when materials and labor were at the highest point of the inflated prices but marketed on the 50 or 60 per cent decline in cotton, but partly also because a great proportion of the past year's cotton yield had not been sold at all. Planters were heavily in debt, and even if they themselves had hesitated to reduce their acreage,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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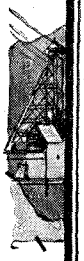

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

the Southern banks and merchants fixed the decision for them.

The position, as the planters' creditors saw it, was that the cotton-growing community might be unable to pay its past debts of 1920 until it could sell, at prices above the existing level, not only its crop of 1921, but the 8,000,000 bales—three times the normal quantity—carried over unsold from the American crop of 1920. They reasoned that another crop of last year's magnitude would not only keep down the price of cotton, but would so far meet the world's requirements of the next twelve months as to postpone still further the disposal of the unsold surplus which was already two or three times as great as in any previous normal year. Therefore both banks and merchants flatly refused to give credit to the borrowing planter until he should promise the cutting down of acreage on some such scale as 30 per cent. The present crop indication is the consequence. The outcome may be equivalent to what the cotton trade, ten years ago, would have called a harvest failure.

The Plan of Restricting Production

THE real interest in this cotton trade incident is the striking test which it may provide of the general problem of readjusting the markets both to present and future needs; in other words, of the influence of radically reduced production on the supply and demand position, on prices and on the future of international trade. The cotton experiment is still in its early stages. In 1919, the government's preliminary estimate on planted acreage was 33,900,000 acres; it was subsequently raised to 35,100,000. A year ago the preliminary estimate was 35,500,000 acres; it was revised after harvest to 31,000,000 and the government's estimates of the probable yield in 1920 were successively marked up until at harvest time it was discovered that the crop of 1920 would be actually much the largest since the record-breaking harvest of 1914.

Present indications, however, point in a different direction, and an extremely unfavorable growing season has followed the undoubtedly very great reduction in planted acreage. If the government's predictions were to be fulfilled, no doubt the troubles of Southern pro-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 58)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

ducers would be in the way of being solved. Yet, on the other hand, we should then have in the cotton trade, as we may have in many other industries also, the case of sweeping curtailment in production of a vital necessary at the moment when the consuming world was actually short of it. In the twelve months ending June 30, 1914, Europe bought for the ordinary needs of a year's consumption 8,600,000 bales of American cotton; in the twelve months ending June 30, 1921, it took 4,500,000 bales. This decrease of nearly fifty per cent occurs at a time when Europe's need of textile goods—as indeed of all other products in which American production is being rigidly cut down—is actually greater than at any time in the memory of living men.

Yet that strange anomaly is, after all, only a very concrete and striking illustration of the present state of things in almost every productive industry of the country.

The cause of this condition is plain enough; communities and nations whose substance has been wasted in an exhausting war will eventually find that they no longer have the means to buy as they used to do. The solution of the problem on this occasion, as it has been in the aftermath of every other war, will be found in harder labor and larger production of their own goods by the European people, increasing purchase of those goods by nations such as the United States, which wish to maintain their own foreign market and consequent recovery of Europe's power to buy.

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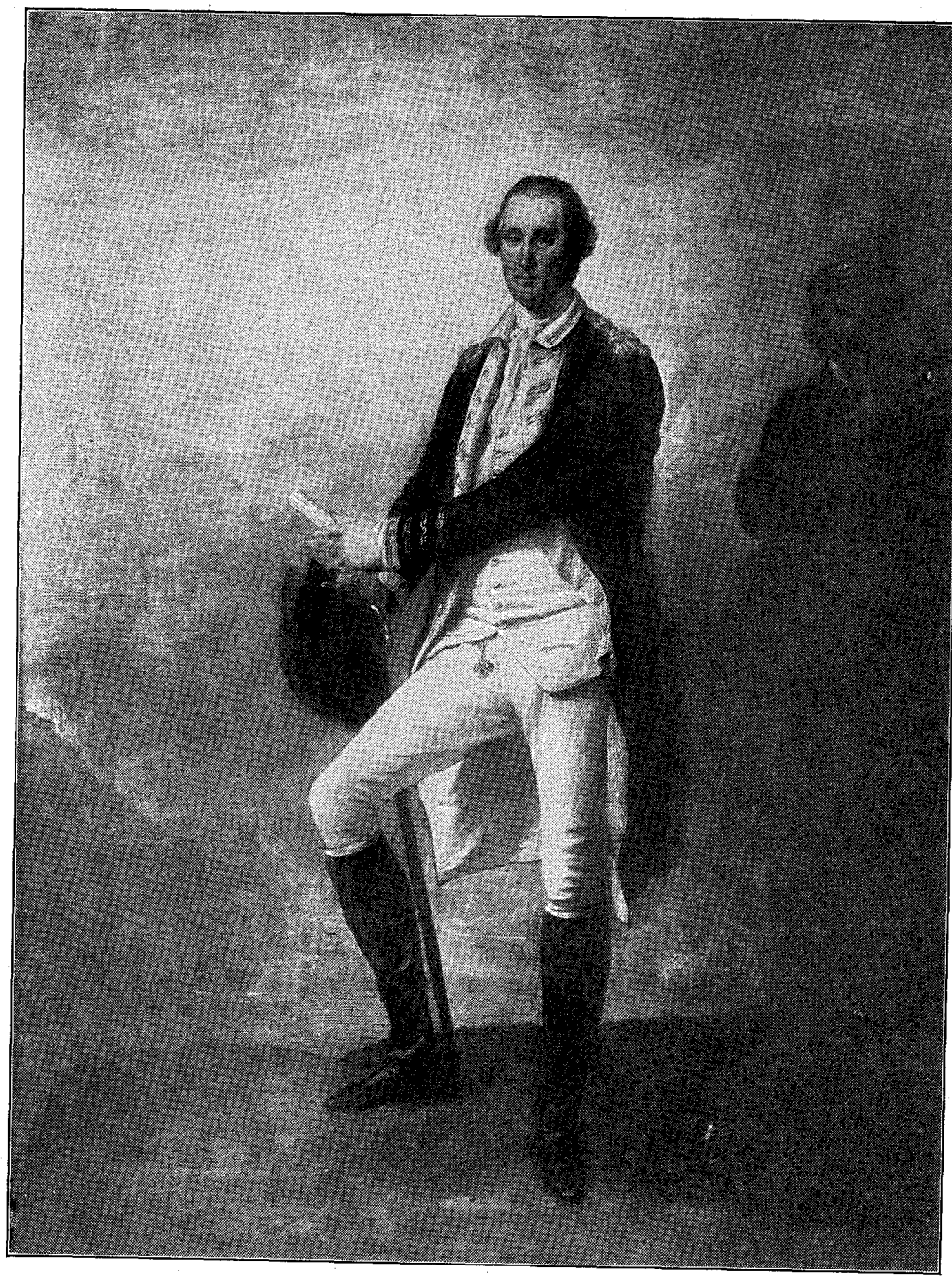

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Painted 1780 by John Trumbull.

In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

—See "George Washington, Captain of Industry," page 412.

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